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ART. I.—*The Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.* By Alexander Innes Shand. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London, 1896.

'THE sword,' observed Don Quixote, 'hath never blunted the pen; nor the pen, the sword,' and in one sense the saying is evidently indisputable. The literary faculty is not the monopoly of any one class; nor is its cultivation forbidden by an active military career. From the days of Xenophon and of Cæsar to those of Napier and of von Moltke, there have been frequent instances of distinguished soldiers who have wielded the pen with power. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the habit of mind which tends towards literary excellence is not easily attained by the conscientious performer of military duties, and that the intellectual atmosphere of a garrison is not well calculated to stimulate the imagination. To lead a twofold life, with aims and interests often painfully incongruous, requires a rare mental balance, and the pen of the soldier and the sailor has generally achieved its best results when the burden of official routine ceased to oppress. To hindrances of many kinds, direct discouragement must frequently be added. At the beginning of this century, military opinion was stifled in the Prussian Army, and, as Bulow pointed out, a general poverty of ideas was the natural result. Jena followed, and the blind worship of an effete system stood hopelessly condemned. The regenerated army which arose from the wreck of 1806 was largely the creation of Scharnhorst, whose warnings had fallen unheeded before the catastrophe. It was natural therefore that thinking, and writing its necessary complement, should not merely come into favour, but receive a marked impetus. Of late years authorship has been recognised as conferring claims to distinction in Germany, and no army has produced so wide and

rich a military literature. In France, where capable military writers have succeeded each other for fully two centuries, the growth, since the disasters of 1870, of thoughtful publications dealing with every branch of the science of war, has been phenomenal. In England, the soldier who is known to possess literary gifts is still regarded with a certain measure of suspicion, and the astute aspirant to high position will restrain or severely regulate his pen until his rank is assured. Time will, however, change all this, and it will come to be understood here as elsewhere, that power of expression and of analysis, together with originality of opinion, even when forthcoming in the comparatively junior ranks, are not incompatible with military efficiency.

The Life of Sir Edward Hamley derives peculiar interest from its dual aspect. On the one hand, Hamley was unquestionably the most brilliant writer that the British Army has produced. On the other hand, he was a keen soldier, whose record in the field, both as a young Staff-officer and as a General of Division, clearly showed that he possessed in a marked degree the qualities of a military commander. The literary and the military instincts existing side by side, with points of contact yet sometimes mutually repellent, supply the clue to the right understanding of a complex nature and a notable career.

Of the four sons of Vice-Admiral Hamley, the three who entered the service all gave evidence of great literary gifts. All became valued contributors to 'Blackwood's Magazine' in its prime; and at the very time when Edward, the youngest, was writing the masterly Letters from the Crimea, Charles was forwarding admirable papers from the Baltic. 'Their mother,' states Mr. Shand, 'was a woman of intellectual ability as well as of high education; and . . . they always considered they derived their literary faculty from her.' The Hamley family, on the other hand, had produced a succession of soldiers and sailors. Admiral Hamley rendered excellent service during the French war, and distinguished himself on several occasions by great personal gallantry. Thus the twofold bias of the genius of the brothers seems to have been directly inherited.

Edward Bruce Hamley, born in 1824, entered the Royal Artillery before he was nineteen. Joining his first battery in Ireland, he accompanied it a year later to Canada, where he served for nearly four years, returning home to be quartered successively at Tynemouth and Carlisle. Promoted to be captain in 1851, he was ordered to Gibraltar, where he remained till the outbreak of the Crimean war. For twelve years,

years, therefore, he carried on the duties of a young regimental officer—duties eminently uninspiring in times of peace, but the performance of which is nevertheless essential to a real understanding of the inner working of an army. To unfamiliarity, in high quarters, with the conditions of regimental life are largely due the many mistakes which have retarded the progress of military organization in this country.

To Hamley these years, if uneventful, were of the highest importance. They sufficed to establish his literary reputation, and brought enduring friendships which lightened the burdens and disappointments of his after-life. In some respects the conditions were favourable to the young writer. Until 1851, he served continuously in small country stations where military formalism was not oppressive. Always a great reader, he found ample leisure and few distractions, while the happy association with Dr. Bent in Canada and the occasional visits of his brother subaltern Gleig, the friend of his cadet days, supplied an intellectual stimulus at the period of life when character takes form. During a hot summer the three devoted themselves to reading and discussion. 'They were all more or less argumentative and critical,' writes Mr. Shand, 'and it is easy to conceive how these appreciative studies of "the best masters" must have helped to develope Hamley's tastes.' Thus the years spent in Canada were wholly beneficial; and while acquiring the habits of the student, his many expeditions served to quicken his power of observation and to foster that sympathy with nature which afterwards lent charm to his writing. Returning to England, he was quartered at Tynemouth, when he broke ground in 'Fraser's Magazine' with an article entitled "Snow Pictures," effectively describing a shooting excursion in the State of Maine. "The Peace Campaigns of Ensign Faunce" quickly followed; and although these first efforts showed the crudeness inseparable from inexperience, both held out bright promise. The young subaltern had found a vocation which was to bring him lifelong interests and lasting fame.

The change to Gibraltar in 1851 was perhaps a turning point in Hamley's career. The worn grey Rock, rising sheer out of the Mediterranean and rich in memories of the past; the scarred relics of the Moor and the Spaniard; the wonderful panorama of sea and mountain in which two continents share; the colour and the crowded life of the narrow streets—all combine to invest the historic fortress with indescribable fascination. Thus the new surroundings appealed powerfully to the young writer's imagination. On the other hand, he suddenly

 found

found himself in the midst of a large and closely packed military society whose ways were unfamiliar and somewhat uncongenial. The intellectual level of the British Army to-day differs widely from that of forty-five years ago, and no one has done more than Hamley to bring about the change. 'I have no literary friend here,' he wrote, 'with whom to discuss my projects'; and while mingling freely with the social life of the garrison, he seems yet to have been apart. 'Most people stood in awe of him, owing to his silent ways and stiff manner,' states a lady who knew him well at this period; adding, with true insight, 'He had a most tender heart behind his stiff manner.' These were years of study and of thought. Hamley's mind was full of literary projects which there were none to share. It was perhaps the sense of intellectual isolation, keenly felt in the Gibraltar days, that deepened a natural reserve, then and in after years too easily mistaken for *hauteur*.

The fine dialogue entitled "Michael Angelo and the Friar"—the earliest of the long series of contributions to 'Maga'—seems to reflect the mind of the author in the days of loneliness at Gibraltar. The monk is made to plead for relaxation from strenuous effort, and to urge the need of human love and sympathy.

'Other men
Offer not all a sacrifice to fame.
. . . . . Ev'n I, pursuing
My cloistered way into a quiet tomb,
Leaning on hopes that reach another world,
Shudder to think there will be no one left
In love or duty bound to mourn for me.'

To Michael Angelo, impelled forward by the resistless claims of his art, no compromise is possible. He must labour on to the end, fulfilling his task and winning the immortality he craves.

'Friar, our minds
Are not as stuff whereof we mould at will
A striving wrestler or a sleeping nymph,
But drop to earth rough-hewed; our share o' the task
Is to dispose them so as they shall cast
Their shadows on the world's disc faithfully.'

Viewed as the work of an Artillery captain of twenty-seven, the poem is remarkable, and the spirit of lofty and untainted ambition which it breathes throughout supplied the ruling motive of the life of the author.

"Michael Angelo" was followed by the "Legend of Gibraltar" and "Lazaro's Legacy," in which vivid pictures of Gibraltar in

in the eighteenth century are interwoven with the adventures of an imaginary grandfather of the writer. The realism and the humour of these light sketches won for them marked success, and Hamley immediately set about his one novel. It is easy to criticise "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and impossible not to feel the charm of the young author's touch. A vein of cheery kindliness runs through the story, extending to the ill-doing Bagot Lee, who, like Rawdon Crawley, is not made to appear irredeemable. Few novelists, prior to 1852, had sought to depict the British officer as a scholar. When not vicious or merely foppish, he was usually presented as a chivalrous person of dull intellect. Hamley, however, in defence of his cloth, gives us a captain of Dragoons who is able to quote Dante and enjoy Gilbert White without thereby suffering any loss of manliness. The type, probably suggested by the dual life of the writer, has since become well-established in fiction.

During the Gibraltar period Hamley's studies seem to have taken a purely literary range, and there are no signs of any leaning towards the higher branches of the science of war. He was, however, no mere student; and his selection by Colonel Dacres for the adjutancy of a division of Artillery proceeding to the Crimea, proves that he was regarded as a specially capable and energetic officer. The Campaign of Sebastopol gave a new turn to Hamley's thoughts, and the admirable series of letters contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine' marked a fresh intellectual departure, which he thus eloquently describes:—

'Hitherto I, and doubtless most others of my contemporaries, had viewed in a kind of epic light the men of Wellington's campaigns, besides whose rich and stirring youth ours seemed pale and empty. Now we, too, had passed behind the scenes; we, too, had been initiated into that jumble of glory and calamity, war, and had been acting history . . . We, too, knew of the marshalling of hosts, the licensed devastation, the ghastly burden of the battlefield and the sensation of fronting death; and, henceforth, the pages of military history, hitherto somewhat dim and oracular, were for us illuminated by the red light of experience.'

In these letters, Hamley's literary and military instincts for the first time found joint expression. The one gave charm and inspired the many descriptive touches in which not a word seems superfluous or misplaced. The other appears in a uniformly wise and calm judgment of the operations and of the causes which nearly led to disaster. Much of the writing of this period was characterised by wild exaggeration, indiscriminate condemnation of individuals, and ill-regulated criticism. The loud outcry raised by the press was in the main

main misdirected and often injurious to the interests of the Army. In marked contrast to the prevailing flood of declamation, stand Hamley's thoughtful and soldierly comments.

In 'The War in the Crimea,' published in 1891, the ruling conditions of the painful campaign are thus admirably summed:—

'The Army once before Sebastopol and dependent on a military system so deficient in much that is essential, no arrangement or forethought within the scope of human intelligence could have averted the disasters which followed.'

No summary could be more just; but it had been anticipated in the letters from the Camp on the Upland, and, as Mr. Shand points out, when the later book came to be deliberately written, there was no opinion to retract. Only a soldier with an intuitive grasp of military principles could have penned the 'Letters from the Crimea'; while, from the purely literary point of view, these letters, produced under many difficulties in the intervals of harassing duty, can fearlessly challenge comparison with the memorable dispatches of Dr. Russell or the polished pages of Kinglake. Hamley was present at every battle in the Crimea, and at Inkerman he displayed sound military judgment and marked initiative; but throughout the Letters a rare restraint is placed upon the use of the personal pronoun. With true modesty the writer describes what he sees, and, unlike some later historians of operations relatively trivial, he never alludes to his individual actions. A review of a small volume of "Poetry of the War" was an appropriate contribution from the hut before Sebastopol; but the essay on "North and the Noctes," written under the distracting conditions of the siege, was certainly a unique tribute to the memory of John Wilson.

In January 1854 Hamley returned from the Crimea with the brevet of Lieut.-Colonel and a Companionship of the Bath. He was not yet thirty-two; he had established his reputation as a practical soldier, while as a writer he had conquered a new domain. Henceforth the wide field of military history lay open to him, illumined, as he tells us, by 'the red light of experience.' Long neglected, almost despised, by the British Army, the science of war was to find in Hamley a powerful exponent. 'Jusqu'à ces dernières années, pas un auteur national n'avait écrit *ex professo* sur les parties savantes de la guerre.' Such was the just comment of General Foy in the first quarter of the century; and until the publication of Napier's brilliant History, the reproach remained. English writers had been content with mere narrative. Of original thought

thought or military insight, there were few signs. For a scientific analysis of the Campaign of Waterloo, it was necessary to turn to the pages of Jomini or Clausewitz. England had no school of military criticism, and, judged by the poverty of its literary output, the British Army was intellectually far behind those of France, Prussia, or Austria. It is Hamley's greatest distinction to have redressed the unequal balance and to have ushered in the dawn of a new era.

Quartered at Leith Fort, Hamley for the first time met Mr. Blackwood, and his circle of friends now rapidly widened. It was natural that he should be attracted to the society of writers whose aims and modes of thought he shared, and by whom he could count on being understood. Into literary rather than military circles, therefore, he was inevitably drawn; and although he formed friendships in the service which outlasted trial, a great part of his life lay outside of and apart from the Army. There can be little doubt that this circumstance was, in some measure, detrimental to his professional advancement in a country where personal influence plays a dominant part in selection for military preferment.

The period of three and a half years passed at Leith, Woolwich, and Dover, produced a large number of contributions to 'Maga,' and Hamley also undertook the task of selecting and editing the first series of the 'Tales from Blackwood,' upon which he bestowed much careful thought. His extraordinary versatility showed itself in such widely different papers as the striking review of Bazancourt's 'Narrative of the Campaign' and "Mr. Dusky's Opinions on Art." The latter is a good example of the powers of satire, trenchant but not unkindly, which the writer had at command. The affectations of art-criticism have never been more effectively exposed, and such a passage as the following is an apt parody of a manner by no means extinct:—

'The first thing that strikes me, in the work of the past year, is, that though all other seasons and times of the day are reproduced in landscape (except the pitch-dark of a winter's night, which it would be difficult for anyone in the present state of art to place satisfactorily on canvas), yet that particular state of atmosphere which exists in the month of August, from about five minutes before two to about twenty minutes after, when the sun's sultry and lavish splendour is tinged with some foreboding of his decline, and when Nature is, as it were, taking her siesta, is nowhere sought to be conveyed. I thought, on first looking at a small picture in the East room of the Academy, that this hiatus had been filled up; but on further study I perceived that the picture in question had been painted

painted rather earlier (about five-and-twenty minutes before two is the time I should assign to it), and is therefore deficient in many of the chief characteristics of the remarkable period I allude to.'

How delightfully Hamley could reproduce mannerisms is shown in the "Recent Confessions of an Opium Eater," and in "Sir Tray, an Arthurian Idyl," where the familiar doggerel line,

'But when she came back the poor dog was laughing,'

is thus happily rendered :—

'Nearing her bower, it seemed a sepulchre
Sacred to memory, and almost, she thought,
A dolorous cry arose, as if Elaine
Did sound a caterwauling requiem.
With hesitating hand she raised the latch,
And on the threshold with reluctant foot
Lingered, as loth to face the scene of woe.
When, lo! the body lay not on the hearth—
For there Elaine her flying tail pursued—
In the dame's chair Sir Tray alone did sit,
A world of merry meaning in his eye,
And all his face agrin from ear to ear.'

Calverley alone could have so charmingly presented the story of "The Widowed Dame of Hubbard's ancient line."

The Crimean war had drawn attention to the prevailing inadequacy of military education in the British Army. Enquiries were instituted as to the systems of other Powers, and the prejudices of the Duke of Wellington were at length set aside in favour of the systematic training of Staff-officers. A separate Staff College was established, and the Professorship of Military History—the first instituted in this country—was offered to Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Hamley. We have seen, in later years, how the happy chance of the appointment of Capt. A. T. Mahan to the War College at Newport, and the wisdom of the United States' authorities in keeping him there, gave opportunities to a writer who has powerfully stimulated the neglected study of naval history. As powerful was the impulse applied to military science by the Sandhurst Professor. The every-day duties of the new post and the trained literary faculty of its holder went hand in hand. Hamley could bring his undivided energies to bear in one direction, and the admirable series of lectures, followed, as General Napier stated, with 'rapt attention and interest' by the students, formed the groundwork of 'The Operations of War.' In regard to this, the great work of his life, Hamley might have proudly asserted *exegi monumentum*

monumentum ære perennius. 'No soldier,' justly states Mr. Shand, 'need desire a nobler monument to his memory'; and no book conveys a more profound impression of the author's consummate mastery of his subject. The method of Jomini, whose 'Traité des grandes Opérations Militaires' suggests comparison with 'The Operations of War,' was to divide the history of a campaign into convenient sections, and to attach to each section a series of comments setting forth such principles of the art of war as were thence deducible. Hamley's scheme was somewhat differently conceived.

'Let us suppose,' he states in an admirably lucid Introduction, 'that from amidst the mass of records, certain campaigns and battles should be selected which should be *representative* operations, each involving and illustrating a principle or a fact, which when elicited and fully recognised will serve for future guidance. Here we should have the matter at once greatly simplified; and this is what has been aimed at in the present work.'

The book is a masterpiece of construction. As in some triumph of architecture, everything is in full harmony; nothing is out of proportion or superfluous. The first part deals with 'modern conditions of war'—'the necessity of a secure starting-point,' of good roads, of assured supplies. Part II. discusses the considerations antecedent to a campaign, the selection of an objective and of a line of operations. Parts III. and IV. are devoted to pure strategy; while Part V. treats of 'the influence of obstacles,' natural and artificial, upon the conduct of war. Finally, tactics ancient and modern, orders of battle, and the many minor operations which precede and attend the contact of armies, are carefully examined. A wealth of historical instances is employed to illustrate each principle, and the points in each representative campaign are seized upon and thrown into strong relief. Of the repellent pedantry which characterises much military writing there is no trace. The student is irresistibly led onwards by the charm of the author's style, and the path lies always in the sunlight. In breadth of treatment, in grasp, and in logical completeness, 'The Operations of War' has no equal. Only the works of Jomini and the Archduke Charles can be placed in the same category. Behind these eminent writers, however, lay great traditions; while Hamley conferred unaccustomed *prestige* on an army whose achievements in original authorship had been relatively meagre. The book at once made its mark. Moltke was quick to recognise the powers of the author. From General Sherman came a letter of appreciation calling in question certain comments on his great campaign,

paign, drawing attention to the peculiar conditions under which the American commanders found themselves forced to undertake a great war, and adding with characteristic modesty :—

'I don't think any of us claim to be great generals, in the strict sense of the term, or to have initiated anything new, but merely to have met an emergency forced on us, and to have ceased war the very moment it could be done.'

Most remarkable, however, was the effect produced on the British Army. Hamley set a new intellectual standard, awakened dormant thought, and showed the way to an independent judgment. It is just to say that the uprising of a national military literature was due to the stimulus he supplied, and that the increasing band of writers who now represent with credit the intelligence of the Army draw their inspiration largely from 'The Operations of War.' It is equally just to state that these obligations are most inadequately recognised.

In April 1864 Hamley was ordered to rejoin the regiment on promotion; and after spending a year and a half at Dover, where his *magnum opus* was completed, he became a member of the Council of Military Education till its abolition in 1870. Most fortunately the important post of Commandant at the Staff College now became vacant. There was no one whose claims were comparable to those of Hamley; but the prolonged reluctance of the military authorities to recognise those claims appears to have been overcome only by the wise insistance of Mr. Cardwell, backed by the strong support of the press. Until 1877, Hamley remained at the Staff College, where he initiated many valuable changes, infused a practical spirit into the course of military training, and most wisely assumed personal charge of some branches of out-of-door instruction.

While devoting himself to his professional duties, Hamley found time for work of a widely different nature. In addition to many notable military articles, the period between 1870 to 1877 produced thoughtful criticisms of the works of Carlyle and George Eliot, the brilliant review of 'Lothair' striking a true chord in the midst of a confused chorus of indiscriminate praise, and 'Our Poor Relations,' in the bright pages of which the writer's innate sympathy for the brute creation is delightfully expressed. Two widely different achievements of the later Sandhurst days serve in a special sense to mark Hamley's genius. Nothing of its kind has ever equalled 'Shakespeare's Funeral.' A charming fancy is here wrought out with perfect literary taste and consummate understanding of the poet of humanity. Drayton brings the young Walter Raleigh to visit the

the master, and arrives on the day of the funeral. The townspeople are all the familiar Shakespearean characters, living and speaking according to their wont. Of Shakespeare, the poet, nothing is to be learned; hopeless ignorance of his life's work prevails at Stratford. The funeral sermon is an apology for his frailties.

'But, alas! it is known to all of you, and I dare not dissemble it, that his calling hath been one that delighteth the carnal-minded and profiteth the idle and maketh the godly sad of heart; while, as for his talent, it hath been put out to use where the only return is the praise which fleeteth as the bubble on the stream . . . for the making of rhymes and verses which flatter the ear, and the art of representing the vain shows of things, howe'er skilfully practised, . . . cannot be held profitable for him that writes nor him that hears them.'

Sir Thomas Lucy (the son of Justice Shallow) and Master Thynne (Slender) arrive to pay a last tribute of respect, for—

'His mother was an Arden, and the College granted to his father a coat of arms . . . And the gentleman himself has for years been of good havings with lands and houses . . . therefore, say I, that we, who are neighbours and gentlemen, should have him in respect.'

At New Place, Mistress Shakespeare is absorbed with anxiety as to the funeral baked meats, while Mistress Hall is engrossed with misgivings as to her father's reception beyond 'the bourne.' By a pretty touch, suggested by his unfailing sympathy with children, Hamley makes the little granddaughter Elizabeth the only real mourner:—

'ELIZABETH (*whispering*). My grandfather called me his Queen Bess; and said he would liefer be ruled by me than the older one. (*Aloud.*) Didst thou not say, Sir, thou wouldst like to hear of him from those he loved?

'RALEIGH. Ay, little maid.

'ELIZABETH. Then thou must talk of him to me, for he hath oft said 'twas me he loved best, and (*weeping*) I shall ne'er be tired talking of him.'

Only a writer of rare power, and endowed with great gifts of imagination, of humour, and of pathos, could have given to us 'Shakespeare's Funeral.'

In the Life of Voltaire, Hamley found a subject to his heart. The genius of the great Frenchman had points of contact with his own. Underlying the humour and the satire of Candide, he recognised 'the profoundest sense of the helpless condition of humanity and the liveliest sympathy with its sorrows,' and he set himself with evident zest to the task of rendering justice to the

the author's memory. The book is, however, no panegyric. Voltaire, warring with his keen wit against the flagrant abuses of his age and country, merits all honour; but in the bitterness engendered by the unequal struggle, scruples were thrown aside and satire degenerated into ribaldry, so that, as Hamley justly states, 'the great intellect and the high purpose are left without the crowning grace of reverence.' The Life is an admirably condensed study of the career and works of the poet historian, characteristically thorough and strikingly indicative of the wide range of the writer.

For nearly two years after leaving the Staff College, Hamley remained unemployed. He stood outside the dominant military clique; he was known to be somewhat bluntly outspoken. The chief posts in the offices of military education and of intelligence, both of which fell vacant at this period, were elsewhere bestowed. Meanwhile a curious tribute of appreciation came from a foreign Power. The Russian General Staff had gravely mismanaged the campaign in Bulgaria; Todleben was not in high favour; there were many precedents for seeking naval or military advisers in Great Britain, and Hamley was approached with a view to his services being placed at the disposal of Alexander II. His sympathies were, however, not with the Russian cause, and he could not entertain the proposal. Early in 1879, on the death of Colonel Home, the British Commissioner for the delimitation of the Roumelian frontier, Lord Salisbury with wise judgment offered the post to Hamley. 'I would rather have gone to Zululand or Afghanistan,' he writes, 'but I am glad to get any professional employment of a respectable nature.' The theory sanctioned by the Treaty of Berlin, that, after the constitution of the new State of Eastern Roumelia, the Balkans could still be regarded as a line of defence for Turkey, naturally proved to be delusive; but the work of the Commission was none the less serious. The British representative had a difficult task, which he accomplished with distinguished success, displaying great tact, strength of character, and willingness to assume responsibility. Services so rendered passed unrecognised by the public, and were not calculated to carry weight at the War Office; but Lord Salisbury expressed his warm appreciation, and Hamley was again selected to act as Commissioner for the settlement of the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia, and later to supervise the transference of territory from Turkey to Greece. In both cases the duties were arduous and responsible. Threatened difficulties were overcome by Hamley's wisdom and firmness. His success was conspicuous, and, short of an actual campaign, no experiences

experiences could be more valuable to a soldier than were those afforded by such quasi-military missions in the wild regions of Armenia, or the fastnesses of Albania and Thessaly.

At the end of 1881, Hamley returned to London. The roving life of the past two years had broken the threads of his literary pursuits, and he could not at once resume his old occupations. He had been knighted as a recognition of his services under the Foreign Office; he had risen by seniority to the rank of Lieut.-General at the age of fifty-six. For five years his existence had been ignored by the War Office; but the opening for which he craved at last arrived. The Dual note of January 1882, in which France and Great Britain expressed a sanguine hope that the ruler of Egypt 'will draw from this assurance the confidence and strength which he requires,' necessarily proved abortive. Disorder increased, and by the middle of May the revolted army, in the words of the official history, was 'in virtual possession of the executive.' The feeble naval demonstration of the 20th of May was followed by riot and massacre at Alexandria; and, France having repudiated her responsibilities, a tardy intervention was forced upon the British Government. Excessively deliberate as had been the previous proceedings, the extraordinary blunder of a premature naval attack upon the defences of Alexandria was nevertheless permitted. By waiting a few days, it would have been easy to have captured the Egyptian force in the town, averted the fire and pillage which the bombardment entailed, and dealt a severe blow to the military revolt. Meanwhile, preparations for the dispatch of a considerable expeditionary force had been made, although the actual decision to employ troops was not taken until the 20th of July. The command of a Division was offered to Hamley, who landed at Alexandria on the 16th of August.

Provided that the waterway of the Canal was not barred, an advance on Cairo from Ismailia was evidently dictated by every military consideration; and this plan, of which Arabi seems to have been perfectly aware, was taken for granted 'in all interviews while in London'* with the Commander-in-Chief and the Chief of the Staff. The details were, however, not communicated to the Divisional Generals; and on the 19th of August a great part of the expedition put to sea, and Hamley was left at Alexandria under the impression that an attack on the Egyptian position at Kafr-el-Dowar requiring his co-operation was impending. Sealed orders opened on the

* Diary of Sir E. Hamley.

morning

morning of the 20th, at the moment when the Suez Canal was being seized by the Navy, revealed the real situation. The movement to Ismailia had begun, and Hamley was directed to provide for the security of Alexandria and demonstrate against the Egyptian force in his front. The instructions did not state that no naval attack on Aboukir would take place, as had been intimated; but after waiting vainly for the sound of guns, Hamley decided to carry out a reconnaissance towards Kafr-el-Dowar. 'No duty,' he writes, 'can be more unsatisfactory than that of conducting reconnaissances like this one.' The Artillery nominally belonging to the Division was *en route* for Ismailia; of Cavalry there was none; but the Egyptians, refusing to be drawn from their works, contented themselves with a shell-fire, which would have caused much loss if well directed. Although never sharing the exaggerated fears for the safety of Alexandria which found expression at this period, Hamley vigorously busied himself in improving the defensive arrangements, and on the 25th he telegraphed to the Chief of the Staff at Ismailia:—

'This place will be in a good state of defence this evening . . . I could leave three and a half battalions and bring you four—or, if sailors take the police duties, could bring you five.'

The reply, which was delayed by the telegraph clerks, directed that the Divisional General, with the Highland Brigade under Sir A. Alison, should move at once to Ismailia, where they arrived on the 1st of September. On this day the Commander-in-Chief telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War, lucidly summing up the situation:—

'Circumstances have forced me ahead of transport; but it is rapidly becoming efficient. The uncertainty of securing a sufficient supply of fresh water in the Canal rendered it imperative to push on as quickly as possible. My success on the 24th and 25th and retreat of the enemy have enabled me to seize the two important positions on the Canal of El Magfar and Kassassin lock, the latter about twenty miles from this place. I am, therefore, in a more forward and favourable position generally than I had anticipated, and am only now waiting till my transport arrangements are more complete to enable me to make a further movement.'

Considering the difficulties and the breakdown of the unsuitable transport vehicles, the advance had been extremely rapid. The 'position' was, however, 'favourable' solely by reason of the military incapacity of the Egyptians, and in presence of an effective enemy would have been dangerous to the last degree. At Kassassin a little force of about 1800 men lay for several days

days within easy striking distance of an army of at least 25,000, and must have been destroyed on the 28th of August if Arabi's officers and troops had shown any stomach for fighting. Echeloned along a line of twenty miles were detachments of varying strength, which could barely be fed till the transport had been placed on a satisfactory footing, and, as the Commander-in-Chief stated, 'In a desert country like this part of Egypt, it takes time to organize the lines of communication.' This desert, however, possessed a railway, which soon solved the problem of transport. To Hamley, arriving at this juncture, the apparent disregard of the rules of the game of war must have conveyed some sense of shock. He had not witnessed the wretchedly feeble resistance opposed to the advance, which justified measures otherwise foolhardy; he could not at first share that contempt for the enemy's powers in the open field which sufficed to explain the proceedings. Moreover, operations so swiftly decisive and so dramatically complete as those carried out by the expedition of 1882 inevitably blind the imagination to defects palpable to a cool observer. The Staff arrangements during the advance from Ismailia and the orders issued to the various units frequently left much to be desired, and in Hamley's diary instances of inept management are noted, typical of many others which have never been recorded.

On the 11th of September the Highland Brigade arrived at Kassassin, where the troops intended for the attack on Tel-el-Kebir were now massed. The 2nd Division—*quâ* Division—had never existed, except upon paper tables elaborately formulated. Its 2nd Brigade, under Sir E. Wood, had been left behind at Alexandria; the divisional battalion had preceded the 1st Brigade to Kassassin and was camped apart; the Artillery was detached; the Cavalry did not receive orders through the General commanding. And now, on the eve of battle, Hamley found, to his dismay, that it was intended that he should be stripped of all except the Highland Brigade, and forced to duplicate the functions of his most able Brigadier. The Guards Brigade belonging to the 1st Division was to follow the Highland Brigade as a second line, but under an independent commander; while the battalion of Rifles belonging to the 2nd Division was to follow, and be independent of the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division. By this extraordinary arrangement, the paper organization was completely broken up, and the entire second line, intended to follow the first as a supporting force at a distance of only 1,000 yards, was withdrawn from the control of the two generals responsible for the conduct of the night attack. In response to Hamley's earnest remonstrance,

strance, the plan was brought into conformity with military principles. The Guards were placed in support of the leading brigade of their proper Division, and the battalions of the King's Royal Rifles and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry became the supporting brigade of the 2nd Division. Hamley's command thus embraced five of his nine infantry battalions and one belonging to the 1st Division, together with a detachment of Engineers and a corporal's party of Cavalry for orderly duties.

The operation to be undertaken was in some respects unique. The Egyptian Engineers were capable constructors of parapets; but ideas of a higher order were altogether wanting. They had thrown up a generally straight line of continuous trench-work, extending for nearly 3½ miles. Its right flank rested on the Canal, to which it was approximately at right angles. At intervals were batteries for field-guns. The centre and right offered a considerable obstacle to attack; the unfinished left was scarcely more than a shelter trench. A visibly continuous line of this nature was calculated to give a sense of security to such troops as those of Arabi; but it was radically wrong in conception. If turned, its defenders, strung out in a long thin line, must be rolled up and destroyed; if pierced, the position must be lost, unless a compact reserve of fighting men was ready and able to drive out the assailants. In either case, effective defence ultimately depended on the capacity of the Egyptians for fighting in the open, and they had already shown that this essential quality was non-existent. For reasons which are not altogether clear, it was decided to deliver a front attack with the mass of the available Infantry. A turning movement on the British right was entrusted to the Cavalry and Horse Artillery, but, being conjoined to the general advance, could not take effect until the Infantry assault had succeeded or met with a serious check. On the left, a similar movement was prescribed for the Indian Contingent operating on the south of the Canal, where, except on the bank, there were no defences; but the advance of this turning force was held back for an hour, and it could bring no aid to the assault. Between the camp at Kassassin and the lines of Tel-el-Kebir lay a tract of desert, for the most part affording excellent marching ground, undulating somewhat, but offering nowhere the smallest obstruction to impede the advance or to throw the order of battle into disarray. The problem which presented itself, therefore, was to draw up the force in the contemplated formation for attack, fronting the enemy, and to direct it in an unswerving line upon the trenches. Either task was easy in daylight; both were difficult in the black

black darkness of a moonless night. If the front of the attacking line had been originally parallel to the enemy's trenches, and if the alignment could be maintained during the advance, a simultaneous attack would have been delivered. Neither condition was exactly fulfilled; and what the Commander-in-Chief had spoken of as 'a race between the Highland Brigade and Graham,'* ended in the easy victory of the former.

The arrangements for the night attack were explained to the Generals on the early morning of the 12th of September; but such knowledge of the Egyptian defences as had been obtained by the Staff does not appear to have been communicated. Hamley, to whom all the important historical instances of night attacks were familiar, seems to have had doubts as to the possible existence of outworks which might most materially affect the proposed operation, and these doubts were abundantly justified. Some 1200 yards in advance of the right centre of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, such an outwork had actually been constructed. According to the official history, this outwork 'had been twice seen . . . but on neither occasion had it been possible to distinguish it from the main body of the works.' Reconnaissances which failed in an absolutely open country to 'distinguish' this eminently detached position must have been singularly incomplete, and with the British force at Kassassin there were dozens of young officers who would have jumped at the chance of setting all doubts to rest. In war, however, fortune favours the adventurous, more especially when the enemy shows marked incapacity, and by pure accident the left flank of the advancing line just missed this outwork in the darkness. Heavy loss to the attacking force was thus averted.

Such an operation as the night attack on Tel-el-Kebir necessarily excluded all the higher attributes of generalship; but in the conservation during the darkness of a long line of troops, and in the actual leading of the men in the final struggle, there was ample scope for soldierly qualities. To these tasks Hamley, the strategist and the student of war, devoted himself with the ardour of a young battalion commander. The difficulties of a night march, even under conditions so perfectly favourable, were soon apparent. The line of advance was admirably maintained through the night by Lieut. Rawson; but, in Hamley's words:—

'An incident took place illustrative of the precarious nature of such an operation. A rumour had passed about of horsemen in our

* Major-General Sir G. Graham, the commander of the leading brigade of the 1st Division.

front; the companies in the centre had first stepped short, and finally halted, while the order to conform to this had not extended to the other parts of the line. These consequently continued to step on, moving unconsciously round the pivot of the centre, until the wings absolutely faced each other at a distance of some fifty yards.'

The steadiness of the troops and the efforts of the Staff and battalion commanders enabled this dangerous situation to be quickly remedied; and the Highland Brigade, again moving quietly forward, struck the enemy's lines at the first glimmer of dawn. The Egyptians, although badly served by their outposts, appear to have been in no sense surprised, and immediately after the sounding of the alarm a sheet of fire blazed forth from the trenches. Carrying out to the letter the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief, the Highland Brigade charged with the bayonet, and the centre battalions, quickly surmounting the parapet, became engaged in a struggle in which all order was temporarily lost. The 2nd Division had attacked the strongest part of the position, and the enemy displayed considerable tenacity. For the moment, no tactical dispositions were possible; but Hamley, well knowing the importance of being able to follow up the first rush by compact forces, busied himself in collecting small bodies of men and sending them forward together, at the same time calling up his 2nd Brigade. The crisis of the fight is thus described by Sir A. Alison:—

'Just as I was moving on, there came a refluent tide of men which carried me back over the rampart and down into the ditch. It was a very critical moment. I sprang on my horse and did all I could to get the men on again. Hamley came up with his Staff at this moment, and exerted himself nobly. I never saw a man expose his life more recklessly. We got the men halted in the ditch (it was only the left of one regiment which had fallen back—the rest of the centre met with no check) and soon got them on again.'

The partial recoil was thus averted by the personal exertions of the two Generals, and, the rear brigade coming up in dashing style, the whole force of the 2nd Division was brought to bear on the heart of the enemy's position. Hamley now moved up to the advanced troops, and with Sir A. Alison led them along the line of trenches which branched inward, pressing still onward into Arabi's camp and the railway station.

The attack of the 2nd Division was naturally decisive. The Egyptian defences were pierced at their strongest part. The troops manning the lines to the south were taken in rear. Those lining the dwindling trenches to the north were left completely *en l'air*. Moreover, Hamley's success enabled the Artillery

Artillery to be at once brought up, and two batteries entered the lines soon after the Highlanders and rendered valuable assistance in the advance to the station. Three other batteries quickly followed and fired upon the retreating enemy, while two more batteries enfiladed the lines to the north, thus materially assisting the attack of the 1st Division.

To have brought the whole of the long front of the attacking force up to the line of trenches at the same moment was, under the circumstances, a practical impossibility; while so soon as actual contact anywhere occurred, the enemy would evidently open fire along his whole line. When the Highlanders made their first rush, the 1st Division was still at a considerable distance,* and as the day was rapidly dawning the formal order of attack was adopted for the further advance. While, therefore, the two Divisions may be said to have become engaged at the same moment, the troops of the 1st Division appear not to have actually reached the trenches till about a quarter of an hour after the Highlanders.† From unforeseen circumstances, it resulted that Hamley's command bore the brunt of the fighting at Tel-el-Kebir, and suffered proportionately. Its losses were in fact 75 per cent. greater than those of the 1st Division, while the Indian contingent on the south of the Canal had only 14 casualties,‡ and the Cavalry Division none. The battle was won by a purely Infantry attack on the centre of the position, which proved decisive before any turning movements—if they were contemplated—had time to take effect. In some circumstances duty may demand that a General of Division should rest content with directing his brigades from a distance. To a nature like Hamley's such a course was impossible. Entrusted with the conduct of a night attack, he felt that his place was in the thick of the struggle. In the darkness, he could not do more than bring his personal authority to bear upon the troops within immediate reach; and, as his gallant Brigadier has testified, he 'exerted himself nobly' at the very crisis of the battle. Subsequently, in the growing light, he led the advance by which the victory was sealed.

Tel-el-Kebir, like Inkerman and a host of other British achievements, was not a General's battle; but justice claims for Hamley's memory the principal share in a signal success.

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* 1200 yards, according to the report of one of the battalion commanders.

† Captain (now Colonel) G. B. N. Martin, R.A., in a careful 'note' given to Lieut. Commander C. F. Goodrich, U.S.N., the able writer of the best general account of the operations which has yet appeared, gives 4.55 A.M. as the time of the first shot, and estimates that the attack of the 1st Division 'approached' at about 5.15 A.M.

‡ No killed.

It was his good fortune to have commanded the force whose attack proved decisive; it was his distinction to have led that force with conspicuous personal gallantry.

The crushing defeat inflicted upon Arabi's army ended all resistance, and the prompt measures instantly ordered by the Commander-in-Chief saved Cairo from disorder. In less than a month from the date of the landing at Ismailia, Egypt lay powerless in the grasp of England, and recognition of the heavy responsibility thus involved would have averted many subsequent troubles.

A month after Tel-el-Kebir Hamley was on his way home; and no mention of the crucial action of the 2nd Division on the 13th of September having found place in the official dispatches, he published a masterly account of the battle. Technically, this was a military offence; and while significant precedents might be quoted, Mr. Shand's justification cannot be accepted. A subordinate General may not claim that his reports should be made public, although this course has been frequently taken; but, on the other hand, it is an unwritten law that the dispatches of a Commander-in-Chief shall be based upon these reports, except in regard to events which occur under his own eye.

From the expiration of Hamley's appointment at the Staff College in 1877 to the dispatch of the Expedition to Egypt in 1882, the military authorities had shown no disposition whatever to utilize his services. In 1887, having been unemployed for five consecutive years, he became liable to compulsory retirement; but in obedience to popular demand his term on the Active List was extended, without any intention of turning the concession to practical account. For the second time the press, with which he had never been connected and which he would have scorned to inspire, spoke strongly and unanimously in favour of the General who, in the words of a memorable 'Punch' cartoon, had been scandalously 'overlooked.'

In 1885 Hamley became Member for Birkenhead, and entered upon a new sphere of activity. Henceforth he devoted himself to the practical problem of national defence, and his speeches were received with the marked attention which the House of Commons accords to manifestations of real knowledge. It was a period of awakening, when questions of military organization and preparation for war were beginning to lay hold of the mind of the nation. No one has done more than Hamley to enlighten and direct popular opinion on these great subjects, and the Volunteer forces owe a lasting debt of gratitude for his earnest championship of their claims. Conservative to the core, both by

by instincts and training, he did not scruple to inflict a defeat on the party leaders in connexion with a matter so distinct from mere politics as the Volunteer grant.

The many pre-occupations of parliamentary life interrupted Hamley's literary pursuits; but he found time for several reviews, such as the thoughtful estimate of the "Life and Letters of George Eliot," contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and for 'The War in the Crimea,' published in 1890. This, practically his last work, is altogether admirable. In wise judgment, military grasp, and charm of expression, the book stands unrivalled as a historical study of a memorable campaign.

A distressing throat affection, of which there had been earlier warning, began to assert itself, and in 1891 Hamley resigned himself without a murmur to the life of an invalid. His powerful intellect was unclouded; his keen interest in public affairs was unabated; he remained a student to the last. Awaiting death with unfailing patience, he calmly passed away on the morning of the 12th of August, 1893.

It is perhaps too soon to attempt an estimate of Hamley's genius, and the task is beset with difficulties. The astonishing versatility of the writer who could produce 'The Operations of War' and 'Shakespeare's Funeral,' the Life of Voltaire and the 'Treatise on Outposts,' the review of 'Lothair,' and 'Our Poor Relations,' baffles the critic. We cannot regard him as the most accomplished soldier of his day without remembering his achievements in realms of thought where military science does not enter. We may not claim for him a rare distinction in the department of pure literature without recalling the grave disabilities imposed by his profession. If opportunities had been granted, the qualities displayed in the Crimea, in three foreign missions, and at Tel-el-Kebir, linked to a profound knowledge of the art of war, would doubtless have raised him to a high rank among military commanders. And if literature had been the main object instead of the recreation of his life, he would unquestionably have left a deeper mark on the century. No one can read his one novel and the lighter imaginative pieces which preceded it without recognising that the rich domain of fiction had opened at his summons. The Life of Voltaire reveals possibilities of more enduring work than the long series of striking articles contributed to 'Blackwood' and the 'Edinburgh'; while the immense labour bestowed upon 'The Operations of War' supplies proof of capacity for sustained effort. It may almost be said that Hamley's literary life would have been more richly productive if fate had decreed for him any other profession, and that his great military qualities would

would have been more appreciated if his bent had been less literary. By soldiers generally he was not well understood. He wielded weapons with which they were not all familiar, and the skilful use of which they were apt to resent; his mind was often occupied with thoughts that they did not comprehend; his outspoken independence of judgment was not calculated to propitiate the so-called military authorities. Proud he certainly was, and misunderstanding on the one side inevitably produced reserve on the other; yet few men were less reserved than Hamley when in the society of congenial spirits. Of his innate kindness of heart Mr. Shand gives abundant proof: children at once became his allies, and his sympathy for animals amounted to a passion. If, among his large circle of friends, military officers were relatively few in number, they were nevertheless staunch in days of trial; and by Sir Richard Dacres, his old chief of the Gibraltar and Crimean days, as well as by men of such breadth of mind as the late Sir Patrick MacDougall, he was regarded with warm affection.

A parallel and a contrast alike striking suggest themselves. From the date of his first commission in the Prussian Army, Moltke devoted himself to solitary study, and quickly came to be regarded as cold, reserved, and self-absorbed. His great literary faculty soon displayed itself, and he even wrote much poetry, produced a novelette at the age of twenty-eight, and at forty-two accomplished translations from Byron. Alone he wrestled successfully with the English language,* undertaking and nearly completing the translation of Gibbon's twelve volumes. His first experience of war was in the East, where he witnessed the defeat of Hafiz Pasha's army in Asia Minor. His 'Letters from the East,' published in 1841, first drew attention to his power as a writer, and his history of the War of 1828–29 revealed an acute military judgment. Nearly thirty years passed before he again saw active service, and meanwhile his literary energies were never idle. Here, however, the parallel ends. Moltke's study of war was turned to splendid account by an army in which genius is welcomed. His great literary capacity proved a direct aid to his career. At the age of fifty-seven he became the directing head of the Prussian General Staff, and so remained nearly to the close of his ninety years, with results which startled the world. 'High-sounding reputations, prodigious promotions,' states a French writer, 'were won in Algeria,' while Moltke toiled at his desk, and at length the day

* As Hamley studied French, showing his mastery of the language in the excellent translations of passages from Voltaire's poems.

came

came when the distinguished African generals were brought face to face with the student of war in a mighty conflict by which they were submerged. Hamley lived but sixty-nine years, and for nearly sixteen years of his army service was unemployed. For him, in the prime of his intellect, no military post could be found, and it was left to a foreign Government to pay him the compliment of recognition. It is true that the British Army does not provide scope for genius like that of Moltke; but the above contrast is not the less painfully significant. England has too frequently discarded the services of her most distinguished sons.

Failing the opportunities which have been freely provided for infinitely less capable soldiers, Hamley will be best remembered as the most brilliant military writer that this country has yet produced, and as a teacher who set before the British Army a new standard of attainment. The student of the future who, discriminating between the shadow and the substance, attempts to trace the source of the great advance of military science in this country during the latter part of the nineteenth century, will be led back by sure steps to 'The Operations of War.'

Time will bring its gentle revenge, and the lack of Algerian prestige, which possibly militated against Hamley's career, will seem a pitifully small thing in view of the rich legacy which he has bequeathed to the Army.

ART. II.—1. *The New Life of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston, 1867.

2. *La Vita Nuova di Dante Alighieri.* Riscontrata su Codici e Stampe, preceduta da uno studio su Beatrice, e seguita da illustrazioni, per cura di Alessandro d'Ancona, Professore di Lettere Italiane nella R. Università di Pisa. Pisa, 1872.

3. *La Vita Nuova di Dante Allighieri.* Ricorretta coll' ajuto di testi a penna, ed illustrata, da Carlo Witte. Leipzig, 1876.

4. *Beatrice. Geist und Kern der Dante'schen Dichtungen.* Von G. Gietmann, S.J. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1889.

5. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri.* Riveduta nel testo e commentata da G. A. Scartazzini. Volume quarto: Prolegomeni. Leipzig, 1890.

6. *Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri.* Nuovamente rivedute nel testo, da Dr. E. Moore. Oxford, 1894.

WHEN Boccaccio promulgated the statement that Dante's Beatrice was the daughter of Folco Portinari, he gave an impulse to the literal interpretation of the 'Vita Nuova,' and the movement has not yet spent itself. Ever since that early time the Portinari family has shared in the interest which attaches to everything that is historically connected with the great mediæval poet. And by a sort of natural congruity, though not by a necessary consequence, the romantic story of the poet's love for Beatrice has been understood in a personal and matter-of-fact sense. The 'Vita Nuova' is interpreted as a record of occurrences; a record which, though blended with a fantastic mysticism, is yet thought to be substantially historical and autobiographical. On this view, the motive of the 'Vita Nuova' is rooted in Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari; and as the 'Commedia' is inseparable from the 'Vita Nuova,' the whole of that vast design and lifelong study, which these two works together represent, is deduced as a natural consequence from that passion which the sight of Beatrice Portinari kindled in the breast of Dante when he was in the ninth year of his age.

We will not stop to discuss how far this is natural or possible. We can imagine (in the abstract) almost any train of consequences resulting from the excitement of a master passion in early youth. But this does not make it possible for us to believe that such a man as Dante ever sat down to compose a deliberate revelation of his most inward feelings, like that contained in the 'Vita Nuova,' if taken in a matter-of-fact sense. It may indeed be

be alleged that he has made himself and his thoughts public enough in the 'Commedia'; but this publicity is dramatic, and it is limited to matters of universal interest; whereas, in all things domestic and personal, Dante has maintained a dignified reticence. He has told us nothing about father or mother, brother or sister; nothing about his wife and children, or the circumstances of his marriage. The only occasion on which he can be said to have broken through this habitual reserve, is in the matter of his exile; and in this, even if it could be reckoned as private and personal, there is the consideration that his feelings were too poignant to be repressed.

When objections of this kind are raised against the literal acceptation of the story of the 'Vita Nuova,' the ready answer from the literalist side has been that we must not judge of Dante as we might of ordinary men, for that he was as much their superior by the force of his emotions as he was by his intellectual gifts. The superiority of Dante may be admitted; but this consideration does not remove our difficulty. And to speak more generally, we are not favourably disposed towards any argument which is based upon the differences between the great poet and the rest of mankind. For all art, and all criticism, must depend upon, and must make their appeal to, the common elements of the human mind.

Meantime, it is to be noted that the progress of historical criticism has tended to undermine the authority of Boccaccio. It is of small avail that documentary evidence about the Portinari family is collected. This family is undoubtedly historical, but what is the statement of Boccaccio worth, which identified the Beatrice of Dante with Beatrice Portinari? In the fourth volume of Scartazzini's larger edition of the 'Divina Commedia,' containing the *Prolegomeni*, no feature is more prominent than the discredit which is cast upon Boccaccio as a biographer of Dante. He is treated as a mere romancer, one who is destitute of the historical sense, who took no pains to ascertain the truth even when it was easily accessible to him; rarely is a statement of his found worthy of credit; as a rule his assertions are unworthy of notice, he is a fluent and vain talker, —a *ciarliere*, which comes nigh to charlatan. Boccaccio has been the chief support of the literalist cause; but now this is the character adjudged to him by Scartazzini, who himself still adheres to the literal side, although he rejects Boccaccio's evidence concerning Beatrice Portinari.

In fact, there is an influence stronger than the authority of Boccaccio, even when supported by the date of the death of Beatrice. There is the marvellously realistic air of the narra-

tion,

tion, which seems so spontaneous, so concrete, and so convincing, that in spite of the poetical and mystical accompaniments, it carries the reader captive, and inclines him to accept the sentence of D'Ancona, that the 'Vita Nuova' is 'una ingenua e piena confessione di ciò che v'era di più intimo e segreto nel cuore del amante.' ('La Vita Nuova,' p. xxviii.)

The allegoristic interpretation has a venerable pedigree, whether the indirect and negative evidence of Pietro, the son of Dante, be allowed or not. The way was prepared for it in the fifteenth century by the criticism of Filelfo, who maintained that Beatrice was a purely imaginary character. It was not, however, until 1723 that an allegorical interpretation was systematically expounded, when Dr. Anton Maria Biscioni published the prose works of Dante, with an important Preface, in which he maintained that Beatrice was a symbolical figure for Wisdom (*Sapienza*). This essay is marked not only with originality, but also with sobriety of tone and judgment.

This is more than can be said of the allegoristic interpreters generally. In the last generation Gabriel Rossetti took the subject in hand, and demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the 'Vita Nuova' is a Ghibelline pamphlet disguised in a symbolic cryptogram. Judging by the efforts that were made to combat this theory (one of them by Arthur Hallam was praised by R. W. Church), we gather that it was treated seriously at the time; but it need not detain us now, for it has long held no other place in literature than that of a curiosity.

Of all the studies which have been produced on the lines laid down by Biscioni, the most developed is that by Gietmann, which is quoted at the head of this article. He sees in Beatrice a constant symbol of the Church, and this interpretation he pursues with an exacting uniformity. His thoughtful exposition almost always rewards the reader, even in those parts where it is not convincing. In fact, the author attempts too much; and in his endeavour to make something for his theory out of every incident in the 'Vita Nuova,' he goes beyond what is required in the interpretation of an allegory, and proceeds as if he were engaged in the solution of a prolonged enigma.*

But, leaving other systems, we will endeavour to set forth the allegoristic interpretation as we understand it, and in this attempt we must begin with an historical statement, which is of the greatest moment. It is a broad feature of that vernal era of

* This elementary misapprehension is shared by both sides alike. One of the incessant arguments of the literalist against the allegorist is this: 'How do you account for the multitude of realistic details to which an allegorical meaning cannot be assigned?'

modern

modern poetry which produced Dante as its chief exponent, that the very best work of the period was couched in allegory. From the twelfth to the fourteenth century the most original poems, the poems which were most rich in observation of human character and conduct, whether in Latin or in vernacular tongues, were allegorical. This is a safe assertion, and one that is above question. Time has long ago decided for us which are to be called the best works of that period. Those vernacular works which are still in repute, 'Reynard the Fox,' the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and 'Piers the Plowman,' are all allegorical. To these must be added the 'Pearl,' an allegorical poem of the fourteenth century, which has been restored to literature by Mr. Gollancz, in his edition of 1891; and in like manner also the Latin poem of 'Anticlaudianus,' by Alanus de Insulis, metaphysician and poet in the twelfth century, —a name which, however obscure to us now, had great vogue among the learned in his day and long afterwards. The latter was an allegorical poem, to which we shall have occasion to return later. The realistic transition of the fourteenth century was the first warning note of the Renaissance, and since that time the tendency to Realism has steadily increased, while the revolt from allegory has engendered a positive aversion to that species of composition.

And as the present temper of the public is unfavourable to allegory, so it naturally happens that the literalists reap from this circumstance a certain polemical advantage. It is usual with that school to discredit the allegorical interpretation with a certain depreciatory tone, as if 'mere allegory' were unworthy of the subject under consideration. A temporary advantage may thus be gained, but it can hardly be permanent, because the foundation is weak. To judge a work of the thirteenth century by the standards and prejudices of the nineteenth, is uncritical; it must be measured by the standard of taste which prevailed in its own day, and by that standard allegorical composition was in the highest rank of honour.

The authority of Boccaccio has conspired with the modern distaste for allegory to favour the prevailing acquiescence in the literalistic interpretation of the 'Vita Nuova.' For it is the 'Vita Nuova' that is the battle-ground of this controversy. No serious difference of opinion exists concerning the Beatrice of the 'Divina Commedia.' She is allowed on all hands to be a symbolical figure; but this function is taken by the literalists to be a development out of the Beatrice of the 'Vita Nuova,' in which narrative they maintain that she is a real person. The literalists do not deny the presence of allegory in

in the 'Vita Nuova,' but they hold it to be a secondary growth and development out of a story originally real and terrestrial. The position which we assume is diametrically opposite to this. The story is from its germ an allegory, and its true sphere is spiritual from first to last, however much it may have drawn to itself material from the actual occurrences of life, or may disclose points of contact with chronology and history.

The 'Vita Nuova' records a conflict, but not of passions that have their seat in the body. It records a conflict which was but imperfectly apprehended by him who was, more or less, the subject of it, and he described it in that figurative kind of discourse which was truest to his vague impressions: whereas to delineate it in proper terms of philosophical prose was not in his power. The conflict which emotional and inherited faith sustains against the encroachments of intellectual ratiocination is familiar to us now, and many an ordinary man is able by force of traditional culture to describe this struggle in the recognised terms of psychological analysis. But this diction had hardly any existence in the thirteenth century, certainly not in any vernacular language. Dante has a great meaning, but he is not completely master of it. He cannot reduce it to a clear analysis, but he can picture it in the vague similitudes of analogy and allegory. This has not been sufficiently understood by some interpreters on the allegorist side. For instance, Gietmann is too minute in the correspondences which he seeks to establish between the incidents of the outward story and the details of the inward signification. We must allow the allegory to contain some things which cannot be translated; indeed we must allow it to contain much which is but a veil to the imperfection of the author's thought. It is just because he cannot perfectly explain, cannot accurately delineate, cannot sharply define his meaning, that allegory is so convenient a vehicle to his mind; and it stood ready to his use, as the one literary instrument of any compass which was at that time perfect and mature.

What gives importance to this dispute about Beatrice is the fact that Dante's inner meaning is certainly figured in Beatrice. As respects the 'Commedia' this position is not controverted; and our contention is that Beatrice is one and the same character from first to last, from the opening of the 'Vita Nuova' down to the close of the 'Paradiso.'

The *Beatricefrage* is practically confined to the 'Vita Nuova.' The question is about the right understanding of this little book, and its true relation to the 'Commedia.' Can the character of Beatrice be (as the literalists say) one thing in the

the 'Vita Nuova' and another thing in the 'Commedia'? Is she a damsel of flesh and blood in the 'Vita Nuova,' who gradually becomes the divine lady of the 'Commedia'? It is more than a matter of literary curiosity to ascertain what was the true order of Dante's thought. The present state of the discussion is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. The divided state of opinion threatens to become factious. Any reasoning is reckoned good enough if it only supports the cause which the writer upholds; and the most trustworthy evidences are called in question when they cross the path of the disputant. In this way the natural difficulties of the case are aggravated. There are surely some facts which may be recognised as beyond dispute; and unless this can be admitted, all hope of progress in Dante studies is cut off. Therefore, before we go further we will propose a few postulates, which we think ought to be generally accepted and placed beyond reach of question. Without this concession we have nothing fixed, we stand upon a quaking morass, and constructive argument is impossible.

1. The first sonnet of the 'Vita Nuova' is what it purports to be,—namely, a true copy of that enigmatical sonnet which Dante had made long before and circulated among friends. That it was so circulated is evidenced by extant answers which are universally accepted as genuine. Such circulation would make any substantial alteration well-nigh impossible, and Scartazzini's suggestion (*Prolegomeni*, p. 168) that the sonnet had probably undergone alteration is gratuitous, and calculated to disturb one of the most sure points in the enquiry.

2. The *donna gentile* is to be understood according to Dante's explanation in the 'Convito' as *donna Filosofia*. The contrary arguments of Witte and Scartazzini are ineffectual; or effectual only to shake the foundations of the discussion. We must either accept Dante's statement as the simple truth, or accuse him of falsifying the evidence. There is no escape from this alternative.

3. The *mirabil visione* of c. 43 is to be identified with the 'Divina Commedia,' as it has been generally understood; and Scartazzini's assertion to the contrary (*Prolegomeni*, p. 317) cannot be admitted to unsettle this point.

4. And fourthly, the most important of all. We must investigate the operations of Dante's mind, as of a man constituted as we ourselves are constituted; and if we disclaim the possession of this faculty, we declare ourselves incapable of criticism altogether. No weight of authority should induce us to hesitate in the assertion of this natural right.

It

It needs no great acquaintance with Dante literature to perceive, that both literalists and allegorists have much that is very plausible to say for themselves, and that both are confident in the strength of their respective positions. Yet one must be right, and the other wrong: both cannot be true. We want a train of argument that shall be recognised as cogent; we believe that the requisite material exists; and we hold that victory must ultimately rest with that theory which proves itself most capable of resolving stock difficulties, and exhibiting our author's design in the light of a continuous purpose and a consistent plan. To this test we shall sometimes have occasion to appeal, as we proceed.

Scartazzini acknowledges a difficulty in the narrative which says that the lover, when he had heard the voice of Beatrice for the first time, immediately began to despair of her life.

'At the end of nine years he saw her again and heard her gentle salutation, and then he seemed to taste the utmost of possible beatitude. But, alas! this beatitude is embittered by a presentiment of his lady's death, which rises, we know not why, in the poet's mind at the age of eighteen.' (*Prolegomeni*, p. 319.)

Scartazzini admits that there is an unsolved difficulty in the author's anticipation of the death of Beatrice. If we suppose ourselves to be reading a simple narrative of youthful love, it certainly is hard to understand how a lover of eighteen, who has just now received his first encouragement, should at this particular moment despair of the lady's life. But this difficulty may be eased by accepting the oldest allegorical solution, namely this, that Beatrice is a symbol of Theologia.

First, we must give attention to certain incidents which Scartazzini has passed over in his brief abstract. At the first appearance of Beatrice in childhood she was arrayed in a tender crimson hue; and at that time love followed sight, but there was no communication of speech. On the second occasion, nine years later, the colour of her raiment was of the purest white (*di colore bianchissimo*), and she walked in the midst between two gentlewomen who were older than herself, and then it was that with ineffable courtesy she gave him that salutation in which he had a glimpse of the utmost beatitude. These incidents must not be overlooked, for they are essential, and the story is not the same without them.

The crimson hue betokens that at the age of nine years religion is embraced by the affections; and the pure white of eighteen is the apprehension of divine truth with an enlightened faith; all which is further confirmed by the support on either side

side of the two elder ladies, who are surely intended for Faith and Reason. And as the occasions differed in colour, so also in regard to speech. This means that at nine there was a simple and implicit faith, but at eighteen there was also discourse of explicit reason. With this awakening of intellectual activity, the apprehension that Theology has no permanent footing in the scientific processes of this world begins to make its first entrance into the enquiring mind. To us this explanation is sufficient; we do not, however, rely on the solution of any one difficulty, but rather on a series of solutions, which are cogent not singly but in combination, because they are signal, because they are organically related, because they tend to establish one consistent motive and principle of interpretation.

There is a leading thought running through both the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Divina Commedia,' which gives them an inner unity. And this thought is the Supremacy of Theology over Philosophy, of Faith over Science. We apprehend that some readers may be inclined to question whether it is likely that this conflict between Faith and Science was keenly felt by Dante. To our present contention this is a point of such vital importance that we must seek to establish it beyond doubt. We will therefore bring two lines of argument to bear upon it, the first being of a general nature respecting the times, and the other of a personal nature respecting the poet. For the first, we may refer to the opening chapters of the 'De Imitatione,' which show a great mistrust of science as affecting the religious sentiment. Indeed the whole scholastic period, if we glance at its summits, will appear to have been less a conflict between realism and nominalism, than between Faith and Science. The one is a question of the lecture-room, esoteric and transient; the other is a universal question which everywhere attends the progress of human culture. Every crisis of the scholastic period hinges upon this controversy. Towards the end of the twelfth century there came a great reaction, a recoil of the religious mind from the rationalizing movement, in which mysticism regained its sway.

A typical example of this revolution is Alanus de Insulis (Alain de Lille), who, from being a famous master in the schools at Paris, one who could reduce mysteries to mathematical proof, underwent a profound change, and thenceforward gave his wisdom to the world, not in arguments, but in symbols and allegories. The story of his conversion became a parable. When at the height of his celebrity, he had raised great expectation by announcing that he would publicly demonstrate the mystery of the Trinity. In the morning of the day fixed for this

this performance he was walking by the Seine, and saw a child dipping water out of the river and pouring it into a hole in the sand. 'What are you doing there, my child?' 'I've got to pour all the water into this hole, till the river is dry.' 'And when shall you finish your task, my child?' 'Before you finish the plan that's in your head.' 'What plan?' 'You mean to parade your science by explaining the mystery of the Trinity; yours is a harder task than mine.'

Then in the thirteenth century followed the triumph of Philosophy, to be again succeeded by that conciliation of the warring elements which was achieved by the two great Dominicans, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. This reconciliation lasted some centuries, and is still satisfactory to many. But the fact is that no permanent reconciliation of the kind is possible. The interests which are supposed to be reconciled are severed at their base by an impassable chasm. To the heart of faith God is very near, and may be known of all; to the intellect of science He is immeasurably distant, unapproachable, unknowable. This radical difference was already apprehended by the author of the Book of Job; it was burnt into the memory of the Church by the Gnostic heresy; it was too rigidly enforced in practice by Gregory the Great, with his insistence upon the profanity of all learning that was not consecrated by Church authority. Here there are two irreconcilable positions, in each of which severally there is truth, but they face one another in perpetual antinomy. There must always be something unsound or sophistical in every system which pretends to their reconciliation. And herein consists the weakness of the scholastic theology. When in the progress of learning an alarming rift manifested itself between Faith and Science, it naturally followed that religious zeal in learned men burned with ardent desire to bridge over the chasm, and to restore unity and harmony between the two great sources of human conviction. Already, in the twelfth century, this state of things had come to pass. The first great example of the effort at reconciliation was made by a Jew in the twelfth century. Moses Maimonides was born in 1135, and he died in 1204. His book, entitled 'The Wanderer's Guide,' is by Hauréau pronounced to be 'the finest monument of philosophy produced by the Jews, their veritable classic, the influence of which was so lasting that it still shines in the pages of Spinoza and of Mendelssohn.' *

The same century produced two works bearing the title

* 'Histoire de la Philosophie Scolastique.' Par B. Hauréau. Paris, 1880; part ii. p. 43.

'Summa

'Summa Theologiæ,' and written with the same aim: the one by Robert de Melun, and the other by Stephen Langton, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In the thirteenth century men of various schools and sects brought out their *Summa*, and one of especial note, which appeared about 1225, under the title of 'Summa Philippi Cancellarii,' was by Philippe de Grève, the Chancellor of the University of Paris. In these works the methods of philosophy were applied to theological questions, and they tended to become encyclopædic. The *Summa* of Alexander Hales, the 'irrefragable' doctor, a Gloucestershire man, who died in 1245, grew to such dimensions by the elaboration of successive hands, that Roger Bacon, who flourished in the next generation, said it was more than a horse-load,—*plus quam pondus unius equi.* But even after this long series of attempts, when Albertus Magnus put his hand to the same task, he opened a new era in philosophic theology; and the work in which he became so famous was brought to such completeness by his disciple Thomas Aquinas, that nothing remained to be supplemented by after-labourers in the same field.

Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas are Dante's authorities in theology; at their feet he sits. And yet he is not imposed upon by their subtlety, nor dazzled by their brilliancy; he retains his own independent mind and judgment. He perceives the natural impossibility of entire harmony between Theology and Philosophy, both of which he admires, but only one of which he elects to love. He perceives that Philosophy is of this world, but Theology not so. This world is not a permanent home for the lady of his choice, she must be removed to another sphere,—must in fact die; but he does not on that account relinquish his fealty to her, however he may at moments be seduced. Once indeed after her disappearance his mind was inconstant, and he took Philosophy for his mistress; but after a time he repented and returned to his first love, the only one in whom his soul could rest with satisfaction and peace. Dante felt perhaps, rather than saw, that Science can never supply a religion, nor be available as a substitute for religion—however it may be useful in promoting a critical examination of tenets that are more or less closely connected with religion.

Thus we have endeavoured to show, upon a general view of the controversies of that age, that the conflict between faith and science was prominently before the minds of thinking men. Now we pass on to the particular evidence afforded by Dante's writings, which was to form the second branch of this argument. It may tend to distinctness if we arrange our examples

on a definite plan, and illustrate this branch of the argument (1) from the 'Vita Nuova'; (2) from the 'Commedia'; (3) from the concert of the two.

Let us begin with the 'Vita Nuova,' and see how the Supremacy of Theology is there exhibited. First of all, there is that graphic scene where Dante being in church was looking at Beatrice, but he seemed to observers to be looking at another lady, who was placed in a direct line between his eye and the real object of his attention. The second picture is where the beautiful Joan—for the freshness of her complexion called Primavera—was seen walking in advance of Beatrice. The third picture is when, after the death of Beatrice, the look of the compassionate lady at the window consoled the bereaved lover, and he was afterwards ashamed of his disloyalty, and returned to his first love with a new intensity of passion. These three are all Emblems, and they are placed symmetrically in the architecture of this little book, one being in each of the three compartments. These emblematic pictures express in varying aspects the supreme excellence of Theologia, notwithstanding the almost irresistible charm of Philosophia. Here we may note the pitch of certainty which imagery may attain when it is thus repeated, thus located, and thus varied. A compensation for the dubiousness of allegorical story is thus offered to the circumspect reader, to him that understandeth—*a chi lo intende* ('Vita Nuova,' caps. 7 and 8). The method is scriptural and apocalyptic, as might be illustrated from the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, if space permitted.

We apprehend that an important purpose may be traced in this employment of the ternary method. It seems to have been used in order that a clue to the inner meaning might be deposited within the obscurity of the veiled allegory. Through this apocalyptic method a sure path of interpretation has been provided; and perhaps the only one that can ultimately secure unanimity among the commentators. This is a point to be illustrated by an example. One of the most disputed passages is that about the lady at the window. Witte is so confident she was a real Florentine lady, that he labours to explain away Dante's express statement to the contrary in the 'Convito.' This confident attitude is based upon the manner, the concrete and palpable manner, of the original description in the 'Vita Nuova.' Where a critic takes up a resolute position upon subjective ground, he can hardly be dislodged except by evidence of a more external nature. It is of no avail to pit subjective impressions of allegory against subjective impressions of fact. But when it is perceived that this is the third of a systematically

systematically distributed series of emblematical pictures representing the same sense in varied aspects, and that sense the very one asserted by him who best should know, the gallant tenacity of the most illustrious veteran may think no scorn to surrender. This is an example of what may be hoped from that apocalyptic clue of interpretation which the author has provided.

In the 'Commedia' the relations of Faith and Reason and their several provinces are repeatedly touched and variously illustrated, as in Purg. iii. 34–36; xxxi. 111. But we wish to draw attention to some evidence hitherto unnoticed. At the opening of the poem the mystic pilgrim is lost in a forest of perplexity; and when at length he emerges and sees before him the serene heights of Science, he proceeds to toil upwards. That this (*il dilettoso monte*) means the hill of demonstrative Science is indicated by that line:

'Sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso.'

The lower step is the firmer in demonstration; because the propositions which sustain the fabric of argument are the surer the lower down, until we reach the foundation which is the surest of all, because it consists of axiomatic truths. And that the line requires this kind of interpretation is confirmed in a very interesting way. The commentators differ about the physical soundness of this as a mechanical description of hill-climbing, and perhaps it is not quite exact. But for allegory it is near enough: the poet was thinking more of his meaning than of his figure.

Presently, the way is barred by the terror of wild beasts; then his course is diverted by the mission of Beatrice and the guidance of Virgil. He is turned from the proud ambition of Science to go by a way which will bring him to Beatrice. In other words, he abandons the path of Knowledge for the path of Love. Here we may recall those words of St. Paul, 'Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up'; and a sentence of Albertus Magnus, 'Philosophy is the voice of Knowledge, but Theology is the voice of Love.' The pilgrim is to go by the fearful path, because 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' The happiness sought is that which culminates in Wisdom. Having passed the two regions of the divine judgments, he comes to speech of Beatrice in Purg. xxx. 73; a beacon line which hails from far, and which puts us in sudden continuity with the Prologue:

'Guardaci ben, ben sem, ben sem Beatrice.'

 'I am

'I am indeed Beatrice, who called you from that proud and presumptuous course when you would forsooth scale the mountain of Science, and I am she hath drawn you to this terrestrial paradise, which (as you ought to have known, and as in fact you did know) is the true seat of human happiness.' This is the meaning of the tercet which has so much exercised the commentators, and from which they have not hitherto extracted a reasonable sense.

On line 74 Scartazzini has condensed in two well-packed pages of small type the suggestions of the interpreters, out of which the best selection amounts to this, that the line is ironical! Nothing can be more alien to the situation. Reproach is in place, but not derision. And then the monstrous combination it makes with the next line:—'How didst thou deign to approach [this] mountain? Didst thou not know that *here* man is happy?' The second query stultifies the first, and no one has succeeded in establishing a reasonable connexion between them. The current explanation is very lame indeed: namely, that the first line is ironical and the second is serious. This whole exegesis rests upon the mistaken assumption that the mountain spoken of is that on which the speaker stands. To prove that this is wrong, it is only necessary to observe that the emphatic 'here' in line 75 is antithetic to 'the mountain,' and therefore the mountain pointed at must be very distinct from the scene then present. The mountain indicated is not 'il sacro monte,' Purg. xix. 38, also called 'il santo monte,' xxviii. 12, but it is 'il dilettoso monte' of the Prologue. Admit this, and all difficulty vanishes. Admit only this, and then it will readily be seen that in the next Canto (xxxi. 28–30) the poet has, in accordance with a favourite method, expressed in other terms the sense of this enigmatic line and expanded it into a tercet.

There are strong indications (though hidden ones) that Dante regarded the line 'Guardaci ben,' &c., as a beacon. It is the central line of the Canto, and its number is 73, each digit being of sacred value, and their sum making up the perfect number 10. On either side of this centre the lines count 72, and here the digits sum 9. The number of the Canto within the Cantica is 30, a sacred multiple of the perfect number. Nor is this all. The number of this palmary Canto among the 100 Cantos of the poem is 64, where the digits sum 10; it has 63 Cantos before it and 36 after it, in both of which numbers the digits make 9.

These arithmetical symmetries are not to be scorned by the critic who would penetrate the thought of Dante, for they are thoroughly

thoroughly Dantesque, and were doubtless of real use to himself in the structural meditation of his great work, nor need we doubt that they were also designed as future clues to reward those who should give attention enough to find them out. To us they seem to say that here, in Purg. xxx. 73–5, is deposited the key which may open to us the secret springs of his great argument; for this passage sends us back to a moment which lies outside the poem, and before its commencement. It is implied that the pilgrim had started on the quest of happiness, and that he had laid his plans unwisely, nay even perversely. The reproof of Beatrice strikes at the original resolution which lies behind the action of the poem: 'Why didst thou decide to go to the mountain? Didst not *thou* know that *here* is the seat of happiness?' The ostensible motive of his setting forth was to find happiness, and he knew that happiness was not to be found upon the hill of Science: whoever else might deem it there, *he* did not. Therefore his decision was against his better judgment; he had sinned against his lights, and he had been rescued from the consequences of his error; and here was cause enough to begin with chiding, but not with irony. It appears to us beyond doubt that when divested of allegory the real charge is this—he had neglected Theology to run after Philosophy. If this be the true solution of an old difficulty, then it strongly supports our contention, that Dante's leading thought is the supremacy of Faith. The poet in describing the human quest for Wisdom (which is the same as happiness) has assigned a secondary office to that Philosophy which is the voice of Science, and has reserved the highest place for Theology which is the voice of Love. His judgment is echoed in one of the most thoughtful poems of our century:—

> 'Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
> Against her beauty? May she mix
> With men and prosper! Who shall fix
> Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
>
> * * * *
>
> . . . . Let her know her place;
> She is the second, not the first.'*

Having now shown that this is a dominant thought in the 'Commedia,' and likewise in the 'Vita Nuova,' it remains to exhibit the same by an illustration drawn from the concert of the two. The supramundane nature of Theologia is the secret pivot of the movement within the 'Vita Nuova'; but if we contemplate this little book in relation to the 'Commedia,' we

* 'In Memoriam,' cxiv.

shall

shall then find that it is manifestly the principle which gives unity to these two works. For the all-embracing nature of Theologia is pictured in the opening of the 'Vita Nuova' by love in childhood, and it is again illustrated at the close of the 'Paradiso' by the human apprehension of the Divine Nature through a mysterious inspiration without the aid of dialectic argument. Within these extreme poles,—the one before intellect is developed, the other after its course is run,—the two works are enclosed, and the master-thought of the whole design is manifested beyond possibility of mistake.

The allegorical system of Dante centres in Beatrice. And to the right exegesis of Beatrice it is well to remember this: that the idea which she represents, though truly one, is not stamped with a rigid uniformity. Like the moon, she has her phases, her aspects vary with seasons and occasions, but the variation is without inconsistency, because they all naturally merge into one capital and comprehensive truth. Her figure resembles that of Dame Philosophy in Boethius:—

'Her stature varied with occasions, as if another being and yet the same. At one time she limited herself to the ordinary standard of men, at another time she seemed tall enough to strike the sky with her forehead; and when she reared her head yet higher, she entered within the sky, and baffled the utmost stretch of human ken.' *

When we say that Beatrice represents Theology, we do not by this term understand the scholastic Theology which was assimilated as nearly as possible to Science and Philosophy. No, the aspect of Theology here intended is precisely that which is distinct from and unconformable with demonstrative Science. It is not Theology as a dialectic system, but as a principle of conviction, the principle of Faith. And this is made manifest by the identification of Beatrice with the Church of Christ. That such identification is intended by the author of the 'Vita Nuova' is a point which we cannot afford to leave in uncertainty. Whatever variations of aspect Beatrice undergoes, they all merge in the Church as their collective whole; and there are passages of the highest mark, in which this idea itself in all its integrity and fulness is her only adequate equivalent. This is the meaning of those superhuman attributes which are lavished upon Beatrice, and of which D'Ancona thinks it enough to say: 'the ardent imagination of the poet

* 'Statura discretionis ambiguæ. Nam nunc quidem ad communem sese hominum mensuram cohibebat, nunc vero pulsare cælum summi verticis cacumine videbatur; quæ cum caput altius extulisset, ipsum etiam cælum penetrabat, respicientiumque hominum frustrabatur intuitum.' ('De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' i. 1.)

exalts

exalts the beloved one into a being of a superior order.'* She is 'a new and gentle miracle' which God has granted to the world, and which the saints in the highest heaven claim with a loud voice; she is a living type of perfect beauty, physical and moral; God purposes to make of her a new thing (*cosa nuova*); passing through the throng of men, she spreads around her a strange and supernatural fragrance, a divine spirit of love, of humility, of peace. The literalists are nowhere more embarrassed than in dealing with these attributes, which to them are nothing better than passionate exaggerations. As against this, we contend that these lofty expressions are entirely free from extravagance, that they appropriately correspond to the Church of Christ, the idea in the author's mind; and therefore we cannot agree with D'Ancona that they are fitly explained by his formula, 'the ardent imagination of the poet exalts the beloved one into a being of a superior order.'

Such a comment assumes that the real subject of discourse is not superhuman at all, but only so represented by an ardent imagination, which carries the poet beyond the bounds of common sense, to let loose a rhapsody which cannot be translated into any true meaning at all. Such comment has therefore the effect of laying to Dante's charge a shallow trick of rhetorical composition which he has repudiated by anticipation. For so we understand the indignant passage:

> 'Great shame were it to him who should indite under vesture of figure or rhetorical colour, and afterwards when asked should be unable to divest his words of such garb, so as that their veritable meaning might appear. My first friend and I know a good many of such as indite in this absurd manner.'

Could anyone (using an indirect form of speech) more emphatically disclaim the frivolity of trifling with figured diction? Assuredly Briscioni was right when he suggested that this passage, the last paragraph of c. 25, was intended by Dante as an instruction to the vigilant reader.

But happily we can justify these attributes of Beatrice by a palmary example, in the exposition of which another of the stock difficulties will, as we hope, be cleared up. There is no instance in which hyperbole seems to be more unmeasured than when it is said of Beatrice in the first canzone, that Heaven lacks nothing but her; Heaven has no other defect than that which is caused by her absence. If this could be no otherwise explained than as an effusion of the ardent imagination, it

* 'Nella ardente fantasia del poeta, l'amata diventa un essere superiore all' umana condizione.' (D'Ancona, 'Vita Nuova,' p. xxxiv.)

would

would be a wild frenzy without rule or law, a thing which has no place in art; and in that case we might be fain to take refuge in D'Ancona's position, who maintains indeed that the 'Vita Nuova' is *not* to be classed as a work of art, but as a product of inspiration. We do not pause to ask whether art and inspiration are irreconcilable, because the refuge is only hypothetical, and we have no fear that we shall be driven to it.

Scartazzini's handling of this difficulty in the first canzone is rather vacillating. He discourses on this wise:—

'This canzone contains verily some passages which are obscure and enigmatical; otherwise it overpasseth not the limits of humanity. If a lover says, that his idol is desired in heaven, to which it alone is wanting, we cannot deny that this is rather a strong exaggeration. Howbeit, exaggerations of this kind are not unusual in erotic poetry.' (*Prolegomeni*, p. 172.)

Are they not? The critic gives no indication of a parallel instance; an omission which we cannot affect to deplore, because no amount of instances could have advanced his argument. He is entirely off the track, for in this case there is no exaggeration. Dante's meaning is one which is quite sober and well-authorized and capable of verification.

It was a received doctrine with mediæval theologians, that the creation of man was designed to fill the void caused by the expulsion of the rebellious angels; and that the Church is the instrument whereby the heavenly ranks are to regain their due complement. This belief is touched by Dante in Convito ii. 6. Here then is orthodox ground for the assertion that Heaven lacks nothing but Beatrice, if only we may suppose that, under the figure of Beatrice, Dante thought of the Church.

It is the variability in the symbolism of his chief characters that baffles the commentator on Dante. We have seen that in Canzone 1 Beatrice is the Church ἁπλῶς, simply and fully. In Paradiso x., on the other hand, she represents the Church not in this unqualified manner but in a phase; namely, as the manifestation of the Wisdom of God. Founded upon Rev. xii. 1, where it has always been held that the woman in the sun was the Church, this and the next cantos have been influenced in their development by the words of St. Paul in Ephes. iii. 10: 'to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God' (R.V.). A like variability attends the character of Love in the 'Vita Nuova.' In some places he is but the personification of Dante's ardour, in others he is the Christ, as in c. 12, where, if we allow this highest symbolic value,

value, there is no longer any difficulty attending that mysterious utterance:—*Ego tanquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentiæ partes; tu autem non sic.*

When we maintain that the essential nature of the 'Vita Nuova' is allegorical, the question whether Beatrice was a real human person whom Dante loved is neither affirmed nor denied. We do not contend for the negative, because it is rather natural than otherwise to suppose that some tender memories may have winged the author's pen. But if once we are assured that the book is essentially an allegory, then the interest of this question becomes secondary. What difference would it make in our estimate of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' if we could know (what indeed we can hardly doubt) that scenes and incidents of Bunyan's life are there preserved? It would not be one whit the less an allegory.

Let us now attempt to translate the allegory, not line by line and sentence by sentence, but with a free hand, throwing in not only what it seems to say, but what it seems to suggest. At the same time we shall not seek to bring it all out of the *chiaroscuro* of allegory into the light of common day. Perhaps there are parts which have no inner meaning at all—which belong not to the allegory but to the outer garment only, inserted merely to make the story run and to give it verisimilitude. Other parts seem to us to be teeming with a spiritual signification, and yet we cannot with any confidence assign it. Of this sort is the fair stream of clear water which on two occasions (chaps. 9 and 19) ran along by the road of our pilgrim. We will therefore only translate some chief outlines, still leaving fields for diligent readers to explore.

'1. At the close of my ninth year I experienced strong impressions of religion. This was the time of my confirmation and my first Communion. I was filled with reverence for the wondrous truths instilled into my mind by those whom I loved best; and my whole being glowed with the roseate glow of a first love. My feelings were rapturous yet constant; and from that time I date the beginning of a New Life.

'From that time forward I was so completely under the influence of this divine principle, that my soul was, as it were, espoused to heavenly love, and it was in the precepts and ordinances of the Church that this passion found its proper satisfaction. Often and often did it lead me to the congregation of the faithful, where I had meetings with my youthful angel, and these were so gratifying that all through my boyhood I would frequently go in search of a repetition of those pleasures, and I perceived her to be so noble and admirable in all her bearings, that of her might assuredly be said that saying of Homer's: "She seemed no daughter of mortal man but

but of God." With all this, however, my religion was by no means fanatical; but wherever the voice of Reason was to be heard, I always yielded thereto an attentive ear. Of such reminiscences I will, however, record only some chief points, those which in my book of memory are indicated by big paragraph-marks.

'As I grew older the tints changed. The roseate glow of emotion passed imperceptibly into the white light of intelligent faith. Each successive day seemed to open before me some new spiritual insight; and what I had at first apprehended only by the affections, I now seemed to apprehend by the understanding also. New accessions of light and expansions of view were vouchsafed to me from time to time, like the gracious salutation of some superior being. When I look back, it seems to me that my Religion was supported by Faith on one side and by Reason on the other. Such appears to have been the state of my mind in my eighteenth year.

'I mentally resolved to make religion the chief aim of my life. To strengthen myself in this resolution, I made an enigmatical sonnet in the fashion of a vision, and I sent it to poetical friends. Some of them sent answers, and one was in some vague sympathy with my feelings; but yet there was no one who had the remotest idea of my meaning at that time. In that enigmatical sonnet I dedicated my heart to religion and the Church.

'I applied myself so closely to the study of sacred literature that my animal spirits began to flag, and I became so emaciated that my friends began to be anxious about me; while others, with no kind intent, busied themselves to penetrate my secret. Perceiving the nature of their curiosity, and wishing to be at once amiable and cautious, I told them it was Love had got hold of me. When their curiosity pushed them further to enquire after the object of my love, I regarded them with a smile and said nothing.

'Having no mind to pose as a theologian, I screened my real pursuit under colour of secular studies, either astronomy or astrology or ancient poetry. These pursuits had the smile of the public countenance, which theology had not; at least not for a layman. Under such pretexts I pursued my studies in Scripture, which I called the city wherein God had placed my beatitude. I gave also to my beatitude a lady's name, calling her Beatrice. Moreover, I had the fancy to enrol her name among honoured women of old time; and to that end I gathered the names of select women out of the Bible, studying where would be the meetest place for Beatrice. The names amounted to sixty, and these I called the fairest ladies of the City of God. It will appear marvellous, but so it was, that I could not satisfy my mind to place Beatrice in any other than the ninth place, next after Rachel, thus: Eva, Adah, Zillah; Sarah, Hagar, Rebekah; Leah, Rachel, Beatrice.

'I had been led to perceive that theology cannot be pursued satisfactorily without the light of other studies,—secular literature, and science and philosophy. I took every opportunity of enlarging my knowledge; and when I got as far as I could go in one subject or my

my interest in it slackened, I took up another; still using these secular studies as a screen between me and that prying curiosity which was piqued by my close application. But as my avidity grew, my attention was divided: I had no longer my old singleness of aim, and I became less receptive of the angelic salutation. The feints and pretences by which I had hoped to impose upon others had imposed upon myself, and I had almost ceased to hear the voice of her

> ". . . whose lightest whisper moves me more
> Than all the rangèd reasons of the world."

'Then I determined to renounce all counterfeits, and to make an open profession of the faith and love that was in me, and which had been mine from childhood. At the same time I openly avowed the tastes which I had acquired for some branches of secular learning. This was not advantageous to me with ecclesiastics, who mistrusted me because of my secular tastes. I was coldly regarded by those who should have been my natural allies, and I had no comfort outward or inward. I still endeavoured to feed my imagination upon the wondrous beauty of revealed truth, and to sustain my devotion by worshipping the lady of my mind. And yet, spite of my resolution, there were moments in which I yielded to my chagrin, writing lamentable sonnets, and bewailing myself in abject fashion. I thought too much about myself and my discomforts; my religion was anxious and peevish. From these alternations of mood I was roused by an incident which I proceed to relate.

'2. A new elevation of mind was produced in me by a cause so unexpected, that the tale of it may be interesting. I knew many gentle ladies who lived in the pleasures of worldly society, and who being acquainted with my favourite pursuits, so alien to theirs, honoured me with their special curiosity. On one occasion when I was in their company, some of them had their tittering laugh aside among themselves; others watched me and waited to hear what I would say; others, again, were holding close converse together. Of this last group one turning her eyes on me called me by name and said: "Your adoration is a strange one; it does not seem to make you happy; what do you aim at?" "I aim at the praise of heavenly beauty." "That sounds very different from your lugubrious poems, all about your own pitiable condition." These just words made me ashamed of my dejection, and I resolved that I would from that time forward change my complainings for the voice of praise.

'I flung off my dejection, and resolved to have no thought for any other thing than the praise of my divine mistress. In this I found a sublime elation of mind, which yet was not without a corresponding fear. I became newly aware that she, though in the world, was not of the world; and the old apprehension that she must be translated to another sphere returned upon me. I even saw her in vision carried up to heaven in a bright cloud, attended by an innumerable company of angels. And all this was mysteriously connected with a progressive interest in other subjects: for I now began to perceive that

that secular studies are calculated to open new avenues of light even in the pages of revealed truth, and that Science is to Theology what the Harbinger was to Christ.

'3. But the long-sustained ecstasy brought on a reaction. My overwrought enthusiasm ended in dulness and apathy; it seemed as if she whom I loved was removed beyond the reach of my affections. When I had again a time of reflection, I found that my spiritual taste was dormant, while my intellectual curiosity was sharpened; and I inclined more to Science than to Theology. Captivated with the exacter forms of demonstration, I suffered the higher and vaguer aspirations to recede, until their remoteness alarmed me. Then I made a stand and rose in arms against this intellectual bondage. I returned to my first love with resolute purpose, and my first love appeared to me with that roseate glow which had kindled my emotions on the first day of my New Life.

'While Theology was thus reinstated in her native supremacy, I had made a third step in the discovery of the subordinate and tributary excellence of secular learning. And in these studies I had a further aim. The more I perceived the high elevation of Theology, and how it rises in solitary state above scholastic definitions and syllogistic processes, the more I became aware that in things divine a peculiar delicacy and subtlety of touch is required. The subject is too ethereal to be handled *vocabulis propriis;* its reasonings may more fitly be intimated by analogies, through the figured imagery of allegory and of poetry.

'But, alas! our Italian figurative diction is crude and undeveloped; at least it is so on every theme but one, namely that of amorous love, in which it has been industriously exercised by generations of lyrical poets; and this is the only garb of allegory that is at present available in our vulgar tongue. Here then is one reason why I cultivate every branch of knowledge; namely, to find materials for expanding the range of our native poetry, that so it may serve me to image forth the beatitude of heavenly wisdom in a worthier manner than anything that has been attempted hitherto.'

In thus endeavouring to sketch the real contents of the 'Vita Nuova,' we have carefully preserved the Ego of the original. But it must not be supposed that we regard that story as a personal narrative, or as a piece of covert autobiography. This idea has been a prolific source of confusion. Biographers have taken parts of the 'Vita Nuova,' and have pieced it out with passages of the 'Convito' or the 'Commedia' so as to make a seemingly compact story. We contend that the 'Vita Nuova' is not a composition which can be used in this manner. Its real meaning is inward and mental, while the apparent story is only a garment. That much of the author's experience is there embalmed we certainly know; and that a great deal more of the same kind is there may well be surmised; but the intention is

is not autobiographical, and it is impossible for us to distinguish what is from what is not personal. The intention is to sketch the destined path of man, when he aims at the perfection of his nature, and sets out in search of happiness in wisdom. The Ego is not the Ego of the man Dante Alighieri, but of the ideal pilgrim whom Dante personates; or, as Scartazzini variously expresses it, 'il mistico viatore,' or 'il mistico pellegrino.'

The 'Vita Nuova' is instinct with truth, and its truthfulness touches the mind of every sympathetic reader. But it is possible to perceive this and yet to mistake it. For it is truth, not of the historical and biographical order, but truth poetical, mystical, universal. It draws, indeed, upon a memory stored with experiences and reminiscences, but it does not marshal facts with verity of time and place. Nay, it re-arranges them freely in the light of a glowing imagination, and subserviently to the exposition of a spiritual thought.

There is a book by Francis W. Newman which appeared in the year 1850, with the title 'Phases of Faith; or, Passages from the History of my Creed.' In drift and tendency it is the very reverse of Dante's work, for it assumes the principle that science is the measure of truth in matters of faith. Nevertheless its design as an Apologia, and its general relation to the mind of the author, gives it an analogy with the 'Vita Nuova,' which makes the two books akin. It is cast in the form of personal reminiscences, it has the word 'History' in its title, and it might easily have seemed an autobiographical memoir but for a warning in the Preface. This we quote, because *mutatis mutandis* it seems to fit the case of the 'Vita Nuova':—

> 'The historical form has been deliberately selected, as easier and more interesting to the reader; but it must not be imagined that the author is giving his mental history in general, much less an autobiography. The progress of his *creed* is his sole subject; and other topics are introduced either to illustrate this or as digressions suggested by it.'

In this book of Mr. Newman there are incidents, adventures, and even conversations, which are certainly matters of fact; notably the great passage about his juvenile discussions in Oxford with his elder brother, who was afterwards Cardinal Newman. Where such descriptions agree with our abundant knowledge from other sources, we readily accept their historical verity. Thus also, in the 'Vita Nuova,' two events stand solid as Jachin and Boaz, one in the opening and the other at the close of the book, being fully witnessed by other evidence; and accordingly we have not hesitated to invest them with an axiomatic

axiomatic value for the purposes of this argument. But this brings us no nearer to a solution of the question whether 9 June, 1290, is a real or a fanciful date.* There is much history in the book, yet the book is not historical; and it cannot without other evidence confer historical value upon any statement which it contains.

But here the question naturally arises: If this little book is essentially an allegory, how came it to pass that it has been generally taken for a narrative of events? If this is an error, in what way shall we account for its being so prevalent? We think that this question can be answered, and that the endeavour to answer it may bring into view the immediate and peculiar motive of the 'Vita Nuova.'

In seeking to account for the prevalent opinion, we must bear in mind what it feeds upon. We have already considered the assertion of Boccaccio and the date assigned to the death of Beatrice. These are the only two facts that the literalists can bring in aid of their contention. But there is another influence, which lies outside argument and is stronger than argument. There is the style and manner of the 'Vita Nuova' itself. Such blank artlessness and simplicity, such a palpable concrete and realistic air, such easy volubility of detail, throw the reader off his guard and persuade him to accept the narrative as matter of fact, however surrounded with a halo of mysticism. It is in this artless and realistic appearance that the tenacity of the literalist interpretation is rooted. And this appearance is certainly illusory. This little book is really a work of calculated ingenuity and studied artifice. The discovery of Mr. Eliot Norton is by itself enough to assure us of the prodigality of contrivance that was lavished upon the arrangement of it. If so much thought was devoted to an inner framework which was entirely concealed, shall we suppose that the outward and visible surface of the discourse is really that easy off-hand work which it has the appearance of being?

Now, if it be once admitted that all this artifice is there, we cannot help asking what was the motive of it. The motive of so much contrivance must have been connected with the leading design of his mind if he had such a leading design. Now we know, from the last section of the 'Vita Nuova,' that he had a great design in meditation and in course of execution. That

* In the Oxford edition of Dante's Works we note that in 'Vita Nuova,' c. 30, where this famous date is discussed, the reading 'Italia' has crept in by oversight. Dr. Moore in the 'Academy' (Dec. 2, 1894) stated that he considers 'Arabia' undoubtedly the right reading.

this

this announcement of his was perfectly sincere is for us, as we have already stipulated, an axiomatic truth. When Dante wrote the 'Vita Nuova,' he had his great Vision before him in contemplation. This unquestionable fact offers us a starting-point. The last paragraph of the 'Vita Nuova' reveals its genesis. That paragraph represents the junction of the 'Vita Nuova' with the 'Commedia.' The sacred poem, while yet in preparation, threw out the 'Vita Nuova' as an offshoot.

In what respect was the 'Vita Nuova' to subserve the design of the 'Commedia'? A glance at the literary situation of the poet will suggest the answer to this question. Dante had been in search of a character to represent Heavenly Wisdom, and in that search he was not easily satisfied. A well-known personage was to represent the wisdom of natural Reason, but who should personate the heavenly Wisdom which is by Faith? The chief action of the 'Commedia' was to hinge upon that character; and that character, moreover, was the poet's own special creation. Into that important place he would not admit an unsubstantial phantom, a descriptive or symbolic Name, as was usual in the character-epics of that era. Alanus de Insulis, in his 'Anticlaudianus,' had represented the Virtues assembled in council in the palace of Dame Nature, and there, upon a proposal made by Reason, resolving to send Prudence and Reason together as a deputation to the throne of the Highest, to ask a boon of Him. The envoys of all the Virtues proceed on their way in a chariot drawn by five horses (which are the five Senses), Reason being the charioteer. Having reached a certain elevation, the horses refuse to go any further. At this crisis an august lady is seen approaching, and she is Theologia. This lady will conduct Prudence to her destination, but only on condition that she shall dismiss her indiscreet companion, Reason. As they approach the dazzling splendours the heart of Prudence fails, and she faints away. Here Faith appears, and raises her; and, thus supported, she comes before the Throne.

Under such abstract names and symbolical figures were characters introduced in the highest poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In that satirical epic which rose in the Low Countries, and of which the best known example is 'Reynard the Fox,' human characters are symbolized under the names of animals. But the poem of the greatest European vogue in Dante's youth was the 'Roman de la Rose.' In this famous society-poem the characters have all of them descriptive names: Belacueil (Fair Address), Dangier (Authority), Déduit (Pleasure), Barat (Trickery), &c.

Dante

Dante would have nothing of this kind in his 'Commedia': his consciousness of great realistic power conspired with his artistic judgment to exclude symbols and abstractions from the place of persons; and, least of all, would he admit such an unsubstantial device into the most vital position of all. He would have a real person with a name already known to the world, and he composed the 'Vita Nuova' in order to establish the credible existence of such a person, to make the world acquainted with the earthly career of his mystic Beatrice.

It was the exigencies of his art that Dante had in view when he set to work upon the 'Vita Nuova': what was deepest in his mind was not at that moment foremost to his eye. His immediate aim was to give Beatrice a solid terrestrial character, and in this he has succeeded (perhaps) beyond his wish. Her spiritual credentials are indeed richly stored up in the veiled recesses of the interior, but all this seems secondary to eyes charmed with the free and natural and graceful movement of the surface. And this outer surface it is that fulfils (and exceeds) the author's immediate aim. Led by the motive of making Beatrice an historical person, he exerted his wonderful powers of realistic narrative, and told his nebulous tale in such a way as to give it the solidity of personal experience. Whereas it was pervaded with inanity, he knew how to compensate for this by an atmosphere of mystery, and to stamp the whole with that impress of a veiled reality which up to the present hour holds the world in doubt.

His idea was to represent the terrestrial life of Beatrice as having been in sentimental (though lofty and distant) relations with himself from childhood. To start with, he had one solid stepping-stone ready to his foot. Some years previously he had circulated a sonnet which had elicited responding sonnets, and this was a well-known fact of the past. The incident had a certain celebrity, and this celebrity was now available for giving to the new story a matter-of-fact air; and Dante did indeed avail himself of it.

Here we are brought face to face with the most organic question in the structure of the 'Vita Nuova':—What is the relation of that old sonnet to this new book? In that old sonnet the poet is taken by surprise in the silent watches of the night by the sudden apparition of Love, in such dread majesty as he cannot recall without trembling. Cheerful the mighty visitor seemed as he held in his hand the poet's heart, while in his arms reclined 'Madonna,' who was draped with a cloth and asleep. He awakened her, and with the burning heart he gently fed her, though reluctant; after which he departed weeping.

Can

Can we err in saying that there is only one Person answering to the character of Love in this sonnet?—only one who is so high as to have in his hand the disposal of man's heart, and who has also been so humble that he is recorded to have wept? And who is the second figure? Can it be doubted that in 'Madonna' we are to see the Church, the Bride who obeys the Divine Spouse even while shrinking from the office imposed upon her? Her shrinking as well as her state of sleep was probably a reflection upon the languid and unready condition of the Church in the author's judgment. Love came cheerfully to the act of dedication, but departed in tears. Are not these the tears of Christ over Jerusalem?

If now this explanation is correct, the personages of this emblem are Christ, the Church, and the poet. The ardent passion of his soul is taken up by Christ and disposed of in such a manner that he is pledged to and identified with the Church of Christ. This interpretation reconciles every element in the enigma; it also finds confirmation in many passages of the 'Vita Nuova,' and the most complete ratification from the whole drift of the 'Commedia.' In the years that had passed since the composition of that old sonnet the artistic design had matured; he had adopted Beatrice as the concrete representative of his quest, and he undertook the 'Vita Nuova' in order to make her personally known, to give her 'a local habitation and a name.' He began accordingly by identifying the sleeping figure in the old sonnet with his newly adopted personality of Beatrice. The proceeding was the more legitimate, as both were genuine expressions of one continuous train of thought; and yet the accommodation is rather violent, because that thought had passed into a new phase with the process of time. What in its original conception was but an emblematic picture of a mental attitude and resolution, was now invested with historical relations and a terrestrial environment; and the emblem of an abstract idea was now transformed into a concrete personage, qualified to figure in an epic poem.

The adjustment of the old sonnet to its new setting was certainly made with all that circumspection which is evoked by a critical operation. The author concludes this article of the first sonnet with a shrewd stroke of artistic simulation. He says: 'The true significance of that dream was not at the time perceived by anyone, but now it is manifest to the most simple.' As in cabinet-makers' work a line of inconspicuous beading covers a seam in the joinery, so this little closing sentence, with its would-be aimless and casual air, consolidates the old vision

of the Burning Heart with the newly-introduced personality of Beatrice. The simplest are not the only ones who have accepted this colourable suggestion, and thus the sleeping figure which originally signified the Church of Christ became identified with Beatrice, the lady whom the poet loved.

It is no part of our contention to diminish the human reality of Beatrice; but what we do contend for is this: that in the 'Vita Nuova' she is second and not first; that she has been brought in and added for artistic reasons; that her personality has been woven into the texture of the 'Vita Nuova' and of the 'Commedia,' but that she is not their spring and source; that, on the contrary, the spring and source are in that spiritual idea whereof Beatrice is the symbol and figured embodiment.

This old sonnet, thus taken for a new starting-point, exercises an important influence upon the structure of the book. Being in the form of a sonnet, it becomes the parent of a series of sonnets, forming the base of the architecture and symmetry of the book. Being in the nature of a vision, it becomes the source and fountain-head of its apocalyptic element. Other visions are developed, in keeping with the symmetrical plan, to the number of six, with promise of a seventh. This relation of six and seven belongs to the apocalyptic method. Among the most conspicuous features of the Apocalypse are three visions which all run in sevens: seven seals, seven trumpets, seven vials. In the unfolding of these visions a peculiar order is uniformly observed, namely, this—that six parts are related continuously, and then the seventh is suspended, deferred;—the seventh is separated from the sixth by an episode, or interval of time which is filled with other action. And in this we recognise the inspiration of the most vital thread in the order of the 'Vita Nuova.' Six visions are developed, and a seventh is announced. This series pervades the whole work like a spinal cord, and constitutes it one organism with the 'Commedia.' *

We must now pass on to consider the mechanical framework upon which this little book has been constructed. Dante gave much thought to this scheme, and at the same time he concealed it so effectually that it remained undetected down to the nineteenth century.

Mr. Eliot Norton in 1867 brought to light the outlines of an internal symmetry which indicates not merely a whimsical

* Here we must note that this order of the six visions and the deferred seventh is obscured by Witte, who has counted the last sonnet as the seventh vision; whereas it is no vision, but a flight of the poetic imagination, which is a different thing.

ingenuity,

ingenuity, but also great maturity of design and purpose. In this hidden plan the Second Canzone stands as the centre-piece. At symmetrical distances from this central poem are placed the First Canzone and the Third. These two poems have a reciprocal affinity in the succession of strophes and of topics, and they are manifestly designed to correspond. The space between the First Canzone and the Second is illustrated by four Sonnets; and the corresponding space between the Second Canzone and the Third contains four poems of which three are Sonnets. The group enclosed by these three Canzoni forms the central elevation of the book; and the parts on either side of it are symmetrically correspondent with one another. The central elevation is preceded by ten poems whereof nine are Sonnets, and it is also followed by ten poems whereof nine are Sonnets. Well might Witte exclaim, in his admiration at this discovery, that a symmetry so complete cannot be accidental.

The discovery of this studiously adjusted configuration affords a new source of light for the interpretation of the book. First and foremost, it affords a valuable hint by calling attention to the hierarchical eminence of the central Canzone. This poem rises far above all the rest, and it stands with singular distinction in the midst of thirty minor poems, fifteen on either side, among which two other poems, also eminent, the First and Third Canzoni, stand like subalterns and supporters on this side and on that. The First Canzone is a poem in which, although the loss of Beatrice is apprehended, the tone is glad and hopeful because she is spared; the Third Canzone is a dirge for her natural death which is already past, but a dirge which is dominated by a thrill of triumph. Whereas the Second Canzone, that central piece, is a visionary spectacle of the translation of Beatrice to heaven, with the lament of all creation at her removal; and this scene, though unreal and visionary, a mere ecstatic fantasy, and so declared to be in the poem itself (she being yet on earth), is nevertheless the heart and core of the entire work, and the culminating point of the author's design.

Further, it is to be noted that the relation of the central Canzone to its two subalterns is such as to make the three a poetical group of variations on one theme, the removal of Beatrice. Again, the relation of the central Canzone to the two poems which are most remote, the first Sonnet and the twenty-fifth, is the self-same relation, though less distinct. Thus the thought which knits the book into unity is the thought of the translation of Beatrice. The inward signifi-

 cance

cance of the design is thus conspicuously manifested by signalizing the fact that the same thought occupies the central poem and the first Sonnet and the last Sonnet, so that this translation of Beatrice (not her natural death but her heavenly translation) crowns the highest pinnacle of the whole structure, and likewise pervades it to its uttermost extremities. If we consider that the natural death of Beatrice is put by, as a matter not to the purpose, while her removal to another sphere stands first, middle, and last; can we think the 'Vita Nuova' to be in the nature of a literal Memoir, or to be anything but a work of imaginative art and an allegory? The translation of Beatrice to heaven in a white cloud, with train of attendant angels, is a vindication of the supramundane nature of Theologia.

Here we may pause and collect the results of our argument, and lay them by the side of the literalist interpretation. Scartazzini introduces his account of the 'Vita Nuova' with a brief description of the book. He says: 'After the death of Beatrice, Dante collected a certain number of lyric poems, which had been composed during her life and at the time of her death; he furnished them with an historical commentary and scholastic divisions, and thus formed his first book, the "Vita Nuova."' Again, he thus describes the author's purpose: 'The author's aim was to give an authentic commentary upon his amorous verses, and at the same time to construct a monument to his Beatrice.'

Our investigation leads us to a very different estimate of the book, as regards its occasion, its motive, and its composition. We venture to surmise that its occasion rose out of the poet's meditation for the plan of his 'Commedia,' during which he perceived the necessity of a substantial personality for the chief character in that great design. Accordingly, that the immediate aim and motive of the 'Vita Nuova' was to acquire for his chief character an historical repute, and this quite independently of the question whether she was or was not an actual person. Thirdly, in regard to its composition, we see no reason to believe that there was any collecting of poems, but rather that the poems were composed each for the place it now occupies, with the single exception of the First Sonnet.

The sum of our conclusion is this: that the 'Vita Nuova' is an allegorical story of the conflict of Faith and Science, and that in this conflict lies its inner and its veritable meaning. The outer form of the story has been determined by a motive of a more

more superficial kind—the artistic motive,—which required that Beatrice should be furnished with an historical record to qualify her for her destined place in the 'Commedia.' The 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Commedia' represent one train of thought, of which the chief summits may be verified in Inferno i. and ii.; Purgatorio xxx. ff.; Paradiso x. and xxx. and xxxiii. The 'Vita Nuova' contains, but hides under a realistic story of love, Dante's vacillations in regard to the chief question of the era in which he lived. As Virtue and Pleasure competed for the moral possession of Hercules, so Faith and Science disputed the intellectual allegiance of the pilgrim of the thirteenth century.

And this conclusion is quite unaffected by the question whether the love of Dante for Beatrice was real or fictitious. Our argument leaves room for every variety of opinion upon that subject; it is a subject wholly external to the spring and source of the 'Vita Nuova.' Whether she was or was not a real person; and if so, whether she was a woman whom he loved, or whether she was to him only some bright peculiar star; or thirdly, whether she did but furnish a name to him—in all cases alike, it appears that she was added for poetical imagery after the 'Commedia' had been outlined in the poet's mind.

In favour of the interpretation which we here submit to the reader, we may urge that it is better evidenced than any other, that it removes more difficulties than any other, and that it supplies a consistent plan and a continuous development from *Incipit Vita Nova* down to the last canto of the 'Paradiso.'

ART. III.—*A History of Gardening in England.* By the Hon. Alicia Amherst. London, 1895.

THERE has always appeared to us to be something almost pathetic in those words of Emerson, when, after spending whole weeks in gardening, he, as though flinging tools far from him, bursts out with—'Nay, a brave scholar should shun it like gambling, and take refuge in cities and hotels from these pernicious enchantments!' He had felt what many another has felt from the earliest days of history; and while he struggles thus to rid himself of the temptations which have been eating away his time, he proclaims himself, all too surely, as a true lover of the garden, a slave to its fascinations despite all efforts after liberty.

The story is an old one. Bacon reminds us that 'God Almightie first planted a garden'; and if it was the duty of our first parents 'to dress that garden and to keep it,' so, assuredly, has the love of gardening, of flowers and of herbs, occupied a place in the hearts of men, as in their minds, from the beginning of the world. No class has escaped, and the spell has fallen at one time and another upon kings and prophets, philosophers and poets, upon men of every calling, creed, and occupation, while the sympathies of men of science and learning have been frequently enlisted side by side with those of labourers and artisans. To go back to the Bible story is to find this love of the garden in Deuteronomy as in Genesis, in the writings of Solomon as in the words of Isaiah: it makes itself evident in the works of Euripides, of Aristotle, of Theophrastus, of Quintilian, and it comes out again and again in the verse of Virgil and in many a glowing passage of Pliny. In the best days of the Roman Empire,—and the garden of the Roman villa must have possessed many peculiar charms long before gardening was thought of in these islands,—the science of horticulture was already widely practised; the love of flowers was common to men; and, were we able now to look into the gardens of the villas of those days, we should see terraces and statues and glistening marble fountains, gorgeous yet familiar flowers and tangled masses of creepers, and beautifully kept paths leading out of the bright sun, where the lilies grew tall and the palms waved, into the deep shade of the ilex, the laurel, and the olive. Pliny's garden may have been of this character; and also Virgil's at Naples or at his country-house at Nola, for he loved to have flowers about him. Horace was a townsman first, but he too delighted in his retreats in the valley of Ustica and at Tibur, and Ovid carried the love of the beautiful

beautiful with him into his exile. It is the same all through; and whether we read of the gardens of Alcinous or of the Hesperides, of those of Mæcenas or of the rose gardens of Midas, we hear always of their charms and their fascinations: while, if we require an instance of the spell which the practice of the art of gardening has ever exercised, we shall find one in that familiar story of the smile of pity on the countenance of Diocletian, when he looked up from the cabbages he had planted with his own hand, and remarked that he was no longer to be tempted to resume the purple now that he had once tasted real happiness.

Let us endeavour to see how, step by step, we have arrived at that universal love of flowers and of all to do with the garden that is so marked a feature of our own day.

The work which we have placed at the head of this article purports to be a history of gardening in England. The subject is a vast one,—too vast indeed to be adequately treated in a single volume of any ordinary proportions. Nevertheless, a careful division of the subject into historical periods and a praiseworthy abstention from discursiveness have enabled Miss Amherst to produce a clear and very readable sketch of the history of gardening. She has brought to her task a knowledge of practical gardening, a fondness for old garden literature, a very evident love of her subject, and much of the indispensable faculty for taking pains. The result is a work of very great merit, which rises far above the handbook modestly suggested. Condensed it is, and of necessity so; but it will none the less be found of value and of interest to the practical gardener, to the lover of the garden, and to the student of history.

The author rightly remarks that the progress in gardening during the present century has been so rapid that to take even a cursory glance at it in all its branches 'would be a well-nigh endless task.' It is for this reason that we should have wished to see more, rather than less space devoted to the period. The advance in the science of horticulture, in botany, in hybridisation, and classification, have been so marked; the effects of self and cross fertilisation are so widely studied and understood; the willing aid and co-operation of men of science are so universally obtainable; collectors are so well equipped and the results of their self-imposed labours are so important; and the wealth of variety which awaits the enthusiasm of the gardener of every grade is now so remarkable, that the nineteenth century has long outshone all that has gone before. It is true that the sixteenth century gave us, among others, William Turner, Gerard, Parkinson, and Hugh Platt, and that these

these were immediately followed by the Tradescants; a crowd of botanists, herbalists, and collectors added grace even to the days of Elizabeth, and left their mark upon the reigns of the first two Stewarts; soon after the dawn of the last century, too, Fairchild had already carried out the first successful experiments in cross-fertilisation in his garden at Hoxton, and Richard Bradley had made a study of the movements of sap; a little later, we find Kew acquiring fame under the skilful hand of William Aiton, while a general advance was being made in the practical branches of horticulture, and the books dealing with the garden were increasing in value and importance each year. But, although a steady building up had thus been going on, it was reserved for this century to produce Charles Darwin; and if we omit the names of those who have given their lives to the study of plant life and are still doing so, we may at least refer to the labours of such men as Sowerby, Loudon, John Lindley, William Hooker, and William Johnson. The advance has indeed been amazing, and the results have been of far-reaching importance; yet, while we may contemplate our own achievements with satisfaction, we must loyally honour those labourers who went before. The making of our gardens,—our very love of flowers, like our powers of appreciating them in all their beauty and significance,—has not been the work of this century or of that; it has been the result of education, and the careful and patient labours of generations. Our gardens have progressed as the nation progressed; they grew gradually more beautiful, and received more attention and regard as security and prosperity increased in these islands; and they have now gained for themselves a very distinct place in our lives as in our affections. Bearing this in mind, and following for the most part the course taken in the volume before us, let us go back to the days when the pleasures of the garden were confined to few, and the wealth of flowers that is ours to-day was as yet unknown.

No records appear to be in existence showing that gardening was practised in this country previous to the Roman Conquest. In gardening, as we have said, the Romans were highly skilled, and there is no doubt that they brought with them many of the vegetables we still grow, as well as many of our fruits and flowers. They laid out their gardens here very much on the plan of those around Rome, and for a time, at least, the inhabitants of these islands reaped no inconsiderable advantage. But then there came a change. The fall of the Roman Empire was followed by invasion, war, bloodshed; the arts of peace came to be no longer practised; gardening died out almost altogether in

in this country, and our Saxon ancestors had to content themselves for many a long day with those vegetables, fruits, and herbs that had been sufficiently long in the land to become acclimatised. They appear to have had some sort of cabbage, for White of Selborne mentions that they called the month of February 'sprout-cale.' They also, possibly, had leeks, the beet, radish, onion, and a few other herbs and vegetables; their fruits included the cherry, which is indigenous, pear, mulberry, peach, and grape; and among their flowers were the rose, violet, poppy, and lily. We may, however, estimate how much was lost, from the fact that many species which had once been common had to be re-introduced in later times.

But long after Saxon days gardening continued to be little thought of, and it is not until we come to the eleventh and twelfth centuries that we meet with any garden records, and then only in connexion with the monasteries. The monks were men of peace if not men of leisure, and the storms that swept the country left them unharmed. In the religious houses vegetables were an important item of diet, and no doubt the correspondence that was carried on with Italy enabled the members of the different fraternities in this country to discover what to grow with the best chance of success. Thus the monks became the only really skilled gardeners in the land, and in the 'wyrtyerd' or plantyard of the abbey or the priory were to be found vegetables, the herbs used as medicines, and the flowers for the decoration of the altars; while hard by, and also under the control of the *gardenarius*, was 'the ortyerd' or 'the cherryyerd' with the fruit. Few traces of these grounds now remain; but the site of the orchards granted to the priory of Llanthony by King John is familiar to us, as also are the former vineyards of the Abbots of Gloucester. The terraces where the vines grew on Vineyard Hill, as it is still called, are easily traceable, though these were somewhat disturbed in the days of the siege by an earthwork thrown up to command the ford at Over and the great trunk-roads leading from Wales.

Of the gardens themselves little or nothing is left to us, and we can only gather an indistinct picture of their appearance from the old rolls and accounts, or make measure of their boundaries from the line of some ancient wall, or hedge, or, maybe, fishpond. But while we thus owe much to the monks who remained at home in peace, we are also indebted to the warlike Orders that possessed gardens in many parts of England, and were no doubt careful to bring home additions to them when returning from their expeditions to the East. The Oriental plane at Ribston is said to have been planted by

by the Templars, and Miss Amherst tells us that 'at the Chancery of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, in Clerkenwell, there was a garden in the time of Prior Philip de Thame (1338) which was still existing in the reign of Henry VII.,' and also that the Hospitallers had a house and garden at Hampton on the site of the present gardens at Hampton Court. But it must not be supposed that the religious houses and Orders were the only owners of gardens in the Middle Ages. In feudal times, when castles and dwellings were built upon sites that lent themselves chiefly for defence, and moats often surrounded the walls, there was little space for a garden, and nothing to encourage men to lay them out or to cultivate them. Still gardens existed even then, and that there were royal gardens in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is proved by the records of payments to the gardeners. We hear also of gardens at Clarendon and Windsor, at Westminster and at the Tower. Henry III. owned a considerable garden at Woodstock, and in 1250 orders were given 'to make, round about the garden of our queen, two walls, good and high, so that no one may be able to enter, with a becoming and honourable herbary near our fish pond, in which the same queen may be able to amuse herself.' The king, too, was not above selling his garden produce, no doubt to set against the expenses, his gardener receiving 100*s.* a year, and the labourers 2½*d.* a day. In the Exchequer Rolls and Liberate Rolls, as also in sundry Record Office papers of the time, much interesting matter is to be found: not only are the wages and expenses duly entered, but also the prices obtained for various vegetables, as well as the names of the most popular sorts of apples and pears, such as the Costard and the Pearmain apple, the Regul and the Calwell pear, and the famous Wardons.

When we reach the fourteenth century, fine gardens and orchards are often mentioned, apart from those of the monasteries. Many of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge made gardens of their own, Trinity Hall being a conspicuous example. Round London numerous gardens existed, and the market gardener was already in business. So general indeed was the progress that, before the fifteenth century dawned, gardens were almost always to be found adjoining dwellings of any size, and even the poorest farmers kept a plot of ground where they grew a few vegetables. But the gardens of those days were rarely flower gardens: only the very rich indulged in flowers; the gardens of their poorer neighbours being devoted almost entirely to fennel and saffron, which were grown in large quantities, parsley, mint, garlick, leeks, onions, and cabbages. But if flowers were little

little considered, fruit became more plentiful and received more attention. Cherries and strawberries were hawked in the streets of London, and medlars and peaches were common. Gooseberries and raspberries were also grown, but the apricot was not as yet introduced. One apple is particularly mentioned, the Bitter-sweet; fruit of this name, sweet when first bitten and bitter or sour afterwards, still grows in hedges in the West country, though now rarely gathered even for rough cider.

The gardens of the fifteenth century were generally small, square enclosures, very neatly kept; the paths were of gravel; seats made of turf were provided in recesses in the walls; and no garden was considered complete without an arbour and a 'playing place.' Flowers were grown, but many of these were destined for the same fate as the herbs—roses, violets, and primroses, among others, being eaten. The periwinkle was a very favourite flower in the gardens of the fifteenth century; and besides the commoner indigenous kinds, we hear of clove pinks, gillyflowers, white and red roses, the yellow and the purple iris, various lilies, cranesbills, poppies, the scabious, hollyhocks, peonies, and columbines. There was no dearth of flowers in those days, and we can picture these small, beautifully kept gardens, where 'showers sweet of rain descended soft'—sun-traps they must have been with their big, high walls—as gay as any of our own; the flowers sheltered and growing strong and tall; maidens weaving their chaplets; folk clad in the dresses which we associate with quaint illuminations and parchments; and the language talked in those turfed recesses, while the quiet hours slipped away, such as would recall the tales of Chaucer or the writings of Gower, Lydgate, or Skelton.

Early Tudor times witnessed many innovations and alterations in the garden. Railed flower-beds were introduced; the rails, some two feet high, of trellis form and painted various colours, no doubt foreshadowing the introduction, later on, of the 'knotte' or 'knotted bed' laid out in intricate geometrical patterns. The mount or raised place, generally crowned with an arbour or summer-house, also became a prominent feature and afforded a view of the country round; while the custom of clipping trees into quaint shapes, which had been practised by the Romans centuries before, and which was now known as 'topiary work' (*ars topiaria*), began to come into fashion. The garden was altogether receiving more attention: there was greater security for life and property; and, by the time Henry VIII. reached the throne, gardens were already growing in size, and were deemed safe if they lay beyond the shadow of the castle walls. The larger gardens were generally now managed

managed by a head-gardener, whose pay was 12*l.* a year; the labourers receiving from 3*d.* to 6*d.* a day; the women employed in weeding, 2*d.* and 3*d.* a day; and the prices of garden tools ranging from 4*d.* to 1*s.*

In the reign of Elizabeth, the development of the garden was still more marked. The additions to the flower-garden included crown imperials, cyclamens, the *Lobelia cardinalis*, the passion flower, the œnotheras, sunflowers, larkspurs, marvel of Peru, sweet sultan, bachelor's buttons, and white lilac. Flowering trees and shrubs were also brought in in large numbers, among them the cotoneaster and the laburnum; and in the 'cook's garden,' besides new varieties of various vegetables, the potato was grown for the first time. We may remark here, that though potatoes were introduced in 1585–6, a long time elapsed before they came into general use, for we find Gilbert White writing in 1778: 'Potatoes have prevailed in this little district, by means of premiums, within these twenty years only, and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign.'

The Elizabethan garden possessed many new features. Flower-beds were now made open and were bordered by a neat edging of box, by lead or wood cut into a castellated pattern, or by the shank-bones of sheep. Topiary work and clipped hedges increased much in popularity; the maze came into fashion as well as the pleached alley or 'covert' walk, made by interlacing the branches of various trees, such as the wych-elm, hornbeam, willow, and lime. Arbours were also cut out of privet, or made of wood and covered with honeysuckle and clematis; lawns were nicely kept; walks grew wider, being known as 'forthrights'; and fountains, as also ponds and streams, were to be found in many gardens. There was thus an evident desire to break away from the earlier formality; and while our gardens in this way came to have a distinct national character of their own, horticulture generally received a great stimulus by reason of the knowledge that those highly-skilled gardeners, the Huguenots, brought with them to our shores.

No better description of the Elizabethan garden is to be found than the one Bacon has left us in his well-known essay. A garden to him was 'the purest of humane pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and pallaces are but grosse handyworks.' The 'prince-like' garden of the period should not, he thought, be less than thirty acres in extent, to be divided into three parts—'a greene in the entrance, a heath or desart in the going forth, and the maine garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides.' Four

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acres were to be assigned to the green, 'six to the heath, foure and foure to either side, and twelve to the maine garden.' The green was pleasant to the eye because its grass was 'kept finely shorne,' and also because it 'gave a faire alley in the midst.' And because this alley would be long, and 'you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sunne thorow the greene,' there should be a covert alley on either side upon carpenters' work, about twelve feet high, by which you may go in shade into the garden. Flowers he would have all through the year, but he did not approve of knots and figures of divers coloured earths: 'they be but toyes, as good sights you may see many times in tarts.' The main garden was to be square, 'encompassed on all the foure sides with a stately arched hedge, the arches to be upon pillars of carpenters' work of some ten Foot high and six Foot broad.' And over every arch 'there was to be a little turret with a belly enough to receive a cage of birds,' and between the arches 'some other little figure, and broad plates of round, coloured glasse for the sunne to play upon.' The hedge was to be raised upon a bank, not steep, and set all with flowers, and the space within the great hedge kept for variety of device, though this was not to be 'too busie.' Bacon did not approve of 'images,' but he liked 'little low Hedges,' and 'pretty pyramides, and faire columnes upon frames of carpenters' worke,' and arbours with seats, also fountains of various kinds, the water to be kept always clean and free from moss or mud. Pools, he considered, 'marred all,' as they 'make the garden unwholsome, and full of flies and frogs.' Trees, too, he would not allow in the third part—the heath; there were to be thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle and wild vines, the ground being set with violets, strawberries, and primroses. Then he would have 'little mole hils, such as are in wild heathes,' and these were to be planted with all the flowers common to the time, while some also were to have 'standards of little bushes prickt upon their top, to be kept with cutting that they grow not out of course.' Other particulars he gives, relating to the gravel paths, the turf, and the flower-beds, and he finishes his description, in which he has mentioned almost every feature of a garden of the period, by saying: 'So have I made a platforme of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing—not a modele, but some generall lines of it—and in this I have spared for no cost.'

In the middle of the sixteenth century we first hear of forcing, the living-rooms being utilised for this purpose, as well as for protecting during the winter months the less hardy plants that were now being introduced from abroad. The love of flowers

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was increasing, and they were much used for room-decoration, being not only placed in vases or pots, but also strewn on the floor with the rushes. The Queen had a regularly appointed 'herbe strewer,' whose duty it was to scatter sweet-scented herbs and flowers about her rooms, and considerable sums were spent in this way. Window-gardening was also practised, especially in this and the succeeding reigns, the boxes being of lead, or of wood pitched inside. The days of the conservatory and the forcing-frame were still far distant, but in a few isolated instances oranges and lemons were successfully grown, and more attention was paid to melon culture. The original idea of warming buildings used for such purposes was to heat the walls, and thus we find the wall at the back of the kitchen fire recommended as a suitable place for a 'house' of the kind. Regular orangeries are not spoken of until the reign of Charles I., the buildings being then merely large rooms with ample window space, and the trees, grown in tubs, being usually carried out into the garden in summer as they occasionally are in our own day.

Many of the old gardens suffered much during the Revolution; but if few new gardens of any size were laid out in the days of the Stewarts, gardening nevertheless made steady progress all through the seventeenth century. Our gardens had already surpassed those of the Continent; and thus Pepys, recording a conversation with the ingenious Hugh May on 'the fashion of gardens to make them plain,' says:—

'We have the best walks of gravell in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling allies is better than any they have. So our business here being ayre, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or greene, as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat by themselves: besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden.'

Such indeed were the development of the art of gardening and the growth of knowledge, that men came by degrees to look upon their predecessors in the reign of Elizabeth as people who had known comparatively little; and if Evelyn, busy in his garden at Says Court, laughed at those who issued their 'compleat' works on gardening, the inpouring of new plants and the development taking place, especially towards the end of the century, led many to think that 'Nature had now been quite emptied of all her fertile store.'

The increased attention paid to bulbs was another very noticeable feature of the times. The 'Tulip fever,' as it was called,

called, was at its height in Holland and naturally affected this country. Bulbs were changing hands there at prices ranging from 2,000 to 4,600 florins, and Lindley writes that their value 'rose above that of the most precious metals.' But it was not in mere flower-growing that men indulged. Many collectors were at work, notably the three generations of Tradescants, throughout the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The first botanical garden was begun at Oxford in 1632, and thirty years later the first flower-shows were held at Norwich. Attention was also paid to the best means of getting rid of garden pests, while the due ordering of bees was considered to be part of a gardener's duties, and beehives were to be found in all gardens. Nor did fruit culture escape attention. James I. had done much to promote the growth of the mulberry by importing trees in great numbers from France; but orchards were now planted with greater skill, the distance between the trees was more considered, and pruning and grafting were studied in connexion with wall-fruit and espaliers. The Black Hart cherry is spoken of at this time as 'a very special fruit'; several varieties of nectarines and figs are also referred to; and among peaches, the nutmeg and Newington were considered 'a very large and gallant fruit.'

The Dutch influence grew stronger with the advent of William III., and left its mark on many a garden and park. Topiary work was carried to excess; fountains came still more into fashion, and the knotte was replaced by the parterre, 'furnished with greens and flowers,' or 'cut out curiously,' as Hanmer tells us, 'into embroidery of flowers, and shapes of arabesques, animals, or birds, or feuillages.' Gardens were laid out of much larger size; attempts were here and there made to get still further away from the old formality, and a desire to see beyond the confines of the garden was evinced that was destined before long to alter its character altogether. So large were many of the new gardens, that their owners found it no longer possible to keep them trim and neat. The gardens of the Duke of Montague in Northamptonshire covered more than a hundred acres, and others were being laid out of from fifty to eighty acres. The avenues in the park were planted so as to fall in with the plan of the garden; and the straight walks of the garden, which belonged especially to Queen Anne's time, were edged with trees, kept clipped, so that the eye might be led to some distant point in the park beyond. But while clipping thus remained in fashion, people grew tired of the hedge and the alley and turned their attention instead to clipping single trees and shrubs. To such an extent was this carried that it became

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at last ridiculous. Many turned it into fun altogether, and Pope's satirical remarks on 'the verdant sculpture' of the period shows how the custom was regarded in some quarters. An artist puts out a catalogue of his productions, the same being offered for sale.

'Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the serpent very flourishing. St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April; a green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground ivy for the present (N.B.—these two not to be sold separately). Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth. A quickset hog shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot in rainy weather.'

In spite, however, of this craze, there was an increasing desire for the so-called 'natural garden,' and the development of landscape-gardening thus induced led to the destruction of many old-fashioned gardens throughout the country: walls were thrown down, terraces swept away, clipped hedges which had stood for generations were destroyed, and it seemed as if, in that oft-quoted expression of Horace Walpole, people had in their haste 'leaped the fence' with Kent, and 'found that all nature was a garden.' But if the discovery thus suddenly made was the cause of some loss, something also was gained. The distance, with its lights and shades, its blue hills, hanging woods, and grassy undulations, and occasionally, too, that which is often sorely missed in our English landscape—a river or a lake—were thrown open to the garden, and the discovery of the uses of the ha-ha, cunningly devised, did away with many of the hard lines, the boundaries and conventionalities to which people had been so long accustomed.

There was thus something almost approaching an outcry against the former artificiality; but a remedy was not immediately discovered: far from it. People destroyed in hot haste; but the early days of landscape-gardening were marked, for all that, by an artificiality scarcely less than that which had to be got rid of, and in striving after originality the landscape-gardener fell too often into a miserable affectation. His efforts to achieve great things led to a wild and ill-considered policy of destruction, as irreparable as it was deplorable; and, in looking back, we cannot forgive the blindness that was unable to appreciate the beauty of the old style, any more than we can condone the conceit that could look upon an artificial stream and exclaim, 'Thames! Thames! thou wilt never forgive me!' 'Capability' Brown and his successor Repton were the agents who robbed posterity of beautiful old-fashioned gardens, in every county

county in England; and on this account, if on no other, we agree heartily with Miss Amherst when she writes, that we should be thankful indeed that 'a few people were left of sufficient strength of mind to resist the all-powerful Brown.' For a time the new fashion reigned well-nigh supreme; but there followed a reaction, and doubts by degrees arose as to whether all that was being done was so absolutely in the right direction as many supposed,—whether there was not something palpably weak and unreal after all in the 'natural landscape' in which many a fine mansion found itself standing naked. It was well it was so. All that Brown and his following achieved is not to be condemned, but we rejoice that the close of the last century and the beginning of this were marked by a happy desire to bring the surroundings of the garden into harmony with the garden itself, without sacrificing the whole of the work of former times to the axe and the saw, the navvy and the tip-cart. By this means many perfect examples of the old-fashioned gardens of England were preserved to us, and, as we saunter through them now under shelter of their tall clipped hedges or by their bright herbaceous borders, they charm us by reason of their quaintness, they satisfy us because of the things that they tell us, and we love them for their peace and quietude, and for the old-world grace and beauty that they wear.

The history of the garden is a fascinating study; and if space forbids more than a passing reference to the various periods into which that history may be divided, we may still see how gradual and how steady the progress has been, and for this reason may the better appreciate the wonders of our own days. Not only is our wealth in flowers greater than it has ever been before in our history, but the love of flowers and of gardening is more general, and a rudimentary knowledge of horticulture is now possessed by every class. Nor is this all. Enterprise, backed by knowledge and by money, constantly adds to our already bewildering mass of possessions; and, as each year gives us something new and still more beautiful, we begin to realize at last that here there is no finality—that Nature's wealth is illimitable; that grace and texture, variation in form, and beauty in the endless combination of colour will go on and on; and that in no single instance will Nature ever repeat herself, because the source from which she draws is as infinite as it is invisible.

It is only necessary to look at the new hybrids that are constantly appearing in order to realize the truth of this. Not only are roses, chrysanthemums, begonias, primulas, dahlias, carnations, geraniums, and a whole host of equally familiar flowers,

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increasing in number and variety each year, but we begin to experience some difficulty in finding room for those we already have. Our beds and our borders become crowded, and yet we are always meeting with plants we should like to possess and might easily grow; while, as if in despair of keeping pace with the times, societies are formed which devote themselves to the cultivation of some particular flower; firms associate themselves primarily with roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, or orchids, and are recognised as authorities; and costly illustrated books make their appearance at such frequent intervals that in some directions they bid fair to develope into libraries with the varieties of one flower as their subject. No pains, or ingenuity, or money are spared, and unique specimens are searched for in the most distant parts of the world. The outlay is in some cases enormous. Orchids may have little to do with our subject, their cultivation being a very special branch of the gardener's art, yet it is well we should refer to the enormous sums that are expended in forming a collection of these fascinating flowers. Syndicates are constituted for their importation, and a number of skilled collectors, who often carry their lives in their hands, are always at work in the East Indies, in Mexico, in the hot, steamy swamps of Brazil, in Madagascar, searching for new specimens: 20,000*l.* and more, it is said, may be easily spent upon a collection; 310 guineas have been paid for a *Cypripedium Stonei*, 300 for *Vanda Sanderiana*, 235 for *Aerides Laurenciæ*, 220 for *Cattleya Mendelli Bluntii*, and the prices of a large number of others range from 100 to 200 guineas a plant. Such sums must be left to the millionaire; but unique specimens of almost any plant always now command the highest prices; and if 'the trade' is always searching for something new, the public is ever ready to buy. Thus, though few may give the prices just quoted, scores of people were ready to pay ten guineas for the bulbs of the *Lilium auratum* when it first appeared, from ten to twelve guineas for the *L. Lowi*, or three for the *Henryi* or yellow lily of China, just as there are numbers content to pay a guinea apiece for the bulbs of new varieties.

But the actual sums of money spent on plants and flowers—and we have recently witnessed some startling instances—is not the most remarkable side of the question. It is the universal and real love of flowers that we meet with wherever we look, no less than the way in which this love is being fostered and encouraged, that strikes us, far more than the mere lavishness that borders too often on a vulgar ostentation. Go where we will now, in town or country, we are continually made aware of it. Everywhere our public parks are beautified; everywhere, in

in default of other means of flower-growing, we are conscious of the window-box; the backyard in the suburbs is often brightened by a flower-bed; and if there is a patch of ground in front of the semi-detached villa, it too has its flowers, the grass plot is mown with a diminutive machine, and the ubiquitous *ampelopsis* set to cover the wall. The beauty of cottage gardens —their history dates from Tudor times—is proverbial; and to go into the country to-day, especially westward, where the soil and climate are kind, is to find there gardens growing brighter each year: there is always room for flowers in spite of the possible claims of a 'long' family and the consequent demand for potatoes, and annuals and perennials grow strong and together, like the roses that climb the wall to the thatch or the honeysuckle embowering the porch. In many parts of England now the village flower-show is becoming an annual event, and each year such shows grow more common both in town and country. In June we are met by the rose shows, and we close the list with the chrysanthemums and fruit of November. There are prizes open to every class, and the encouragement thus given cannot be unattended with results, especially where the professional and the amateur have equally a place. But encouragement does not begin and end with the shows. Our municipalities, our town councils and corporations, the leading industrial companies and the great manufacturers, alike give assistance and support; and the result is that, whether at the gas-works or the water-works, at the docks or by the locks of the river or canal, about the factory walls or in front of the hospital, on the platforms of the railway station or at the foot of the solitary lighthouse of the coast, flowers have everywhere a place, and give their life to beautify, if it be possible, surroundings that are of necessity tame and commonplace.*

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* As an instance, we may cite two of the great railway companies. The Great Western and the Midland offer sums of money annually to encourage platform gardens. In the case of the former company a regular system has been in operation for eighteen years, 250*l.* being voted annuelly for the purpose. The line is divided into twelve sections. To each a special prize of 5*l.* is awarded, and there are 165 ordinary prizes, ranging from 3*l.* to 10*s.*, a list of the successful stations being published each year. A circular is also sent round furnishing a complete list of plants suitable for various purposes—for permanent borders, for summer bedding, for mixed borders of hardy plants, for spring bedding, as well as a list of evergreens and creepers, together with particulars as to height, colour, dates for sowing, and many other necessary hints. The Midland Railway devote 200*l.* in the same way, the prizes ranging from 7*l.* 10*s.* to 5*s.* A fully qualified inspector, whose duties take him to every part of the line, is deputed to deal with the matter, and the whole scheme is pronounced a success. The Great Northern and the London and North-Western companies let allotments to their men where possible, the number of allotments in the case of the former company reaching very nearly 2,500.

And as if still further to foster the taste for flowers, the seed merchant and the flower-farmer, while carrying on a keen competition among themselves, are spending large sums upon costly illustrated catalogues, and these reach us not only from many parts of our own country, but also from Holland, France, and Germany. We live in days when advertising makes town and country hideous, but it assumes one form at least which is pleasing to the eye. To leave London by many of the principal railways is to pass through the gardens of our best known seed-growers. Acres are here devoted to flower-growing; and though colours are evidently arranged to dazzle the eye, no combinations of flowers in masses can ever be ugly, and thus these gardens remain a never-failing source of enjoyment. It may be added that the number of parcels of seeds and plants sent out by one or two of these firms daily, at certain seasons of the year, is prodigious, the transfer of packages to the stations a considerable undertaking, and the sum spent in postage enormous. There is little need here to refer to the importation of bulbs from Holland: it can only be measured in tons, and there is reason to believe it is increasing. Everyone knows that the Channel Islands supply us with quantities of early vegetables and fruit; but flowers, especially daffodils, fuchsias, ixias, sparaxis, and the various narcissi, are also grown for export, and whole fields of these are cut and sent to London before winter with us has really ended. In the Scilly Islands and Cornwall it is the same. In the neighbourhood of Penzance market-gardening has been carried on for many years, and ground suitable for the purpose commands a rent of 10*l.* an acre. Flowers are regularly cultivated to supply the large towns, and whole truck-loads are dispatched in the early part of the year, while florists' shops are as common now as they were formerly rare, and flower-farms—sometimes devoted to one particular flower, as in the case of the Christmas rose—are being established in many parts of the country. The demand for flowers is ever on the increase. The development of the greenhouse, the orchard-house, the vinery, and the stove makes almost everything possible—we may have almost every fruit and vegetable upon our tables regardless of season, and the plant life of the tropics in full luxuriance, though separated only by a sheet of glass from all the vagaries of a fickle climate. Nor do the wonders stop here. A beautiful specimen of the orchid comes from the Antipodes in the full radiance of its colour, frozen into a solid block of ice; and now from Germany we learn that the new retarding principle is in full operation, and the refrigerator is made to yield us the lily of the valley at the end of

of summer. What this new system is capable of remains to be seen: the initial expense is great; but in the case of plants of a hardy nature, success is already assured, and the retarding principle—a fitting climax to the wonders that have been worked in flower-growing during the century—bids fair to effect something like a revolution in horticulture.

Yet, with all this very evident love of flowers, there is one point connected with our gardens that always remains a mystery. Bacon aimed at having flowers in the garden during every month in the year; but we, with infinitely better opportunities, often have our gardens bare in the winter months. The spring-garden now receives considerable attention; but there is nothing to prevent us having many flowers in our beds in January, and these without much trouble. The true flora of our country gives scarcely any flowers for the first two months of the year, yet there are many we have long since made our own and which thrive in spite of frost and snow. We may have at least two beautiful irises (the deep violet and gold *I. reticulata*, and the blue, frail-looking *I. stylosa*), and the *Chionodoxa*, more brilliant than either the scilla or the gentian, may smile a welcome to us in the slant of the January sun: we may possess many of the new hybrid varieties of the Christmas rose, especially the *Helleborus Colchicus*, with a large crimson flower and a leaf nearly two feet long: the three earliest scillas—the tiny *Sibirica*, the *bifolia*, and the *amœna* with the yellow ovary—will certainly flower during this month: the *Chimonanthus fragrans* will scent the winter air, and close by the winter jasmine may show us its thousand yellow stars: we may pick the winter heliotrope (*Tussilago fragrans*) and take it indoors; and all along the bed in the milder days of late January, the *Anemone fulgens* will gleam brightest red, though it hails from the orange groves of Southern France. All these and many more may be ours if we will, and we shall certainly welcome them because of the gratitude we feel to things so frail, in that they brave readily the pitiless nights and come to us gladly in the so-called dead time, when the grass in the fields is lifeless and brown and no warmth may be looked for in the light of the pale sun.

The first flowers of the year are always our favourites, and a feeling of gratitude lies at the root of our love for them. In Nature's garden it is certainly so. The first snowdrop, the first primrose, the first violet—for these occupy a place that neither the daffodil nor the bluebell may reach—tell us more than all the glories of June. Go away from the tended flowers, and find the places where these three grow alone in the silence far afield.

Wintry

Wintry winds are still, but clouds have as yet no warmth in their shadows, and the sun's light is white. Pick this first snowdrop, if you must, and look at it. Its breath tells of home, and it is beyond everything graceful: it is not only white, but glistening white, and inside its cup, if you look under, there are transparent veins and delicate green pencillings; it hangs its head in such a way that the faintest passing current makes it tremble, yet it is rarely torn by the wind, though here, where we stand, the ground falls rapidly and the wind has had a free course across the valley from those other hills twenty miles away. Descend into the woods, where the red stems of the oaks are grey with lichens and their butts green with moss. Beneath the burnished hazel coppice, the ground is dotted over with the first primroses—the friends that grow and will always grow here on the moist, mossy bank, or among the bleached leaves of a buried year. They will soon cover whole acres, and the air will be scented with a scent so sweet that it is, as it were, a reflection of their own exceeding softness. Or go to where the dog-violets throw a sheet of colour over the bleached bents under the thorns, or where the first white ones, with shortest stalks, are half buried in the elm-grown hedge. In the welcome that we give these harbingers of spring, gratitude and hope will assuredly be found closely mingled together: they are not only tokens 'that beauty liveth still,' but each is a promise, renewed for ever, that the earth *shall* bring forth her bud, while, underlying the visible, there is something that tells of the breath of the dawn.

It is for this same reason that we can never give the love to the flowers of autumn that we give to those of spring. Though we may look at them as Caroline Southey did when she wrote her poem about them, they appeal to us in altogether different guise. We cannot greet the crocuses of autumn that tint the rank, coarse grasses with lilac splashes of colour in the same way that we did those bluebells and daffodils that occupied these same slopes but six short months ago. Those early flowers were redolent of life, the mosses and the grasses grew emerald green about them, and before the last had died the lilac bowed its head with sheer weight of bloom and all the rhododendrons of the woods were in bloom. But these crocuses are frail; their silvery stems bend in a day, and no bees care to visit them. They are beautiful and we admire them, but we dare not pick them and take them to ourselves: we stop, and we look, and then we pass on, knowing well that the season of flowers is waning fast, that these tell of change and decay, and that the days come quickly when the glory that has dazzled us shall have

have passed away, and be no more to us than a recollection. Nature's garden may be still bright: ragwort, bedstraw, hawkweed, the campanula, the cistus, and the gorse may be in flower; the berries of the spindle-tree and the holly may be crimson and scarlet, and those of the privet and the briar ebony-black; the distant woods may be clad in blood-red and gold; but the gay festoons of the traveller's joy are bedraggled, and the sound in the air is of mourning: the true glory of the year has departed, and, if there is joy at all, it is born of peace, and accepts this death so that there may be once more life.

But in whatever way we may regard the flowers that each season brings and as quickly takes away again, a garden would be but a sorry place that had flowers and nothing else, or even if, side by side with the flowers, there were not also trees and shrubs and soft turf. The truth is that a good many things go to the making of our gardens as to the making of our homes, and closely bound up with the love we have for them are the recollections that haunt them and that they seem to have the power of bringing ever freshly to our minds. Love has its roots in associations more often than is commonly supposed; and if such roots are apt to run deep, the gardens of our homes will certainly be found full of them. As years go by they grow fuller: the pathways and the corners, the scents of particular beds, the sound of a particular gate, the sunny nooks, the shady seats, bring back something—a face, a voice, days when the world was without care and when laughter ran along the old walls, or days when the brightness had gone from the flowers—when there was something almost inconsistent in their looking bright at all—when silence reigned under the trees and out in the sun, and the thrush in the May-trees sung unheard. It is associations such as these that hold equal sway with the flowers, and it is the love that springs from them that makes of our gardens, not only so many acres or roods or poles duly planted and cultivated, but hallowed ground full of the recollections of a life and of all that goes to the making of a life in a busy and a restless world.

Go to the children's corner—and it is a poor garden that cannot boast one. What does it tell? It may be altogether unkempt and untrim: the more it is so the better. Here is a corner that has been set apart for years as the children's garden; it was ours, it was our predecessors two generations back, and it has already passed into the hands of the second generation ahead. Its principal attraction is not only the profusion of flowers it invariably boasts, but in the delightful absence of all plan: the paths—the width in inches, the limits set with stones

or

or shells—run here and there, and have been accustomed to take fresh if objectless directions in obedience to mere passing whims: plants of some stature have seemingly claimed notice and have been placed in front, to the detriment of more humble ones behind: little or no knowledge has been brought to bear; yet everything has grown; to the amazement if not despair of those whose pleasure it was to look on and whose duty it was never to interfere, everything grew, and, it might be added, goes on growing. And what a crowd of associations is here! The place is a wilderness, but a wilderness that can tell whole volumes of stories; and because of its memories and its strange and gay confusion is very delightful to revisit. Here is an old-fashioned red peony which has long since straggled over the path; lavender plants have grown to huge proportions and have thick, naked, cord-like stems; rosemary has thriven, but is half-hidden by a mass of jasmine which has reached the top of the wall and fallen over in tangled sprays; marigolds and myosotis have seeded themselves everywhere and now do battle with ferns and wallflowers, arabis and sedum, foxgloves and the long trails of the convolvulus; a sweetbriar hedge has conquered the box-edging; and a cypress and a Weymouth pine, grown from seed, are now big trees, and forbid all flowers beneath them, save those snowdrops and primroses that were put there in spring days now long ago forgotten by hands that have grown old or that have gone. Such a corner is not speechless: it is as full of words as it is of life, and the things that it tells are good to listen to. On no account, we vow, shall any but children be the guardians of this walled corner, or be suffered to dig here: we welcome the want of knowledge; we condone the cruelty displayed; we let it be, content that after us there will come others who will look upon this garden as a place,

> 'Whither in after-life retired
> From brawling storms,
> From weary wind,
> With youthful fancy re-inspired,'

they may hold converse with brothers and with sisters, and call up memories which grow in sweetness as the years flash by and are lost to us.

Just as our gardens should be full of associations, so, if they are really to satisfy us, must they be peopled by certain friends. All things are dependent one upon the other—there is a unity in the whole plan; and we are ever in need of some reflection of this mysterious unity, even though we remain blind to it. We must have sound and movement besides colour and beauty

beauty of form if our gardens are to be complete. Nature will look after it for us; we shall be put to no trouble: the pollen will be brought to the stigma; the bird will devour the insect; and we shall accept the song, the flower, the fruit, with no very clear idea of the degree of our dependence. We put the birds first because we are, or think we are, more familiar with them; but insects minister no less than they to our æsthetic perceptions, and most of us are willing to allow that, apart altogether from their economic value, they too are our friends and have a very distinct place in our affections.

The professional gardener does not hesitate to class the birds among his enemies, and we ourselves often find our patience sorely tried by their depredations, yet if we are in the habit of listening to that chorus—the welcome to the year—which is only to be heard at dawn and never during the day, we shall certainly suffer all thefts to pass: the debt in the end will generally be found to be on our side, while each bird, both if we watch and if we listen, will bring us a fresh pleasure. The note of the nightingale may be the richest of all; but we may find a harmony in the two notes of the cuckoo; and the unmusical voice of the chiff-chaff will be no less welcome than these, because he is the first bird of passage and comes over on the back of the crane long before the daffodils are in flower. In the dog-days most of the birds are silent, but not all: the 'tur-turring' of the turtledove, the 'coo' of the queest, the plaintive pipe of the bullfinch, tell of the shade, while the 'knock, knock' of the woodpecker goes on in the trees above us, and the greenfinch plays in the sun-spots between the leaves. And there will certainly be others to amuse us, though their voices are almost silent. The great-tit, the blue-tit, the cole-tit will charm us with their fascinating ways no less than our two intimate friends—the dainty wren and the nervous yet sociable robin: the wagtails and the flycatchers will amaze us with their skill; and we shall never tire of watching the swallows skimming down from the eaves all through the daylight hours. The afternoon sun scorches hot on the wall and the flowers droop, and then we hear the kingfisher cry as he flashes blue over the pool, and the gaudy green woodpecker laughs as he swoops from tree to tree. These, and many others, are denizens of our gardens, and we could not part with one of them any more than with the cawing of the rooks that build in the elms that shade the wide lawn, the comical remarks of the jackdaw, or the endless mocking notes of the starling. They are one and all our friends: they live with us, or come over the sea to us; they build their nests and bring up their families close

close by us, each in its own snug place—in the yew or the box bush or the hole in the wall, in the ivy in the quiet corner or among the white blossom of the double cherry, high up in the velvet-green cypress or low down where the meadow-sweet waves and the cranesbill grows blue in the grass: they have sung to us 'twixt the showers of April as the sun grew strong, and they will add to the beauty of our world that summer's pageant may be complete.

To many of us insect life is uninviting: we associate it with being bitten, and we had rather not have anything to do with caterpillars. There may be something in our objections, but, once again, we shall find, as with the birds, that we are indebted to endless forms of animal life for that completeness which our gardens in their beauty often wear. Here, for instance, is a bed of purple scabious; it is not only beautiful, the flower not only furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary anomalies among plants, but, on this July day, the bed is full of movement and of sound. Heavy bumble-bees, orange and black, and hive-bees are busy among the flowers; and we count no less than twenty-seven tortoiseshell butterflies, so eager in their quest for food that they will not be driven away. We walk along the path, and at our feet is a gorgeous peacock with wings out flat, sunning himself on the warm gravel. The red admiral, the fritillaries, the painted ladies, are all there, and with ever-hastening flight the large white and the small cabbage flit this way and that, and up and over the walls. Bees need no mention, but we must not forget the dragon-flies; their colours, their flash in the sun, the extraordinary rapidity of their flight, the marvellous way in which they are able to poise in the air by rapid vibrations of their gauze-like wings, make them at once the most attractive of our insects. Then there are the beetles,—the glow-worms, the ladybirds, and those beautiful green beetles that we find sometimes ensconced in a cabbage rose,—or those others that we hear booming along in the twilight; the cockchafers, and the busy impetuous hawk-moths. These last hunt late; and if we wander down the garden when their notes are sounding, when the last shadows have died out and the hot glow in the sky is a long way towards the north of west, we shall find the œnotheras open and hovering about them the silent white moths. Even the garden spiders come in for our regard, and we could not spare them any more than the rest. It is September, and here are the young of the green crab-spider engaged in the sport of ballooning. If we watch them, we shall see them crawl to some point of vantage, raise themselves up, and allow long trails to escape from

from them. When these have acquired sufficient buoyancy, they loose their hold and float away wind-borne, to cover the grass with a network of gossamer that catches the sunlight at break of day, and that wreaths the shrubs and the flowers with festoons or pockets to hold the glistening dew. We may have a very distinct dislike to spiders, but they have their uses no less than their beauties, and we welcome them as we welcome many more—the voles that have had their home for years by the side of the quiet path, or the hedgehog that has her nest of young beneath the rhubarb leaves,—the frogs, the toads, even the snails,—and we aver, without fear of contradiction, that without all these our gardens would be incomplete and our daily round be shorn of much of its interest.

Between Nature and man there is always a harmony, and associated with this harmony there is this further mystery, that, go to her when we may, she always reflects the tones of the spirit. She lays her beauties at our feet to be noticed or unnoticed; she tells us a whole world of things within the petals of a flower. Her stories and her treasures are there always if we want them. What is hers is ours; and no matter how or in what humour we approach her, she will deny us nothing. Yet, behind it all, the mystery of her ways will be a secret still, though we make of her our closest friend and study her all our days. It is this mystery that has claimed a reference from the greatest poets and thinkers the world has known. The same questions ever recur, if in other forms. Is there no significance in this sky, those clouds, these flowers? What are these things that are arranged before our eyes? what these riches that are poured into our laps? Have they no hidden meaning? Is all Nature symbolical, or is it all a dream? Have these things that we look at been merely conjured by man into so many poetical and emblematical forms? If this be so, let us brush aside this dream, throw away this poetry, cast these emblems to the wind with a laugh and a sneer. What then? Are we not the poorer? We ourselves are a part of these things; nor can we be severed from them without death. Rather let us cling to them. There is a purpose in them, and the same melody runs through the whole, to find an echo in the heart and in the soul, and to purify both with honest gratitude that such things are.

ART.

ART. IV.—1. *Democracy and Liberty.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. London, 1896.
2. *The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century.* By G. Lowes Dickinson. London, 1895.
3. *Traité de la Science des Finances.* Par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. Cinquième Édition. Paris, 1892.
4. *Essays in Taxation.* By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York and London, 1895.
5. *The Annual Local Taxation Returns.* Year 1892–93. Part VII. Summary. London, *n. d.*

THE General Election of 1895 marks a further step in the disillusionment of the nation with regard to popular government. Essentially, the result has been due to the revolt of the ratepayer. Finance, it has justly been remarked, is the ultimate test of administration. The verdict given by the constituencies as to democratic finance is that its methods are becoming burdensome. The revolt has been long expected, but we believe it has come at last.

The misgivings so forcibly expressed by Sir Henry Maine in his work on Popular Government, are, by the pressure of taxation, being brought home to the mind of the ordinary voter. Ten years ago, in the portion of his work devoted to 'the prospects of popular government,' that distinguished author wrote:—

'It is perfectly possible, I think, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown in a recent admirable volume, to revive even in our day the fiscal tyranny, which once left even European populations in doubt whether it was worth while preserving life by thrift and toil. You have only to tempt a portion of the population into temporary idleness by promising them a share in a fictitious hoard lying (as Mill puts it) in an imaginary strong-box which is supposed to contain all human wealth. You have only to take the heart out of those who would willingly labour and save, by taxing them *ad misericordiam* for the most laudable philanthropic objects. For it makes not the smallest difference to the motives of the thrifty and industrious part of mankind whether their fiscal oppressor be an Eastern despot, or a feudal baron, or a democratic legislature, and whether they are taxed for the benefit of a Corporation called Society, or for the advantage of an individual called King or Lord.'

We do not affirm that this state of things has arrived, but undoubtedly the fear of it has become a practical force in politics.

Before dealing with the specific subject of this article, the uneasiness

uneasiness caused by the threat of revolutionary finance, let us briefly enumerate some of the other influences which are alienating the more intelligent classes from the methods of government now followed in this country, and filling them with a profound sentiment of distrust. The financial strain, the *argumentum ad crumenam*, contributes only the last, though possibly the most convincing, count in the general indictment.

First it is, we think, impossible now to deny the larger adherence that is being given to the social philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer's teaching cannot perhaps be described as an active force in practical politics. He stands in a position of complete detachment from the active business of legislation. It has been so, of necessity, with the authors of philosophical systems in all ages. There are, however, signs that the system of thought elaborated by Mr. Spencer, with the magnificent patience of a lifetime, is slowly but surely permeating the intellectual life of his countrymen.

Again, the practical man, not actively engaged in political strife, but connected by inclination or hereditary ties with one or other party in the State, has of late years been hustled about by his political leaders in a way that has been extremely disconcerting to his self-respect. In his resentment, he has had the effrontery to think for himself. The shattering of the Liberal Party is matter of history. The sordid details are now known. The simple, obvious tactics by which a strong-willed and unscrupulous, but by no means able man, like Mr. Parnell, entrapped the brilliant rhetorician who for long years had led the Liberal Party, have been made apparent to all. This generation has witnessed the extraordinary moral enthusiasm developed by Mr. Gladstone for a policy long eloquently denounced, and at last forced upon him under circumstances of the most humiliating nature. The spectacle was a revelation not only as regards the Irish *fiasco*, but as to the whole system of government by delegates. With a strange unconsciousness of the effect they were producing on impartial minds, the followers of Mr. Gladstone have poured out torrents of justificatory rhetoric to excuse their cynical abdication of the responsibility of private judgment.

We write in no partisan spirit. We live under democratic rule, whether the Executive calls itself Conservative or Liberal. As Sir H. Maine justly remarks, 'If I am in any degree right, Popular Government, especially as it approaches the democratic form, will tax to the utmost all the political sagacity and statesmanship of the world to keep it from misfortune.' We cannot pretend that the Conservative Party has always preserved this

this high level of wisdom; it has itself done much to make the more independent of its followers pause for reflection.

Up to the date of the Local Government Act of 1888, one important institution still lay outside the influence of the democratic and elective principle. We mean the ancient jurisdiction of the justices of the peace. Mr. Dickinson quotes the verdict of Coke, who styles the authority of the justices 'such a form of subordinate government for the tranquillity and quiet of the realm as no part of the Christian world hath the like, if the same be duly exercised.' Nor, as he truly remarks, has this estimate been seriously disputed.

'The following extracts from the debate on the Local Government Act of 1888 will illustrate this point.' We again quote Mr. Dickinson. 'Mr. Ritchie, referring to the fact that there was no "pressing demand" in the country for the measure, attributed this circumstance "very largely to the belief on the part of the public that the duties of the existing county authorities are well performed, and that there does not exist any amount of dissatisfaction in the public mind with the way they are performed." (Hansard, cccxxviii. p. 1642.) Sir Walter B. Barttelot quoted a remark of Mr. Cobden's: "The one thing that strikes me of all others is the way in which the county magistrates do their duty. The care and attention which they pay to their work, especially to matters of finance, entitles them to all credit." (*Ibid.* cccxxiv. p. 1138.)'

Mr. Fowler and Mr. Gardner, from the Radical side of the House, also bore testimony to the efficiency and economy with which the justices discharged their administrative duties. This unsullied reputation, however, did not save them from destruction. The country and its delegates in Parliament were still infatuated believers in the alleged necessity of substituting the crudest democratic principle of election for every other method of selection.

The country constituencies have seen the new councils at close quarters. In no case has an improvement been manifested, in many a distinct deterioration has taken place. In London an indirectly elected body, the Metropolitan Board of Works, has given place to a popularly elected County Council. The Board of Works cannot be, for a moment, compared to the Country Magistracy. A few of its members and its officers were detected in corrupt practices, but the main portion of its work was carried out in a businesslike and impartial fashion. The County Council has merits in the eyes of some, but no one can assert that it is either businesslike or impartial. Even so good a Progressive as Lord Farrer has been forced to proclaim his dissent from the policy of the Works Department of the Council;

Council; and it is not too much to say that its principles of finance are animated rather by the spirit of a Corsican *vendetta* than by any desire to distribute its burdens equitably on the legally recognised property belonging to the population entrusted to its care.

Another Pyrrhic victory of the Conservative Party has been the introduction of Free Education. For this also, we make bold to say, there was no pressing demand. The English working class saw no injustice in being asked to contribute directly towards the education of their children. Its introduction was due to the apprehension of those who feared that, unless the party took the matter in hand, the voluntary schools might be placed in jeopardy, and to the desire of others to show their constituents that the return of a Conservative Party would not prohibit the continuance of the system of paternal *largesse* at the expense of the public exchequer. Tactics such as these cannot fail to suggest reflections to those who watch the game from outside.

Turning to more purely administrative departments, the country can never forget or forgive the abdication of a responsible Government which allowed itself to be overborne by the ravings of a harebrained journalist, and sent the heroic Gordon to work a miracle in the desert, and, when the obvious truth asserted itself that the day of miracles was past, then abandoned him to his fate. Or, to take an instance in which the blame must be shared by both political parties, no one, we affirm, can read Mr. John Martineau's account of English policy in South Africa and of the ungenerous treatment meted out by his political chiefs to that great and magnanimous public servant, Sir Bartle Frere, without a feeling of burning and lasting indignation.*

These are incidents in the course of events which have shattered the idols of our faith in the infallibility of popular government. Men remain sitting among the broken gods, waiting for a leader to reconstruct their creed.

Deep-rooted traditions die hard, and there are of course forces which still hold together the remnants of the democratic faith. Its authority has been weakened, but the check has not yet degenerated into a rout; mainly, we believe, because no great leader, strong in the force of conviction and wielding the weapon of a true philosophical principle, has attempted to marshal the army of attack. In this respect a great career of usefulness lies open to the present Government, if its men of

* 'The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere.' By John Martineau. 1895.

light

light and leading will take courage, and control and where necessary resist, instead of following the current of popular opinion.

Apart, however, from the natural unwillingness of men to abandon an ancient prejudice, the rank and file of the older and better Liberalism, which is now incorporated in the Constitutional Party, will remind us of the debt which society in the past owes to popular government. This we are eager to acknowledge. The principle of democracy has freed us from many objectionable forms of arbitrary power and inequitable privilege. It is precisely because we recognise this, that we offer a strenuous opposition to the adoption of the old policy of privilege by the democracy itself. Democracy is not in itself an end, it is a form of government, liable to the imperfections and limitations inseparable from all forms of government; and, when it shows itself incapable of adhering to the principles of equity, right-minded men will oppose it as strenuously as in bygone times the democracy has itself opposed the inroads of arbitrary power.

The Conservative leaders seem now to have definitely adopted the principles of Free Trade, or, as we should prefer to term it, Freedom of Exchange. They have done so with some hesitation, but we believe their decision is now irrevocable. They recognise that the great claim of democracy on the affection of the commercial and trading classes of this country is based on its gift to the nation of the principle of freedom of industrial enterprise. Mr. Balfour, in an essay on Cobden, has pointed out that the victory of the Free Trade party was due quite as much to the democratic hatred of aristocratic privilege, as to any wide-spread appreciation of the justice and value of the principle of free exchange. It was in fact a class struggle between the manufacturing and the land-owning interest. This view, if we are to accept Sir Louis Mallet's account of the philosophical views of his friend Mr. Cobden, is incorrect as regards the leader of the party, but it is certainly true with regard to the democracy which Mr. Cobden gained over to his side. The principle of democracy is not necessarily favourable to freedom. Sir H. Maine, with that clearness of insight for which he was so remarkable, has warned us

'against assuming that the existing friendly alliance between advanced politicians and advancing science will always continue. When invention has been successfully applied to the arts of life, the disturbance of habits and displacement of industries, which the application occasions, has always been at first profoundly unpopular. Men have submitted to street lighting and railway travelling, which they

they once clamoured against; but Englishmen never submitted to the Poor Law—the first great effort of economical legislation—and it has got to be seen whether they will submit to Free Trade. The prejudices of the multitude against scientific inventions are dismissed by the historian with a sarcasm'—(a reference to some remarks of Macaulay)—'but when the multitude is all-powerful, this prejudice may afford material for history.'

The doubt here expressed as to the permanence of the alliance between Democracy and the scientific truth which underlies the principle of Free Exchange, has grown to a certainty. Already the doctrine has been repudiated by the better educated section of the Socialist-Radical Party. If an adherence to freedom of international trade is still proclaimed by members of this party, it is due to the fact that they are too ignorant to understand the principles which they profess. Socialism is Protection, the largest and most far-reaching system of Protection that the world has ever seen. If, as seems probable, Socialistic ideas are permeating the democratic mind, the rupture between Democracy and Free Trade is merely a question of time. When this inevitable event arrives, if it has not already arrived, the feeling of gratitude which the country considers due to Democracy in respect of Free Trade will no longer prove a bar to the rationalising methods of political criticism. The alliance between the two was accidental. The establishment of true principles in science, economical as well as physical, is due to the initiative of the few and not of the many.

On one other prop of the democratic myth, it is worth our while to bestow a few minutes' consideration. It was remarked by a recent Fabian essayist that, with few exceptions, all the professors of political economy and all the minor lecturers on the subject were in sympathy with democratic Socialism. This, we confess, does not much disturb us. Ingenuous youth, when it leaves the stoa of the academy, and enters on the serious business of life, unlearns and learns again very quickly. After all, the economists are very half-hearted in their advances to Socialism. Their sympathy has induced them to qualify, to make exceptions, and to explain away many stubborn and unwelcome truths, but the result is not world-compelling. After all, to be a force in life, a man must be definite and intelligible. The deference which many academic economists show to the democratic fetish is not born of conviction, but is merely the conciliatory attitude of timid and cloistered students who dream of saving society by riding upon and controlling the storm. But the force of the storm is expending itself, and all the

professors in Christendom will not put new life into the exploded mystery.

Meanwhile the rump of the old Liberal Party remains a body of leaders without followers. They are beginning to see how far the Socialist proclivities, introduced into the party councils by John Stuart Mill, have led them from the old Liberal creed. Their Socialist army is an army of mutineers, a very Babel of discordant politics, which can never be drilled into an effective fighting force; and, to do the leaders justice, few of them are at heart renegades to their older faith. Their sympathies are really with their opponents. Too opportunist to break away boldly from their entanglement, they have only succeeded in getting their battalions hopelessly clubbed. They can never be enthusiastic fuglemen to the regiments of half-crazy collectivists whom it is their misfortune to command. There is nothing here to rehabilitate our faith in Popular Government. Reflections such as these are heard on all sides, and, notably within the last few weeks, they have received very full confirmation in the important work of our greatest living philosophical historian. Mr. Lecky's reputation will rise superior to the accusation of partisanship, and the strength of his indictment will gain in impressiveness from its extreme moderation. He repeats and enforces with characteristic fulness and wealth of illustration the conclusions which Sir H. Maine has made familiar in his great work on Popular Government. We can bestow no higher praise on Mr. Lecky's volumes than to say that they form an admirable supplement and illustration to the work of his distinguished predecessor. Sir H. Maine's work has suffered in this slipshod age from the extreme concentration of thought which seems to us to be the chief characteristic and merit of his workmanship. Mr. Lecky is as much historian as philosopher, and in his hands the theme has been enriched, even to the verge of diffuseness, by a copious recital of facts and arguments. His two handsome volumes are a welcome and timely addition to the literature of higher political controversy, and supply a well-documented appendix to the severe simplicity of Maine's argumentative methods.

That this article may not appear unduly pessimistic, we venture to summarise, and express our respectful agreement with, the general verdict of Mr. Lecky.

'If it be true,' he says (vol. i. p. 204), 'as there seems great reason to believe, that parliamentary government in England has entered on its period of decadence, it becomes a question of the highest importance to ascertain whether this implies a general decadence in the national character. I do not myself believe it.'

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As reason for the faith that is in him, he appeals to the decrease of crime, the improved condition of the poor, and the passion for social reform which among all classes has displaced theological enthusiasm, the recovery of India after the Mutiny, and the maintenance of the *Pax Britannica* by the just rule of our proconsular civil service. He pays a well-earned compliment to Mr. Fowler's insistence on a revision of the Indian cotton duties, and to the patriotism of the Opposition which supported him. 'But the original faults were very grave, and they illustrate the dangers to which democratic parliamentary government with a weak executive exposes the great interests of the Empire.' To all this we may agree, even to the last reflection, in which he reminds us that the magnanimity of the English character fails, or threatens to fail, only when it falls under the influence of political and democratic sentiment. We cannot accept so unreservedly a reference to the alleged triumphs of municipal and local patriotism. Later on in his second volume, p. 328, he makes some very just remarks, which go far to qualify this favourable verdict, on the danger of an extension of municipal public works. This policy has already gone a great length, and, in the course of the following pages, we shall have occasion to allude to the subject again. We cannot find in the record of municipal, county, and parochial government any reason to exempt it from the general indictment which Mr. Lecky has brought against the democratic element in parliamentary institutions. Cordially, with Mr. Lecky, we recognise the greatness of an age which has produced a Darwin,—'a man who has effected a greater revolution in the opinions of mankind than any one, at least since Newton, and whose name is likely to live with honour as long as the human race moves upon the planet'; a Gordon, whose self-sacrificing religious heroism is as perfect in its kind as anything in the legends of chivalry. We cannot, however, forget, as for the moment Mr. Lecky seems to do, that Darwin happily lived apart, and paid no more attention, than did Galileo, to the prejudice and ignorance of the vulgar, and that Gordon's relation to contemporary political life culminates in an instance of administrative incapacity and vacillation, if we may not use an even stronger term, unexampled in ancient or modern times. Mr. Lecky's indictment is not directed against Englishmen or Englishwomen, nor even against individual political personages, but against a system of government which subjects truth and justice and statesmanship to the rule of ignorance and clamour and numbers. In face of this demoralising influence, even the best elements in English life are not always able to preserve intact their honour and their independence.

On the financial aspects of democratic rule, Mr. Lecky has much that is interesting to say throughout these volumes. He is well aware that finance must soon become a burning question of practical politics. The country has for long suffered its politicians, with good-humoured tolerance not unmingled with contempt. It is only within the last few years that the term politician has acquired a certain sinister meaning. There are signs that this period of toleration is coming to an end, and mainly, we believe, through the influence of the *argumentum ad crumenam*,—a gross form of argument perhaps, but one which succeeds in arresting attention where the warnings of great thinkers, like Maine and Spencer, have failed to produce any widespread effect.

'A recent English writer,' says that very competent American authority Mr. David A. Wells, in the first instalment of a series of papers on the Principles of Taxation published in 'The Popular Science Monthly,' 'has claimed that the experience, in reference to taxation, of the forty-five anomalous sovereignties which now make up the United States (none subordinate to a national Government except to a limited extent and in respect to particular questions), has thrown a great light upon the temper of democracies. "Half a century ago every thinker predicted that the one grand evil of democracy would be meanness; that it would display an 'ignorant impatience of taxation,' and that it would refuse supplies, necessary to the dignity or at least to the visible greatness of the State." That prediction has, however, proved itself, not only by the experience of the United States, but also of the leading countries in Europe, to be the exact contrary of the facts. "The lower the suffrage, the higher the budget mounts. Democracy loves spending, is devoted to dignity, and provided they are indirect, or fall heaviest on the rich, will pay any amount of taxes. The English democracy, with household suffrage, though it has reduced its debt, has increased its budget, increased rates all over the country, and would not be frightened to-morrow if a great Socialistic experiment were to cost it a hundred millions. It hardly shudders when it is asked to support in comfort, at a cost of about 17,000,000*l.* ($85,000,000), its whole aged poor. The French democracy has nearly doubled its taxation and raised its debt more than a third, apart from the tribute paid to Germany. The German democracy, with enlarged suffrage, a poor soil, and nearly universal poverty, is always granting new demands, whether for soldiers, ships, colonies, or centralised officials."

'But it is in the United States, with universal suffrage and the richest of estates, that the extravagance of government expenditure, sustained by taxation, rises to a point which fiscal experts, like Alexander Hamilton, Robert J. Walker, and Albert Gallatin in the United States, and Sir Robert Peel or Ricardo in England, could not have been persuaded to believe possible. Either of them would have declared

declared an American pension list amounting to $155,000,000 (31,000,000*l.*) a year too absurd for credence, and would have criticised the prophet who made the prediction for his poverty of invention.

'That the interests benefited by national extravagance will, under free suffrage, always constitute a formidable obstacle to judicious tax reform, especially if such reform contemplates national economizing, cannot well be doubted; and also that this opposition will be reinforced to some extent by a popular feeling that something of colour and dignity will go out of national life by any marked curtailment of the expenditures of the State.'

The rapidity with which disorganization is creeping into the finances of France, by reason of the present mood of the democracy, may be gathered from the several prefaces and notes added to the original text of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's great work, 'Traité de la Science des Finances.' Writing in 1876, M. Leroy-Beaulieu declared that a reform of taxation in France was easy, provided two conditions were given,—Time and Peace. In a note to the third edition, June 1883, the author remarks:—

'We have not changed the above words which appeared in earlier editions, but we are bound to say that the scandals and thoughtless waste to which, in France, the State, the municipalities, and the departments have given themselves over, render our hopes for the future much less encouraging.'

The fourth edition, 1888, confirms this verdict. Since 1883, it is asserted, the waste, indifference, and effrontery of the administrations have redoubled. If the conduct of finance, both governmental and local, is not completely changed in France, the country will be placed in economic and political conditions of great inferiority relatively to other civilized peoples. A note in the last and fifth edition, 1892, declares that a new disease has since 1888 attacked the finances and the prosperity of the nations of European race, the disease of State Socialism. It is to be feared that State and Municipal Socialism, far more dangerous if not actually more burdensome than all our armaments, will deprive the next generation of that lightening of financial burden which the author in the text has shown to be guaranteed by a variety of causes which he there enumerates.

One other curious instance of the despair of the scientific mind in face of the dishonest prodigality of popular bodies is worth mention. In the text of his work, the author has declared himself 'un partisan déterminé de l'extension des impôts directs.'

directs.' In the preface to the third edition, sincerity obliges him, he says, to avow some change of view. In democracies, he continues, where all the powers are elective and change rapidly from hand to hand, where the struggle of parties is strong, and where the party which has the majority in the elections governs absolutely, without any countercheck, direct taxation may or rather is bound to become a terrible instrument of oppression,—oppression of those individuals who are personally disliked by the local authorities, oppression of classes who are rich or in easy circumstances. In the Mediterranean departments, he affirms, the powers of the local rating authorities have been corruptly used as an electoral influence. The houses of political supporters are assessed at half-value, and those of opponents at double value. Direct taxation, therefore, is unsuitable for democracies. This extorted recognition of the incompatibility of scientific finance and democratic government is as remarkable as it is true. Mr. Wells, in the already quoted article, refers to a more recent pronouncement of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in the 'Économiste Français,' with regard to the financial management of France under its present democratic form of government:—

'There is at present, according to this well-recognised authority, an actual annual deficit of between three and four hundred million francs. The floating debt, "official or concealed," has taken enormous proportions, and is met by a variety of expedients, and mostly by secret loans (which are always costly), because the Government does not dare to contract a large public loan, the only regular and least expensive means of extrication from financial embarrassments. Expenses are piling up, and no one takes any thought of repressing them. In short, according to M. Beaulieu, there is under the present Government, notwithstanding "constant and vain buzzing on the subject of democratic reforms, the adhesion of a mollusc to the wretchedest routine and a downright hatred of every kind of improvement."'

According to Mr. Wells, the present aggregate of annual taxation in France is the greatest to which any country in modern times has been subjected; and including all taxes—national and local—is estimated in excess of 280,000,000*l.*, or about one-fourth of the annual income of the people. 'The current rate of taxation on capital,' says the same authority, 'in all civilized countries, even now approximates, and to a certain extent actually exceeds, the current rates of interest or profit on its use.' This, he further remarks, constitutes a problem which is certain under a free government to be solved by human nature

nature rather than by statute. Mr. Dickinson expresses the same thought in somewhat different language. Democratic Socialism, he argues, pushed to its extreme limit, means a condition of affairs in which the income and property of the individual is put unreservedly at the disposal of the public authority. There are some things, however, he continues, that even a majority cannot do. No majority could prohibit a minority from the exercise of its religion. Such an attempt would be ended by veiled or open civil war. Mr. Wells's more euphemistic phrase is 'by human nature'; and the argument applies to excessive taxation as well as to religious intolerance.

Let us now look at home to the nature of our own public finance. Our imperial expenditure has risen from 81 millions in 1881 to 94 millions in 1895, and the Budget estimates for 1896 an expenditure of over 100 millions. This addition is caused for the most part by an increase of our naval and military expenditure from 25 to 38 millions. The charges on our National Debt have decreased from 28 to 25 millions, and the debt itself from 770 to 660 millions. This is the one bright spot in the recent history of our public finance.

On the other hand, the local expenditure of the United Kingdom has risen from 36 millions in 1867–8 to 82 millions in 1892–3.

The total outstanding loans incurred by local government authorities in England and Wales have risen from 164 millions in 1883–84 to 215 millions in 1892–93. In Scotland they have risen from 24 millions in 1887–8 to 28 millions in 1892–93. The returns of Local Taxation in Ireland for the year 1894 give no comparative statement, but put the local indebtedness of that country in 1894 at 9 millions. In round numbers, the total local indebtedness of the United Kingdom and Ireland is 252 millions.

The increase of the outstanding loans of the Local Authorities (England) rose 30·6 per cent. between 1883–4 and 1892–93. The rate of increase in the Metropolis was 23·7 per cent. In the remainder of the country, taken together, it was 32·4 per cent. The local authorities whose indebtedness increased to the greatest extent during the interval were Poor Law Authorities, the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, Municipal Corporations, Urban Sanitary Authorities, Harbour, Pier, and Dock Authorities, and School Boards.

The following interesting table, taken from 'Local Government and Local Taxation in England and Wales' (second edition, 1894, edited by Messrs. Hobhouse and Fanshawe), gives the general result of a series of more elaborate tables in the

the form of a comparison between the years 1867–68 and 1891–92, as follows (in millions):—

	1867–68.	1891–92.	Increase per cent.
Rateable value*	100⅞	155 9/10	55·2
Receipts of all kinds (including new loans)	30½	64	109·8
Receipts of all kinds (excluding new loans)	25	53¾	115·0
Expenditure of all kinds (including loan expenditure)	30½	64¼†	110·6
Loans outstanding at end of year	60‡	208	247·3

* The increase in rateable value is partly due to revaluations, and is consequently to some extent only apparent.

† Of this expenditure 11½ millions were for repayment of, and interest on, loans.

‡ The amount of loans outstanding in 1868 is unascertainable. Mr. Fowler, in his Report (p. viii.), specifies certain loans then outstanding to the amount of 43,813,000*l.*, but states that the list is incomplete, and he estimates (p. li.) the total amount at about 60,000,000*l.*

The extraordinary enthusiasm which prevails in certain quarters in view of the rapid multiplication of the 'duties of citizenship' deserves a closer analysis than it usually receives. It means that the well-tried policy of private enterprise and freedom of exchange is everywhere being abandoned in face of the slightest difficulty, and that a policy of State monopoly and compulsory exchange (taxation) is being substituted for that voluntary organization of society which Englishmen formerly held dear, as the distinguishing feature of our national economy. The Socialist party knows its own mind, and at every turn is forcing forward the policy of State monopoly. The ordinary politician seems powerless to meet these tactics except by the useless stratagem of throwing ransom to the wolves. Has the nation really grown sceptical as to the beneficent and organizing power of Liberty? We do not believe it. It is waiting for a leader to rehabilitate the ancient faith.

The figures above quoted are eloquent and call for little remark; but, to complete our picture, it may be well to describe one or two instances of the way in which citizens' duties are discharged, and one or two of the methods in which these funds are expended.

The Metropolitan Poor Law Union of St. Olave's enjoys the privilege of possessing a democratic board of guardians. The task of administering the Poor Law is admittedly a difficult one,

one, but it is one on which a vast amount of experience has been accumulated and put on record. But, like the emperor who was *super grammaticam*, the St. Olave's Board was a law unto itself. They resolved to dispense with those salutary tests of destitution which experience has shown to be necessary, and which in the case of the able-bodied are actually prescribed by law and by the orders of the Local Government Board. During the winter 1894–95, this Board opened a labour yard for the relief of the able-bodied, but, neglecting the advice that applicants are to receive not wages but relief proportioned to their necessities, the guardians determined to pay their relief on the scale of trade-union wages.

The labour-yard remained opened from January 7 to March 28: during that period 61,617 days of employment were given at a cost of 10,782*l.*, exclusive of cost of management. The total expenditure was about 18,000*l.* The stone broken cost the guardians 7*l.* per ton as compared with 4*s.*, which is said to be the cost of the same work in the open market. The relief was not effectual for the purpose intended. Admittedly the yard was monopolised by the criminal and semi-criminal classes, and the conditions of the relief were such that no respectable workman could accept them. A large proportion of the men did no work at all, so lax was the supervision that many absented themselves from the yard till the hour of payment arrived, some of the payment was given in kind, and the tickets and groceries so distributed were in many cases exchanged for drink. This method of procedure offered no solution of the difficulty. By the end of March, when the guardians decided to close the yard, they had succeeded in collecting, in normal weather, between 800 and 1,000 men whose daily resort was the labour-yard. Obviously this congestion of unemployed labour left the difficulty in an aggravated condition, when this large number of men were suddenly deprived of their employment.

The mal-administration of the St. Olave's Board has been so flagrant that the Local Government Board has disallowed a portion of the subvention, which had otherwise been due to it from the Common Poor Fund. Unfortunately, the loss falls on the ratepayers of St. Olave's, and not on the guardians.

The above incident is only one item in a long course of mismanagement which, considering the widespread suffering and demoralisation caused thereby to the poorest and most helpless class of the community, may fairly be described as criminal. The possibility of reducing pauperism by a careful administration is generally admitted. From 1870–71 to 1880–81

1880–81 there was a general fall in pauperism throughout the Metropolis, in which movement St. Olave's participated. The pauperism of Whitechapel and St. Olave's fell from 61·6 and 44·7 per 1,000 of population in 1870–71 to 25·1 and 27·5 in 1880–81. In 1884 a new policy was introduced into St. Olave's, and in 1892–93 the rate per 1,000 had risen again to 40·3, while in Whitechapel the decline continued reducing the rate per 1,000 to 21·5.

The key to this unfortunate result is afforded by the following figures:—

	Expenditure on Out-door Relief.			
	1871.	1881.	1891.	1895.
	£	£	£	£
Whitechapel	6,118	1,152	850	620
St. Olave's	11,546	6,349	11,214	23,643

The policy of the Whitechapel Union, as is well known, is influenced by a permanent official who has thoroughly mastered the scientific aspects of Poor Law administration. Yielding to his advice, the Board has pursued a continuous policy of reducing out-door relief for the last twenty-five years. About 1884 the St. Olave's Board seems to have fallen into the hands of some ignorant or malevolent persons who, by adopting a contrary policy, have multiplied pauperism and raised the burdens of the ratepayers to an alarming extent. Unfortunately its procedure is typical of many other unions, and of the democratic science by which they are governed.

The waste of public money is not confined to the incapable and ignorant management of those public services which in the nature of things must be carried on by a public authority. A far larger source of profusion and loss is caused by the great extension of municipal trading. Of the difficulty created, when, even in a comparatively small matter, collective ownership of industrial property is adopted as a principle, the following instance will furnish an apt illustration.

In the nature of things, let it be premised, trade has a tendency to shift from one locality to another, slowly and gradually as a rule. In a district where the conditions are no longer suitable to modern industry, the fresh applications of capital, necessary in all healthy business, are not made. As history has amply shown, the seat of great industries has frequently

frequently changed. Some local suffering or inconvenience is caused, but, owing to the gradual operation of the causes, no great and severe crisis is experienced. Such incidents are part of the inevitable and beneficent course of industrial progress. Consider what a hopeless impediment would have been placed in the way of the commercial greatness since attained by Great Britain, if the Imperial Legislature had insisted on spending the resources of the country in maintaining the supremacy of the Cinque Ports!

The revenue and resources of a great corporation, in the nineteenth century, are fully equal to those of the Imperial authority of mediæval times, and not infrequently we find municipalities burdening their citizens for the sake of a contest which, for anything we know to the contrary, may be as hopeless as an enterprise to maintain Sandwich as a first-class seaport.

The Corporation of Bristol, apparently since 1848, has carried on the business of a dock company. The winding channel of the Avon is obviously inconvenient for ocean-going steamships. In the opinion of the public authority, therefore, it became desirable to make new docks and warehouses at Portishead and Avonmouth at the mouth of the river. At the first of these places large sums of money have been sunk. The docks are admirable, but no shipping comes to them; and we are credibly informed that the grass is growing on the roadways and in the sheds. At Avonmouth there is a somewhat exotic trade in grain and frozen meat, for which costly refrigerating accommodation has been provided, but there is comparatively little export trade, and the shipping has to move away to some other port to secure an outward cargo. These conditions will probably prove fatal to the chances of developing a great port. The money, however, has been raised, not on the security of the success of the docks but on the security of the Bristol rates. If the venture is unsuccessful (and it shows every prospect of so continuing), the ratepayers of Bristol are responsible for the capital lost. At present they are paying some 30,000*l.* per annum for the losses incurred in the speculation.

The Statement of Accounts for the Bristol Docks for the year ended April 30, 1895, shows that the capital expenditure has been 2,170,000*l.* This sum has been raised by two millions of Debenture Stock, 39,631*l.* premiums on Debenture Stock, Loans 7,800*l.*, and 33,885*l.* contribution from the Parish of St. Augustine. The net revenue account shows a deficit requiring a levy on the ratepayers of 27,000*l.* to enable the authorities to pay the interest due on the different stock. In 1894 the amount raised by rate was 32,360*l.*

In

In compliance with the Bristol Dock Acts, a sinking fund is being accumulated. This now amounts to 100,935*l.*: all of this sum (with the exception of 19,000*l.*, 10,000*l.* of which is invested in the Bristol Water Works Company's stock) is lent to various Bristol public authorities. How far a public corporation which habitually borrows its own sinking fund is really providing for an extinction of its debt is a matter we leave to the judgment of our readers.

This, however, is not all. The Bristol Corporation is engaged in other industries, and recently it yielded to the popular craze of being its own contractor in a number of minor departments. It is not surprising, therefore, that the rate is heavy. Many persons, it is said, are, on this account, careful to live outside the area of the borough rate. The authorities, finding that their present territory yields a revenue insufficient for their ambitious policy, have recently been promoting a Bill to extend their boundary. This 'marauding Bill,' as it has been described, was defeated, but many thousands of public money have been spent in the attempt. What finality there may be in this repulse, we are not aware, but the risk of fiscal oppression to the whole surrounding country, due to this combination of modern resources with the predatory instincts of an Afghan tribe, must add a new terror to life.

In passing these criticisms, we have no desire to deny the practical difficulty in which the Bristol Corporation finds itself. The original and fatal error is the permission granted to such bodies to embark in speculative trading. One mistake leads to another: the momentum of the original error is increasing, and the end it is impossible to foresee.*

It would be easy to multiply instances of the profusion and recklessness with which the public money is jeopardized or wasted, and of the questionable and oppressive acts by which the majorities of local bodies endeavour to provide funds for carrying out their ambitious plans. It must suffice to mention the refusal of the late London County Council to proceed with certain improvements until it could make a special assessment on a form of property against which they entertained a prejudice; the rating appeals of the same body and its costly litigation with various London parishes in respect of their

* On the 3rd March, 1896, a motion was adopted in the Bristol Town Council authorizing the expenditure of 93,000*l.* on further works on the channel of the Avon. A section of the Council was in favour of a more ambitious policy of 'dockising' the river, a plan estimated to cost 2,900,000*l.* A further objection to this last proposal is that the Bristol sewage is discharged into the Avon; and if the tide is excluded by means of dock-gates, some new system of sewage would be required.

valuation.

valuation. In all these struggles it has been the object of the majority of the Council to fix a heavy assessment on the classes and constituencies represented by the minority. The case of Preston is noticeable for the large sums expended in purchasing the assets of an unsuccessful company engaged in certain projects for improving the navigation of the Ribble, and for the subsequent expenditure on the same hopeless speculation. Manchester also has involved itself to the extent of five millions in that doubtful experiment the Manchester Ship Canal, and the list might be indefinitely enlarged.

The idea that economical and successful administration is promoted by the infinite subdivision of the units of popular government is not new. Its fallacy has often been exposed, yet politicians cling to it with extraordinary tenacity. Thus it was supposed, at the time of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, by MacCulloch and other eminent economists, that small areas for the administration of relief would promote economical management and a decrease of pauperism. According to the late Sir E. Chadwick, a member of the Royal Commission of Enquiry and the first Secretary to the Poor Law Commissioners, the facts did not bear out this, but rather the contrary opinion. It appeared that in the hundred largest parishes of England the proportion of paupers to the whole population was 1 in 16, or 6¼ per cent.; in the hundred intermediate parishes it was 1 in 10, or 10 per cent.; while in the hundred smallest parishes it amounted to 1 in 6, or 16½ per cent. The Poor Law Commissioners, in their celebrated report, explain very clearly why local influences are not favourable to economy and impartiality. The judicious administration of the law had been rendered impossible, they argued, by reason of the 'temptations' arising, among other things, from 'the personal situation, connexions, interests, and want of appropriate knowledge on the part of the rate distributors,' who are, moreover, 'obnoxious to the influence of intimidation, of local partialities, and of local fears, and to corrupt profusion for the sake of popularity or of pecuniary gain.' And again they declare:—

'What our evidence does show is that where the administration of relief is brought nearer to the door of the pauper, little advantage arises from increased knowledge on the part of the distributors and great evil from their increased liability to every sort of pernicious influence. It brings tradesmen within the influence of their customers, small farmers within that of their relations and connexions, and not unfrequently of those who have been their fellow-workmen, and exposes the wealthier classes to solicitations from their own dependants for extra allowances, which might be meritoriously and usefully

usefully given as private charity, but are abuses when forced from the public.'

'It will be found,' the same authority declares, 'that the private interests of the distributors of the rates are commonly at variance with their public duties, and that the few pounds, often the few shillings, which any parish officer could save to *himself* by the rigid performance of his duty, cannot turn the scale against the severe labour, the certain ill-will, and now, in a large proportion of cases, the danger to person and property, all of which act on the side of profusion.' (Report of Poor Law Commissioners, 1834. Reprint, 1894, pp. 217 and 236.)

We have made this somewhat lengthy quotation because at the present day it seems necessary to insist that public bodies, whether they be great or small, are extremely liable to succumb to the influences productive of incompetence and dishonesty. At the present day there is a reaction in favour of small administrative areas. In 1834, the terrible abuses of parish government gave a great impulse to the contrary theory. So much was this the case, that Sir E. Chadwick, an extremely shrewd and able man, conceived the idea of a highly centralised and even national administration of the Poor Law,—a plan which, in its way, would probably be quite as liable to abuse as the old parish system then about to be abolished.

In this country personal corruption is happily rare, but a public body, from the very nature of its composition, conducts its business under economical conditions which render a high degree of competency impossible. To this point we must return presently. Here we merely remark that, notwithstanding the admitted integrity of English political life, the ever-increasing growth of a bureaucracy constitutes a public danger. In a pamphlet entitled 'Un Chapitre des Mœurs électorales en France,' M. Leroy-Beaulieu has related his own experience of the opposition offered by the local officialdom in the *arrondissement* of Lodève to the election of a candidate whose financial criticism was dreaded by the Government in power. Falsification of voting papers; intrigue in the Chamber to delay a second election, rendered necessary by the invalidation of the first, in order that the election might take place on the new register; the revision of the new register by the local mayors, deliberately and, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends, fraudulently, in the interest of the official candidate; the granting of leave of absence to about 300 soldiers, whose relations professed their intention to vote for the candidate favoured by the Administration, are among the incidents enumerated. Two committees of the Chamber, two parliamentary reports, the first after a careful examination

examination of documents, the second after an enquiry on the spot, have decided that the first election was fraudulent and corrupt. Yet M. Leroy-Beaulieu complains nothing has been done to punish those who have been guilty of this crime against universal suffrage. We have happily nothing quite so glaring as this in England, but we doubt if a determined and searching critic of public finance would be regarded with much favour by the party electioneering associations on either side of the House. Whether the undoubted alarm of the ratepayer will encourage those who are disposed to favour a closer examination of estimates, remains to be seen. The necessity of giving more attention to finance will be enforced, we are convinced, by the profusion certain to arise from recent extensions of local government.

It will be objected, perhaps, that the irritation of the ratepayer is mere 'ignorant impatience of taxation,' and that the growth of taxation is not out of proportion to his means. We confess we are at a loss to know on what principle we are to fix the due proportion of a man's income which he ought to pay to the tax-collector with cheerful alacrity. Our observation is that, whether the feeling is reasonable or the reverse, every penny so expended is given unwillingly and for very obvious reasons.

Adam Smith long ago pointed out that in every voluntary exchange both parties profited. So the average man, when he buys a book or a coat, comes home with a feeling of satisfaction in his purchase. If the book is dull or if the coat does not fit, he forms a resolution to deal no more with the authors. On the other hand, payments made for Government services by way of taxation are not exchanges, but forcible levies or exactions. The dissatisfaction inseparable from this method of expenditure is enhanced, when a man has to pay for a system of sewerage which he believes to be unscientific and dangerous; for the education of other people's children, many of whom are as well able to pay for it as he is; for the education of his own children in a curriculum which excludes his own religious beliefs, and overworks them in subjects in the choice of which he has not been consulted; for an administration of the Poor Law oppressive to the ratepayer, and inadequate and harmful to the poor themselves; for costly and probably unsuccessful speculation in docks and canals; and for a thousand other objects of a similar character. A benevolent Englishman, who happens to belong to the Jewish faith, was, by some inadvertence, asked to subscribe to a Society for the Conversion of the Jews. The insult to his religion he set on one side, but his economical soul for days went

went sorrowful in the thought of the wastefulness which consumed thousands of treasure (so he said) in the conversion of one Jew. *Mutatis mutandis*, it is the same with the ratepayer: he may be able to afford these exactions (though, when he says he is not, it is difficult to produce a more competent authority), but, as a man of business, he knows that his money is in many instances wastefully spent, and he resents it accordingly.

Seriously also he has philosophical justification for his attitude. As we said above, the economical conditions under which a public authority spends its income and conducts its business are incompatible with a high level of success. Every service or commodity which a man purchases in the open market is being continuously improved and cheapened by the ever-active force of competition. Unprofitable expenditures of capital are being constantly written off. The purchaser is not called on to make good to the unsuccessful tradesman the capital and interest of his investment. There is therefore a continuous improvement in the industrial organization which ministers to human wants,—in other words, in the material conditions of civilization. This element of progress is rigorously excluded from the services rendered by the public authority. The constant process of liquidation which in private enterprise secures the survival of the best methods of industry cannot operate on a State monopoly. This consideration, it appears to us, contains an answer to those who argue that taxation must be expected to grow with the increase of wealth and population. In the first place, as we have seen by the table quoted on p. 88, the growth of taxation is out of proportion to that of rateable value, and, we may now add, of population. In the second place, the analogy of what is happening in the sphere of private enterprise might lead us to expect greater economy and cheapness instead of a continuous advance in the cost of government. While in the portion of the world's business which is left in the control of private enterprise there is a constant winnowing process going on by which inferior methods and unnecessary middlemen are eliminated, we are conscious that in the realm of State monopoly influences of an exactly opposite nature are for ever at work.

Trade prosperity depends on a continuously increasing demand for the production of our staple trades. This demand, in turn, depends on the purchasing ability of the general public. Ability to purchase, or (if we analyse the operation) ability to exchange, depends entirely on the productivity of our industrial methods. Wasteful methods such as are characteristic of

of State monopoly mean a deduction from the national dividend, and this is equally true whether the waste take the shape of incompetent trading or unnecessary additions to the fixed charges of government.

It is perfectly true that many of the services rendered by the public authority must be so rendered or not at all. About these the ratepayer will continue to grumble in a mild and helpless manner, but as a practical man he will wish to see the province of the public authority rigidly confined to these limits, and he will offer the most strenuous opposition to the encroachment of the State into matters in which private enterprise is capable of providing the necessary service. The truth is that the democratic machine has broken loose like the gun on Victor Hugo's ship, has got out of control, and is destroying, by the impetus of its own weight, the delicate machinery of our social life.

The ratepayer is in revolt, and looks to the party now in power to release him from the ravages of this animated engine of oppression. As Sir H. Maine has said, extrication from our difficulties requires the highest statesmanship. First let the Government recognise its mandate, and form a rallying-point for the forces of social order and liberty. With regard to our imperial expenditure, it is difficult to be sanguine. The key of the situation turns on some fulfilment of the hope expressed by Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House, that diplomacy would find some expedient for freeing the nations of Europe from the excessive burden of naval and military armaments. It is impossible to suppose that Lord Salisbury introduced a remark of this momentous character into a deliberate address, on an occasion so important, unless he cherished some element of hope. In spite of many obvious indications in an opposite direction, we make bold to say that no line of policy would be more enthusiastically received by the nation at large, or prove better calculated to cement into a lasting alliance all the best elements of the old Conservative and the old Liberal parties. It is a policy which only a Minister enjoying the complete confidence of his countrymen can approach with any prospect of success. This element of encouragement Lord Salisbury undoubtedly possesses.

With regard to the growth of local indebtedness and taxation, we require without doubt some limitation on the spending and debt-incurring powers of our local authorities. Above all, we require the nation to become alive to the mischief that is being done. We require a more definite attitude on its part. For long, public opinion has favoured the encroachment of public

 authorities,

authorities, and has discouraged private enterprise. A feeling of misgiving and discontent has at last arisen with regard to the growth and wasteful expenditure of taxation. This is not enough: the public authorities must be rigorously confined to their special duties, and security given to private enterprise that the era of confiscation and needless municipal competition is at an end. Unless the public can be persuaded that the functions of government are being exceeded, that it is meddling in many things which it ought to let alone, it is quite hopeless to expect any lightening of the public burden.

We have set in the list of books prefixed to this article the titles of treatises on the Science of Finance. The collection of imperial and local revenue is now a matter of great and growing importance, and well merits the industry and erudition bestowed on it by these distinguished authors. We have dwelt, designedly, rather on a preliminary aspect of the question. Mr. Seligman remarks that one fact stands out prominently:

'Amid the clashing of divergent interests, and the endeavour of each social class to roll off the burden of taxation on some other class, we discern the slow and laborious growth of standards of justice in taxation and the attempt of the community as a whole to realize this justice.'

The idea of justice as applied to taxation is, we fear, domesticated in the seclusion of the professor's study. We do not find it in Sir W. Harcourt's death duties or in other measures we might name. It will perhaps emerge some day in the full panoply of scientific classification, and play a useful part, but not until we have settled that taxation is not to be a species of class war, but that it is for revenue to be used in the conduct of the public services and not in the impossible task of removing and mitigating inequalities of fortune,—inequalities which, we believe, can be removed, but not by this method.

Again, it is conceivable that some mitigation of public burdens may be derived from better arrangements for the acceptance, and preservation of the utility, of benefactions given by public-spirited citizens. The influence of the dead hand and the corrupt interest of many in the abuse of charitable funds have proved an insuperable obstacle to progress in this respect. In the first half of the eighteenth century a great number of workhouses and other institutions in connexion with the Poor Law were built, and in a large proportion of cases with the assistance of voluntary subscriptions. With the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1834, this flow of public

public revenue from voluntary sources came to an end. M. Émile Chevallier, a recent French critic of our English Poor Law, has pointed out how the French system, by interposing the voluntary relief agencies of the community between the applicant and the State, and by merely giving a State subvention to charitable effort, has, in his judgment, moderated the demands of applicants, and as a matter of fact limited the public burden. Existing arrangements will not lend themselves readily to such an innovation, but there is every reason to support the plan adopted in certain well-known unions, whereby a division of labour between the legal and voluntary agencies of relief is duly recognised, the legal authority providing the indoor or institutional relief and the voluntary agency supplying such relief at the home (outdoor relief) as may be thought desirable. The provision of things that are not absolutely necessary should not be obtained by recourse to the rates; there is plenty of public spirit in England if it was not alienated by the never-ending encroachments of State and municipal monopoly.

Even those of us who favour most enthusiastically certain forms of public expenditure, say for instance on an object admittedly praiseworthy, such as education, must recognise that there is a point at which the ratepayer's purse is suddenly closed. Now if we wish to secure a cheerful continuity and progress in our expenditure on education, we shall do better in the long run on the voluntary system. To support the schools properly, to supplement the inability of poor parents to provide education for their children with adequate generosity, would, under a wiser administration, become a point of honour in every district. At present the School Board system is viewed with much bitterness: the expenditure is in many cases wasteful; it must inevitably lead to a reaction and to sudden reversals of policy, extremely mischievous to the sound development of our educational system. One reason of the unpopularity of the School Board system, is that the ratepayer views with much jealousy and dissatisfaction the growth of a new *imperium in imperio*. The teaching class have formed themselves into a trade union, which undoubtedly exercises great influence at election time. Their avowed object is the increase of their own authority and emoluments. Now there can be no reasonable objection to combination among men earning their own living in the open market if they think this course of action advantageous, and if they refrain from violence, but in the case of the servants of the State totally different considerations arise. They are placed under a certain disability, for they are not dealing direct with

their employers but with persons who are in the position of trustees. To offer political support to such trustees in consideration of their acting lavishly in respect of the trust fund is a very questionable proceeding. The ratepayer is not, as at present advised, very fond of the politician; and when he sees the servants of the State organizing themselves with a view of pressing their own pecuniary claims on School Board and parliamentary candidates, and the candidates promising, with effusive expressions of respect, that their demands shall have attention, he is apt to regard such transactions as a barefaced system of corruption. In dockyard constituencies this form of political bribery at the expense of the ratepayer has of recent years become a byword. Demands put forward in this way may be perfectly reasonable and just, but it is one of the objections to the whole system of Government employment, that it breeds suspicion and ill-will and lends itself readily to some of the meanest and most contemptible forms of political corruption.

We cannot probably revert to a completely voluntary system of education. We only suggest as a basis of the division of labour which ought to be recognised, that elementary education, strictly defined, should receive assistance from the public exchequer, but that, for the rest, reliance should be placed on the voluntary system. It is, however, no part of the purpose of this article to suggest detailed methods of reform. We are only concerned here to press for a cessation of that spirit of hostility which everywhere paralyses voluntary effort.

Mere readjustment of the incidence of taxation and the most careful manipulation of our finances by the methods advocated by scientific authorities will not help us much. If we desire a lightening of burdens, we must retrench, we must hand over every undertaking that we can to private enterprise, and we must invoke the ready assistance of public spirit and voluntary benevolence. The party in the State which will adopt this policy and desist, once and for all, from attempts to win popularity by promoting 'paternalisms' for this class and that class, will form, as we have said, a rallying-point for every reasonable man in England; will found a National party, irrespective of class distinctions, on lines consonant with all the best traditions of English public life, and earn thereby the gratitude of generations yet unborn.

It was with some hesitation, we have said, that the Government had abandoned all idea of a return to Protection. We do not blame them for this hesitation, which hostile critics have, we think, considerably exaggerated. Protection in the sense desired

desired by the landed interest is an impossibility. Protection as practised by the late Government and many of its predecessors, in the form of numerous State Socialist experiments, has grown burdensome and unpopular. The present Government owes its substantial majority to a revolt against this system. To some extent, the revolters are unconscious of the true nature of the impulse under which they acted, but here we have attributed it, we believe, to its true source.

It is necessary to insist on this with some iteration. It has been represented, erroneously as we believe, that the strength of the Coalition Government is due to the belief that the Conservative Party, permeated with new influences, was ready to embark on a great variety of State Socialistic experiments. Nothing, we believe, can be further from the truth. Politicians actively engaged in trimming their opinions to catch the popular breeze forget and learn very easily. It is not so with the rank and file of the educated classes. The opinions of the old Liberal Party survive in great force and strength, though its nominal chiefs have wandered into strange and devious courses. The attitude of the English Free Trade party to the new Radical Socialism calling itself Liberal has never been sufficiently understood. Socialism was not a force in English politics in the early days of Cobden and Bright. In France, however, Socialism was already a power, and there the most distinguished exponent of Free Trade doctrine was Frédéric Bastiat, the economist. His whole public career as a writer was an unremitting struggle against Socialism. By a strange freak of fortune a silent revolution has taken place within the Liberal Party in England, and by gradual steps the party of Cobden and Bright has been converted into a semi-Socialist camp. The leading spirit in this transformation was undoubtedly John Stuart Mill. He has described in his Autobiography how from being 'a democrat but not the least of a Socialist,' he fell into a train of thought which carried him 'far beyond Democracy,' and classed him 'decidedly under the general designation of Socialist.' Mill himself, it appears to us, was by no means conscious of the far-reaching importance of this change of front. Without doubt Mill carried a majority of the party, more or less unconscious of the direction in which they were going, along with him, but not all of them beyond recall. Events have shown how incompatible Socialism is with the older Liberal doctrine. Some old Liberals never forsook the faith as it was delivered to them, and as it may now be read in Sir Louis Mallet's able and philosophic exposition of the principles of his master. Others went a certain way. Many have

have retraced their steps. They are animated by a philosophical principle, and, rightly or wrongly, they regard the present Constitutional Party as the true protector of liberty and the convinced opponent of privilege and oppression. This is the alliance and heritage which the present Conservative Party may accept. Their new allies must not be unduly alarmed by the occasional and expiring ebullitions of Protectionist zeal. It was inevitable that some of the less observant spirits should misread the signs of the time, and imagine that the recent verdict of the constituencies meant a rehabilitation of the Protectionist policy. As we have said, the so-called Liberal Party consists of discredited leaders, the majority of whom are really in sympathy with their opponents, and a mutinous army.

There is only one chance of their blossoming again into life and vigour, and that chance is not likely to be given them. It would arise if the Constitutional Party, misreading the signs of the time, attempted to supplant the voluntary constructive forces of a free society by what is called 'constructive legislation.' This is a form of competition in which they would be no match for their more reckless antagonists. We do not believe that our leaders will seek this fashion of wrecking the new party which circumstances and the folly of their opponents have welded together.

ART.

ART. V.—1. *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald.* Edited by William Aldis Wright. Three Vols. London, 1889.
2. *Letters of Edward FitzGerald.* Edited by William Aldis Wright. Two Vols. London, 1894.
3. *Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble.* 1871–1883. Edited by William Aldis Wright. London, 1895.

WHEN Edward FitzGerald died in June 1883, only a few people had even heard his name. Indeed the public at large had not had much chance of hearing it. He had published very little; and the private, or semi-private, method of publication he adopted, his retiring temper, which led him, as some one said, to take 'more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it,' the subjects his works dealt with, remote from most men's reading, and appealing only to the finer and more curious part of the small public which reads,—all combined to keep him quite unknown. Nor could the dedication of Tennyson's 'Tiresias,' written just before FitzGerald died, but, as the Epilogue shows, not published till after his death, do much to dissipate this obscurity. In spite of all its cordial friendliness, —in spite of its generous praise of his

> 'golden Eastern lay,
> Than which I know no version done
> In English more divinely well;'—

the tribute scarcely widened the circle of those who knew FitzGerald. The memory of many disappointments is apt to keep the judicious reader from meddling with translations of great poems, and Persian literature is to most men a new field, into which they are shy to break. Tennyson's lines, moreover, because of their enthusiasm, created a suspicion of the partiality of old friendship, and, above all, 'Omar Khayyam' was anything but easy to obtain.

So it was that FitzGerald died almost unknown. And yet he was not only a personality, but a very delightful personality. He went his own way from the beginning and lived his own life, and the result was an original creation, such as we look rather to find in the great novelists than in actual life. No figure could stand out more curiously in our modern English world. Nothing is more old-fashioned nowadays than leisure, and FitzGerald was at leisure all his days. Nor could anything be more old-fashioned than his use of it. His taste was all for old books and old friends, familiar jokes and familiar places. He clung all

all his life to the dull and dirty Suffolk country in which he was born, just as, at the end of his life, he returned every year, with the return of spring, to his dearly loved Madame de Sévigné. The altars of our great modern idols, bustle and publicity, received no sacrifices from him. Perfectly regardless of time and money and fashion, he stalked his native roads in a strange costume,—in which, however, it is said, he never ceased to have an indefinable look of the *hidalgo* about him,—or pottered in his boat on the sluggish Deben, asking children odd questions, or looking over Crabbe or Calderon. He had a just horror of clever people, and much preferred the stupidity of country folks to the 'impudence of Londoners.' His time was largely passed with his social inferiors,—with the boys who read to him when his eyes began to fail, and who must have been bewildered by his strange sayings and doings; with the bookseller for whose sake he bought books he did not want; or with the 'hero' fisherman of Lowestoft who, 'great man' as he was, had a weakness which he could not conquer, and proved, as far as money went, one of FitzGerald's bad speculations. Not that that would have troubled FitzGerald: his generosity was like everything else about him, of the old-fashioned sort, which, though probably not the wisest, is at least the prettiest; free and open, careless of distant results, and very direct and personal in its application. We imagine it to be very possible that he never gave a guinea to a charitable society in his life, but very certain that he gave a great many to unfortunate individuals with whom he came into contact.

Altogether it was a strange existence, with something about it that may well make us pause in our fussy self-importance. Carlyle saw in it only a peaceable, affectionate, ultra-modest man, 'and an innocent *far niente* life'; but, after all, for a man to have made himself 'peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest,' is to have done something, and something which to his neighbours is of far more value than many more shining performances. Perhaps, too, we are apt nowadays to undervalue the higher sort of innocency, and to forget that there is old authority for the doctrine that it is just innocence which 'brings a man peace at the last,' and that another authority, still higher if not quite so old, makes 'pure religion' itself consist in two things, one of which is keeping 'unspotted from the world.' Besides, from a humbler point of view, or indeed from any point of view whatever, manliness and cheerfulness, generosity and gentleness and pure unadulterated simplicity, must always be things worth having. Even if 'the world's coarse thumb' asks as usual for results more material and tangible, the attainment of such graces

graces will always redeem a life like FitzGerald's from the charge of having been wasted and useless. Any such charge is, however, absurd enough, apart from these considerations; for the translator of 'Omar Khayyam' is assuredly not without his 'proper reason for existing.'

A life like FitzGerald's has no story. He was born at Bredfield, near Woodbridge, in 1809. The chief recollection he seems to have retained of his childhood was the rather terrible if very splendid figure of his mother, a great lady who used to astonish the neighbourhood with her coach and four, and who seems to have had a great lady's temper. He went to school at Bury St. Edmund's, where he began his long friendships with William Donne, who was after Censor of Plays, and with Spedding, the editor of 'Bacon.' It was at Cambridge that he made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who spoke affectionately of him on his deathbed, and of Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, FitzGerald's college. He followed no profession after taking his degree. Till 1853, though he often shifted his quarters, he lived mainly in a thatched cottage at Boulge, near Woodbridge, just outside the gate of his brother's place, Boulge Hall. He was in lodgings in Woodbridge from 1860 to 1874, when he settled in a small house of his own outside the town, named, by command of some lady who visited him, Little Grange. And 'Laird of Little Grange,' as he liked to sign himself, he remained till he died, quite suddenly, in June 1883. He is buried in Boulge churchyard; and a rose, the daughter of one that grows on Omar Khayyam's tomb, has been planted over his grave. The text on the stone, 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,' was his choice.

The little he wrote was all published anonymously, except 'Six Dramas of Calderon' in 1853. He prefixed a memoir to an edition of the poems of his friend Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, in 1849. Two years later, he printed the remarkable dialogue 'Euphranor.' 'Polonius' appeared in 1852; a rendering of the 'Agamemnon,' parts of which are unequalled, was published in 1876; and four editions of his translation of 'Omar Khayyam' came out before his death, the first appearing in 1859, without gaining any immediate recognition. The other Persian translations were left in manuscript and only appeared in Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of his 'Literary Remains,' 1889. He was a man of many and notable friendships, chiefly kept up by interchange of letters. Those friendships that date from Bury and Cambridge have been given; others that followed, to be extinguished only by death, united him to Alfred Tennyson and Frederic Tennyson, Carlyle,

Carlyle, and Carlyle's friend and editor, Norton; Barton, the poet, and Lawrence, the painter; to Sir Frederick Pollock, Lowell, two Crabbes, son and grandson of his favourite poet; to Archbishop Trench, Professor Cowell, who led him to read Persian, and Mr. Aldis Wright, whom he appointed his literary executor.

It used to be said that a man is known by his friends. If that be so, the world which knows his friends so well has no need of an introduction to FitzGerald. The companion of men like these was certainly no ordinary man, either in heart or head. Nor would it be possible to keep on writing dull letters to such men for forty years. FitzGerald's letters then, we know beforehand, are not dull. In fact they are among the best in the language, and it is likely enough that they will find more readers than 'Omar Khayyam'; though no doubt, but for 'Omar Khayyam,' we should never have heard of them. Letters show the man, and we have FitzGerald here set out before us, just as he was, in all his kindliness and humour, in all his fine and acute perception of true and false in art and literature, in his love of all that is truly lovable, in his queer ways and whims, even in his weaknesses. A man with his tastes could not write to such men as those to whom his letters went, without often talking of things, books and pictures and music, for instance, that are not likely to be soon forgotten; and of things, too, whose interest is everlasting, the spring and the birds and the sea. On such subjects as these, his letters are full of good sayings, sayings with the personal mark upon them, fresh and worth the utterance, if often in substance very old. Indeed, there is something one would like to quote on almost every page; and it would not be hard to make a large volume of extracts from them, on the Book of Beauties principle, which, detestable as it assuredly would be as a book, would yet contain nothing unworthy of insertion.

Hundreds of new books appear every week, and it is for the reviewer to warn the public against those which are not worth reading, and to introduce to the public those which are. But he has a third duty, certainly not less important, to do with regard to old books, one which has been the special delight of all the great critics. He has to call the public back, from time to time, to old friends whom it might otherwise forget. The first duty or the second has been often only a pleasant excuse for the third. Sainte-Beuve will write on a new edition of Molière or La Fontaine, and Matthew Arnold will review a new translation of Marcus Aurelius, not because they want to praise or blame the new edition, but because they want, and want

want very much, to fetch down Molière and Marcus Aurelius from that upper shelf on which forgetful or ungrateful people are too apt to leave them. So, in this case of Edward FitzGerald, we have a little of two duties to do. Nothing assuredly of the first we spoke of, the business of warning; but something of the second, for there is a new volume of FitzGerald's Letters, those to Fanny Kemble, just reprinted from 'Temple Bar'; and, as the third duty, there are the old letters and the old friends, whom the public has known, or ought to have known long ago, to recall to all our memories again.

There are a dozen ways in which this might be done. However, in FitzGerald's case, it is not what he did or wrote that we want so much to remember, but what he was. It is as a personality even more than as a poet that we think of him. When we are calling an old friend to mind, the best way of bringing him before us again as he was, is to think of the things he cared most about. So there will be no better way of getting at the living picture of FitzGerald than by hearing him talk of some of the things that gave him most pleasure.

And first, of music. There was nothing he cared for more. His taste in it was, like all his tastes, a little old-fashioned, for he preferred melody to harmony and Italian music to German. He was himself always fond of singing, from the Cambridge days when Thackeray and he sang together, to those later on when he would 'trudge through the mud' of an evening to Bredfield Vicarage and go through one of Handel's Coronation Anthems with Crabbe, his poet's son.

'With not a voice among us,' as he says; 'laughable it may seem, yet it is not quite so; the things are so well-defined, simple, and grand, that the faintest outline of them tells; my admiration of the old Giant grows and grows; his is the Music for a Great, Active, People. . . .

'Sometimes too, I go over to a place elegantly called *Bungay*, where a Printer lives who drills the young folks of a manufactory there to sing in Chorus once a week. . . . They sing some of the English Madrigals, some of Purcell, and some of Handel, in a way to satisfy me, who believe that the *grandest* things do not depend on delicate finish. If you were here now, we would go over and hear the "Harmonious Blacksmith" sung in Chorus, with words, of course. It almost made me cry when I heard the divine Air rolled into vocal harmony from the four corners of a large Hall.'

That was the music he loved, and could keep up in the country, the old English music and Handel; but he did not stop there. Indeed he preferred Mozart to Handel, who, he says,

says, 'never gets out of his wig.' He admired Beethoven: 'The finale of C minor is very noble,' but 'Beethoven is gloomy'; and, as he said of poetry, FitzGerald admitted nothing into his Paradise 'but such as breathe content and virtue.' He detested Wagner, and in Bizet's 'Carmen' he saw nothing but 'very beautiful accompaniments to no melody,' which, after all, is more than many quite sane people saw in it at first. He thought indeed that in French music as in 'all French things' there was an absence of the 'Holy of Holies far withdrawn.' Beethoven, on the other hand, he quite felt was 'original, majestic, and profound,' with 'a depth not to be reached all at once.' But perhaps he was,

'strictly speaking, more of a thinker than a musician. A great genius he was somehow. . . . He tried to think in music; almost to reason in music; whereas, perhaps, we should be contented with *feeling* in it. It can never speak very definitely. There is that famous "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," &c. in Handel; nothing can sound more simple and devotional; but it is only lately adapted to these words, being originally (I believe) a love-song in "Rodelinda." Then the famous music of "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," &c. was originally fitted to an Italian pastoral song—"Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna, un felice pastorello, &c." That part which seems so well to describe "and walketh on the wings of the wind" falls happily in with "e con l'aura di fortuna" with which this pastorello sailed along. The character of the music is ease and largeness; as the shepherd lived, so God Almighty walked on the wind. . . . Music is so far the most universal language, that any one piece in a particular strain symbolizes all the analogous phenomena, spiritual or material—if you can talk of spiritual phenomena.'

Therefore 'it can never speak very definitely'; and, in part at least for that reason, Mozart is 'incontestably the purest Musician; Beethoven would have been Poet or Painter as well.' He believed as much in Mozart's power as in his beauty.

'People cannot believe that Mozart is *powerful*, because he is so Beautiful; in the same way as it requires a very practised eye (more than I possess) to recognize the consummate power predominating in the tranquil Beauty of Greek sculpture.'

Perhaps this is not all true, and certainly it is not all new; but everyone will admit that FitzGerald's firmness and terseness are qualities not invariably found in musical criticism.

But music, after all, gives us only a side-light on FitzGerald's character. It is what he says about books that must supply the central light of the picture. He may be said to have

have spent his life in enjoying nature and friendship and good books. As friends died or grew too old to visit or be visited, and as nature, with increasing age, came more and more to mean his strip of garden 'quarter-deck,' books became during the last years of his life almost his sole companions. Fifty years spent in their society naturally made him a very good judge of them. He had his limitations, of course. Probably no one was ever quite catholic enough to enjoy everything that is good in all sorts and conditions of literature. And the note of catholicity is nowhere less to be looked for than in an eccentric recluse with a strongly-marked personality like FitzGerald. His tastes were his own, and he would not always try to give a reason for them, preferring sometimes in these matters, as he said, '*Fell-osophy*' to philosophy. But if his likes and dislikes were ever unreasonable, they were not in the least capricious. His preference was for books of a particular class, quite definite enough to be marked off from others without much difficulty. The key-note to his taste is struck in the words we have already quoted from an early letter, when he says of a collection of poems he was making, 'I admit nothing into my Paradise but such as breathe content and virtue'; that is the negative side of the definition of literature as he laid it down. He could not tolerate the 'problem' literature, with which the last two generations have been deluged. The novel or play which has for its backbone a discussion of the religious question, or the marriage question, or the social question, would, of course, have been more than intolerable to him. Literature in fact for him, although he would not have put it in that way, was a fine art, and could have no end beyond itself. He not only abhorred all books with a purpose, but the whole literature of 'storm and stress,' all striving and crying in the literary market-place. He never succeeded in reading George Eliot, nor did repeated efforts carry him through any of the translations of 'Faust.' We may agree or disagree, but his position is at any rate clear enough. He could not open his eyes in an atmosphere of confusion or negation, and therefore he never saw the things that are really great in 'Faust.' And the things that most interested George Eliot were simply tiresome to FitzGerald. He asked of his favourites ease, serenity, lightness of touch, some indulgence for human follies and frailties, simplicity and directness, a store of humour to light up the way and a large humanity to smooth it. *Non omnes omnia*, of course, but authors so entirely without most of these qualities as Goethe and George Eliot, or again Browning, could never be among his friends. The serene and

wise

wise old man of Eckermann's 'Conversations,' 'almost as repeatedly to be read as Boswell's "Johnson,"' he did indeed know and like, and he must, it may be thought, have appreciated the poet of the shorter poems if he had known them; but the troubled and self-conscious author of 'Faust' or 'Meister' did not appeal to him. Goethe is in fact inclined to pose a little, as George Eliot is a little inclined to preach, and neither habit was much to FitzGerald's taste.

His special favourites, then, were Cervantes and Scott, and Madame de Sévigné and Montaigne, that old delightful humour, in fact, which only overlaid a ground of seriousness always present underneath. For that is the real difference between the old humour, which felt so deeply for our *pauvre et triste humanité*, and the new, which only sneers at it with bitter heartlessness, or sits down with pleasure to the spectacle of its calamities. To FitzGerald's friends and favourites, life, whatever else it was, was always a thing of infinite meaning. Nor did he always ask that it should be seen with the eye of humour. To 'see it steadily and see it whole,' as Sophocles and Shakespeare did, was in itself a sure passport to his love; and to see it as Dante or Æschylus saw it, blazing in the light cast by a grand and daring imagination, and yet deal with it under the restrictions of consummate art, secured at once his enthusiastic admiration. He was not afraid indeed of the old problems provided they were treated in the old way,—the Æschylean way of awe and reverence, the Sophoclean way of quietness and confidence, Dante's way of assured serenity of faith. These high matters, he would no doubt have said, were not things to talk much about, certainly not to be contentious or querulous about; the fit place for them is not the tongue, not even perhaps altogether the head, but something deeper down, the mysterious recesses of the heart, where they find such solution as may be, or, what is sometimes best of all, no other solution but that of silence.

This was what he cared about, then: literature in the sense which is at once the plainest and the highest; the thing in itself; not bricks and straw for building moral or political edifices, but the very picture of our common humanity, a food on which men can live, raised on the good soil of life itself. Politics he hated: 'Don't write politics,' he says to Frederic Tennyson; 'I agree with you beforehand.' Even for history he cared very little; 'never having read any history but Herodotus, I believe'; though the statement is not literally true—for we find him reading Thucydides and Tacitus—history, as a rule, dealt too much with politics, which for him were comparatively

comparatively so transient and external, and dwelt too little on the permanent things in our nature, which lie below untouched by any change, and remain substantially the same in all ages and countries. The one exception that he made is readily understood. He liked Herodotus for his presentment of man face to face with the unchanging destinies, his study of old ways and old tales, and the humour which he may not have meant, but which we cannot help finding in him.

But let us hear him talk of some of his favourites, and first of novelists: from Boccaccio, by whose help, as he tells Mrs. Kemble in October 1876, he 'makes a kind of summer in his room' at Lowestoft; to Dickens, whom, in spite of faults, he 'must look on as a mighty Benefactor to Mankind; a little Shakespeare —a Cockney Shakespeare, if you will; but as distinct, if not so great, a piece of pure Genius as was born in Stratford.' He even wished 'to go and worship at Gadshill,' as 'I have worshipped at Abbotsford, though with less reverence, to be sure.' There are very few in the long line of whom he has not something to say. He never tired of 'Don Quixote,' which he thought 'the most delightful of all books': 'I have had Don Quixote, Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board, the first of these so delightful that I got to love the very dictionary in which I had to look out the words.' 'Gil Blas' he could not read; no doubt because of the formal resemblance to his favourite Don, which forces into painful prominence the contrast between the essential vulgarity of Le Sage's hero and the perfect gentleman created by Cervantes. He preferred Richardson to Fielding, and was particularly fond of Clarissa, of which he quotes Tennyson as saying, 'I love those large, *still* Books.' To Miss Austen he objected that 'she never goes out of the Parlour,' but admitted that he thought her 'quite capital in a Circle I have found quite unendurable to walk in.' Trollope is, for him, 'not perfect, like Miss Austen, but then so much wider scope.' Of some other novels of modern day, he well complains that they 'are painfully microscopic and elaborate on dismal subjects.' Scott alone he thought worthy to stand with Cervantes, and he is justly indignant with Carlyle for wanting to set up 'such a cantankerous, narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox,' as Scotland's national hero in Sir Walter's stead. No one ever loved Scott more or better than FitzGerald did; the man, if possible, more than the writer. He liked his men of letters to be men of action too, and he was one of those to whom the thought of Scott and Shakespeare, active in business public and private, is only less pleasing than that of Æschylus at Marathon,

Cervantes

Cervantes at Lepanto, or Thucydides, ὅς ταῦτα ξυνέγραψεν, at Amphipolis. Scott, in fact, was a man of exactly the type which always won his affections,—large and generous, absolutely modest and unpretending, not merely a perfect gentleman, but what he called '*a man.*' He could even go so far as to compare unfavourably the conscientious workmanship of Tennyson and Thackeray with Scott's curious and surely rather foolish 'You know that I don't care a curse about what I write,'—a passage over which some of his devoutest worshippers have stumbled; for if a man spends time in writing, surely it is the part of sense and manliness to take care to do it well. However, we will not quarrel with FitzGerald; our debt of gratitude to Scott is one too large to pay, and to try to pay it by praising his very faults is itself a fault that leans to virtue's side. We can sympathise with his pleasure in quoting Barry Cornwall's fine remark when he saw Scott among other authors at Rogers's: 'I do not think anyone envied him any more than one envies kings'; with his 'going to worship' at Abbotsford, as to Stratford-on-Avon, and seeing 'that it was good to have so done'; and, still more intimately, with his 'having the "Fortunes of Nigel" at night—a little of it, and not every night —for the reason that I do not wish to eat my Cake too soon.'

He was very fond, too, of a few of the great writers of letters, those other novelists who fill their galleries with living portraits instead of fictitious; Cowper, whom he knew in Southey's Life, and Walpole, whose letters he puts with Cowper's as the best in the language: 'I can scarce imagine better Christmas fare,' he says, and 'I think I could show you that he had a very loving heart for a few, and a very firm, just, understanding, under all his wit and fun. Even Carlyle has admitted that he was about the clearest-sighted man of his time.' Then there was Mrs. Trench, whom he places after Cowper and Walpole; Lamb, of whose life he made a calendar as a companion to the Letters; and of course, and above all, Madame de Sévigné. He read her for the first time eight years before he died, having before 'kept aloof from her because of that eternal daughter of hers; but "it's all Truth and Daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons.' The acquaintance once made, he renewed it every spring, made a dictionary of her *dramatis personæ*, and was fond of quoting the advice Sainte Beuve gave one summer day in the troubles of 1871: 'Lisons tout Madame de Sévigné.' There is no one of whom he speaks with more affection.

'*Ho! parlons d'autres choses, ma fille*, as my dear Sévigné says. She now occupies Montaigne's place in my room; well—worthily: she herself a lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought

thought and speech in her. I am sometimes vext I never made her acquaintance till last year; but perhaps it was as well to have such an acquaintance reserved for one's later years. The fine Creature! much more alive to me than most friends—I *should* like to see her "Rochers" in Brittany.'

In another place, he lets fall an admirable bit of criticism: 'Half her Beauty is the liquid melodiousness of her language—all unpremeditated as a blackbird's.'

All these were intimate friends, to be enjoyed on a footing of easy equality. But he spent as much time perhaps in the society of higher people, with whom none of us may dare to be familiar, so that even he, poet as he was, and himself the frankest of men, not apt to be daunted by great names, confesses to reading Milton 'with wonder and a sort of awe.' Elsewhere, also, he has a fine saying, too easily missed from its simplicity: 'I take pleasure in reading things I don't wholly understand; just as the old women like sermons: I think it is of a piece with an admiration of all Nature around us.' The greater poets were constantly in his hands, as may be seen everywhere in his letters; and it is on what he did for them that his fame must chiefly rest. He believed in translations, and wished Tennyson to devote 'his diminished powers to translating Sophocles or Æschylus, as I fancy a poet should do —*one* work, at any rate, of his great predecessors'; he thought the many failures were due to want of freedom, and that if translators 'would not hamper themselves with forms of verse, and thought, irreconcilable with English language and English ways of thinking,' they would succeed very well, and he went far to prove it by his own success. He did not pretend, as he was always modestly saying, to genius but to taste; and his judgment very rarely lost its way. We cannot follow it, perhaps, as to his 'eternal Crabbe,' whom he is always quoting and rearranging; but early associations, the claims of Suffolk, the ties of friendship with the poet's son and grandson, may well excuse in this respect a little extravagance. He does not deceive himself about Omar, who made his fame: 'Oh dear,' he writes to Cowell, 'when I do look into Homer, Dante and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, &c., these Orientals look — silly! Don't resent my saying so. *Don't* they?' And yet he loved Omar, though he will not grant him a place in that company. Here is a picture which is proof enough of his affection:

'When in Bedfordshire, I put away almost all books except "Omar Khayyám"!, which I could not help looking over in a Paddock covered with Buttercups and brushed by a delicious Breeze, while a dainty racing filly of W. Browne's came startling up to

wonder and snuff about me. . . . You would be sorry to think that Omar breathes a sort of Consolation to me! Poor fellow; I think of him, and Oliver Basselin, and Anacreon; lighter shadows among the shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly.'

Munro's edition took him back to Lucretius in later years; the latter, he said, should have been Dante's guide through hell; 'but perhaps he was too deep in it, to get out for a holiday.' He adds a note, new so far as we know, of the word *magnus* as the ruling epithet in Lucretius; which is an interesting addition to Shakespeare's 'sweet' and Milton's 'bright.' As to Dante, he tells us a story of a fine answer which Tennyson made to a question of his own, though indeed the question was, in a sense, its own answer.

'We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street, where were two figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" And Tennyson (whose profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said, "The Divine."'

There are some striking stories told of Tennyson, with whom he had such a long friendship, and in whose presence, though he did not always admire his poems, he yet felt 'a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own.' Here is one:—

'Some thirty years ago A. Tennyson went over Burns' Ground in Dumfries. When he was one day by Doon-side, "I can't tell how it was, Fitz, but I fell into a Passion of Tears"—and A. T. not given to the melting mood at all.'

Tennyson, indeed, evidently impressed him more than any of his contemporaries:

'He *said*, and, I daresay, *says* things to be remembered; decisive verdicts; which I hope some one makes notes of. . . . Had I continued to be with him, I would have risked being called another Bozzy by the thankless World, and have often looked in vain for a Note-Book I had made of such things.'

Everyone will share his regret for the disappearance of that book; we can only hope that the Life of Tennyson, whenever we have it, will prove full of such things. Meanwhile here is one worth quoting:

'I dare say I may have told you what Tennyson said of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by Engraving. He first thought the Expression of his Face (as also the Attitude) almost too solemn even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A. T. was married, and had a son, he told me that Raffaelle was all right; that no

no Man's face was so solemn as a Child's, full of Wonder. He said one morning that he watched his Babe "worshipping the sunbeam on the Bedpost and Curtain."'

For most of the poets of his own day he cared little: he detested Browning and Swinburne; Shelley, as one would expect, he found 'too unsubstantial' for him; at Wordsworth, 'Daddy Wordsworth,' the 'meeserable poet' of his Cambridge days, he is always laughing, and then repenting before one of 'those unique things of his, which he brought from the mountains.' He appreciated Keats much more fully, 'more akin to Shakespeare, I am tempted to think, in a perfect circle of poetic faculties, than any poet since.' He felt little change in passing from Catullus and Lesbia to Keats and Fanny Brawne (except indeed that terrible name), though he is obliged to add, more seriously: 'from Catullus' better parts, I mean: for there is too much of filthy and odious—both of love and hate. Oh, my dear Virgil never fell into that: he was fit to be Dante's companion beyond even purgatory.'

'My dear Virgil'; 'my dear Sophocles'; 'one loves Virgil somehow': that is the way he speaks of the great ancients. He had the instinct for perfection in these things; and those who have that must always look—in these days of 'new' criticism it has become necessary to repeat it—to that small band, of the very elect out of every nation, to which Greece furnished the largest contribution. Not that he seems to have returned much to some of the great Greek poets. For him Greek poetry meant chiefly Æschylus and Sophocles: Æschylus, 'a dozen lines of whom have a more almighty power on me than all Sophocles' plays'; but Sophocles as well, in that he does not, like Æschylus, '*trouble* us with his grandeur and gloom,' but is 'always soothing, complete, and satisfactory,' 'the consummation of Greek art.'

But *parlons d'autres choses*, as is said so often in these letters. FitzGerald was not so occupied with books as to be unable to find plenty of time for Nature and his friends. All the old ways of Nature, and any departures she makes from them, were observed by him with equal interest: nothing that goes on in the heavens escaped his eye; and when Carlyle saw Orion at a season during which Orion is in truth not to be seen, he was not fortunate in having FitzGerald for one of his readers. Except for frequent visits to London or Bedfordshire, his life was divided between his home at Boulge or Woodbridge, and places close by them on the Suffolk coast. Neither coast nor inland country is in any way England at her best; but by the seeing eye much may be seen always and anywhere, and the

result is that for those who know these letters FitzGerald is, with his own Crabbe, the *genius loci* who is present everywhere. Not that much, or most, of what he says, is not as true of a thousand other places as of Suffolk: it is sheer love of Nature herself, as she is everywhere. He could not bear to be separated from her: hated London for many things, but especially for hiding Nature, and would go to look for her in the Regent's Park or at Hampton Court; or recall her with his radishes at breakfast, with which 'comes a savour of earth that brings all the delicious gardens of the world back into one's soul, and almost draws tears from one's eyes.' He had a great enjoyment of art and music, the consolations of life in a great town, but they were not enough for him; and when he has to be in London, he sits and watches white clouds moving north-east, enjoying the thought that they at any rate are going down to Suffolk. It was not merely London but the Londoners that he hated, detesting nothing so much as the confident and superficial cleverness which is so common in towns. 'One finds few in London *serious* men: I mean *serious* even in fun; with a true purpose and character, whatsoever it may be.' He demanded originality, too, as well as a fund of seriousness, in the men he was to live with; and could not find it in London half so well, he thought, as in the country, 'where everyone, with whatever natural stock of intellect endowed, at least grows up his own way, and flings his branches about him, not stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company.' Frederic Tennyson, who must indeed have been hard to please, complained that his letters had not two ideas in them, and tells him he ought to live in London: to which he sent from Boulge a characteristic *apologia.*

'All I can say is, to say again that, if you lived in this place, you would not write so long a letter as you have done; though, without any compliment, I am sure you would write a better than I shall. But you see the original fault in me is that I choose to be in such a place as this at all: that argues certainly a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true: I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my live-stock. The house is yet damp, as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. Why should I not live in London and see the world? you say. Why, then, *I* say as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se;* and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street.'

He

He did not 'pose' about his way of life, as many men would have done, nor make his philosophic 'self-sufficingness' matter of pleasant self-satisfaction.

'Don't suppose I think it good philosophy in myself to keep here out of the world, and sport a gentle Epicurism; I do not; I only follow something of a natural inclination, and know not if I could do better under a more complex system.'

Or again, as he writes to Archdeacon Allen:—

'I believe I love poetry almost as much as ever; but then I have been suffered to doze all these years in the enjoyment of old childish habits and sympathies, without being called on to more active and serious duties of life. I have not put away childish things, though a man. But, at the same time, this visionary inactivity is better than the mischievous activity of so many I see about me: not better than the useful and virtuous activity of a few others: John Allen among the number.'

The fact is, of course, that he knew by instinct the life that suited him, and had the wisdom to refuse to be turned aside from it. If any justification were needed, 'Omar' and 'Agamemnon' and 'Euphranor' and these charming letters, the record of delightful studies, and the picture of a beautiful character, would be more than enough; to say nothing of that humbler vocation, which is all that he ever claimed for himself; as, when writing to Professor Cowell, he says:—

'Ten years ago I might have been vext to see you striding along in Sanscrit and Persian so fast: reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well. But now I am glad to see any man do anything well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within myself whether it *is* done well.'

So he stayed in Suffolk with his books and his music and his country friends.

'No velvet waistcoat and ever-lustrous pumps to be considered: no *bon mots* got up: no information necessary. There is a pipe for the parsons to smoke, and quite as much *bon mots*, literature, and philosophy as they care for without any trouble at all.'

Of course he might have enjoyed any society he liked, in London or Suffolk; but he hated seeing new faces in 'the polite circles,' and much preferred Parson Crabbe coming to spend an evening with him, with a bottle of port under his arm. Of social distinctions he made nothing; he was quite at home among the Woodbridge people, and would go and dine with a carpenter. His early ideal was very much what he attained to: 'a small house just outside a pleasant English town, all the days of my life,

life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night.' Here is a picture of Woodbridge life which recalls Olney or Weston Underwood: the concluding little laugh at his own literary tastes is just in Cowper's way.

'At Ipswich I pick you up with the washerwoman's pony, and take you to Woodbridge. There Barton sits with the tea already laid out; and Miss about to manage the urn: plain, agreeable people. At Woodbridge, too, is my little friend Churchyard, with whom we shall sup off toasted cheese and porter. Then, last and not least, the sweet retirement of Boulge, where the Graces and Muses, &c.'

But, in spite of all this simplicity in social matters, no one ever valued the finer idea of an aristocracy more than FitzGerald. When he says of Plutarch that he must have been a gentleman, he is giving him his highest praise. He was, like Ruskin, 'a Tory of the old school, Walter Scott's school, and Homer's,' and believed as fervently as Burke in the great qualities of the English gentry. We find him writing from Bedford to Frederic Tennyson:—

'The sun shines very bright, and there is a kind of bustle in these clean streets, because there is to be a grand True Blue dinner in the Town-hall. Not that I am going; in an hour or two I shall be out in the fields, rambling alone. I read Burnet's History—*ex pede Herculem.* Well, say as you will, there is not, and never was, such a country as Old England—never were there such a Gentry as the English. They will be the distinguishing mark and glory of England in History, as the Arts were of Greece, and war of Rome.'

But at the same time he thought things were going down the hill, and was severe on the squires of his own day in proportion to his belief in the virtues of their fathers. His indignation is especially stirred up by the cool reception they gave to the Volunteer movement.

'It is a shame the Gentry hereabout are so indifferent in the Matter: they subscribe next to nothing; and give absolutely nothing in the way of Entertainment or Attention to the Corps. But we are split up into the pettiest possible Squirearchy, who want to make the utmost of their little territory: cut down all the Trees, level all the old Violet Banks, and stop up all the Footways they can. The old pleasant way from Hasketon to Bredfield is now a Desert. I was walking it yesterday, and had the pleasure of breaking down and through some Bushes and Hurdles put to block up a fallen Stile. I thought what your Father would have said of it all. And really it is the sad ugliness of our once pleasant Fields that half drives me to the Water, where the Power of the Squirearchy stops.'

Perhaps

Perhaps he was happier there than anywhere. On the water, in one way or another—the Ouse in Bedfordshire, his own Deben, and, above all, the sea—he spent a good deal of his time. He could content himself with sailing on the river Deben, 'looking at the Crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue waggons with the sorrel horse'; or, again, in Browne's house at Bedford, listening to the rustling of the poplars, 'which only the Ouse knows how to rear'; till it is time to go and 'seek my Piscator, and we shall go to a Village two miles off and fish, and have tea in a pot-house, and so walk home. For all which idle ease I think I must be damned.' But, after all, peace and contentment may come of rivers: delight and passion belong to the sea, who brooks no rivals near her throne. Certainly she had none in FitzGerald's heart, and for him the 'one merit of the little dull country town on whose border I live is an Estuary that brings up Tidings of the sea'; the thing to be remembered in a return journey from Scotland is the glimpse of sea at Berwick; Lowestoft is 'very ugly, and its herring-pond will not do after the Atlantic, but still—it is the sea'; Suffolk is 'redeemed from dulness' by being near the sea, and by being able to catch a glimpse of it from the tops of hills and of houses; and even at Boulge, ten miles away, he must open his window at night, when the wind lay that way, and manage somehow to hear it, whether in fact or in fancy. The sea, he finds, 'somehow talks to one of old things'; so that he will write more often to Mrs. Kemble from Lowestoft than from elsewhere: he will try to get an old sweetheart of his to come and walk with him on the beach at Aldeburgh, and he will take his best book friends with him on his little yacht, Crabbe and 'Don Quixote,' Dante 'who atones with the sea,' and above all the great Greeks. For 'it is wonderful,' he says, how the sea brings up an 'appetite for Greek: it likes to be called θάλασσα and πόντος better than the wretched word "sea," I am sure: and the Greeks (especially Æschylus—after Homer) are full of seafaring sounds and allusions. I think the murmur of the Ægean (if that is their sea) wrought itself into their language.'

But we must make an end of quotations, and leave a hundred bits of humour or poetry, unseen or seen only in a momentary glance: his yacht the 'Scandal,' so called because it was 'the staple product of Woodbridge'; the church at Boulge, where 'fungi grow in great numbers about the Communion table,' and where 'Parson and Clerk get through the service see-saw, like two

two men in a saw-pit'; the reader who 'ate such a quantity of cheese and cake between the acts that he could scarce even see to read at all after,' and had to be reminded 'that though he was not quite sixteen, he had much exceeded the years of a pig—since which we get on better'; the rustics of Boulge and Debach, whom he taught to sing; the trees, 'which all magnanimous men love,' and the Squires who cut them down and move Parson Crabbe to cry out, 'How scandalously they misuse the globe!' the winter picture of the 'poor mistaken lilac-buds, there out of the window, and an old robin, ruffled up to his thickest, sitting mournfully under them, quite disheartened'; and the spring picture which makes him 'abjure all authorship, contented with the divine poem which great Nature is now composing about us,' till he comes to think 'no man ever grew so old as not to feel younger in spring.' All these and much else we must leave, or hurry by, only hoping that we have quoted enough to make all who care for good sense and good English, heightened often by a dash of poetry, go and search these charming letters for themselves.

Good as FitzGerald's letters are, he will not, we think, quite take equal rank with our three or four classical English letter-writers. To be a classic of any kind style is needed,—style not only of occasional perfection, such as is to be found in these letters, but assured, sustained, unfailing, such as Gray and Lamb knew how to use in their letters; such, above all, as Cowper, without ceasing for one moment to be natural and simple, had always at command. Ease and naturalness are the first of qualities in a writer of letters; but they can be pushed too far, at least in letters that come to be published. FitzGerald was in the habit of doing what he liked, and saying what he liked with his friends, and sometimes, it seems, carried his liberty to considerable lengths, so that we smile at finding Mrs. Kemble obliged to complain of his putting his tumbler on the floor in her house. It is the same in his letters. There is nothing indeed for his friends to complain of; but for the public, reading them collected in a book, it cannot but be that they will now and then be felt to pass the bounds which separate the easy from the free and easy. There is just too much of the odd, and the interjectional, and the spasmodic about them to let them strike our ears with quite the same note of perfection which sounds in Cowper's Letters, or Gray's.

But when that has been said, all is said. No one could write better English than FitzGerald, when he chose, as 'Euphranor' proves; and there are a thousand things in these letters to prove it too. It is only as a whole that he need yield to

to anyone, and then only to the very best. And, after all, the chief interest of letters lies in the personality they reveal; and to many tastes that of FitzGerald, racier and richer than Cowper, easier than Gray, larger than Lamb, will prove a rare, or even a unique attraction. No one, at any rate, can altogether miss his charm: so cheerful as he is and so kindly, so absolutely healthy and human and genuine, a man made up of good blood and bone within, and fresh English air from land and sea without, whose friendships were 'like loves,' and extended not only to men and women, but to beasts and birds and flowers.

In this last point, as in a hundred others, he has again and again reminded us of a French poet whom, curiously enough, he did not like, La Fontaine. FitzGerald's taste in literature was for the large and easy style of Scott and Cervantes; and La Fontaine's gift of delicate and detailed perfection was, in the main, lost upon him. But it is strange that he felt no touch of affinity for the man, whose friendships had the rare depth and Roman constancy of his own; who chose, like himself, from the first to stand apart from the crowd, and watch and dream and judge instead of acting; whose interviews with lawyers were as tiresome and fruitless as his; whose poetic sympathies saw, as he did, life and feeling everywhere, and who could be happiest, as he was, in a world peopled only by trees and birds. No one indeed could quite say of La Fontaine, what was said of FitzGerald when he died: 'A very noble character has passed away.' But FitzGerald was no harsh judge of human sins or frailties; and in the Elysian fields at least let us hope that they have become acquainted, and enjoy together there the delight of dreaming out long summer days, which each loved so well when he breathed earthly air above.

ART. VI.—1. *Geoffrey de Mandeville; a Study of the Anarchy.* By J. H. Round. London, 1892.
2. *Feudal England; Historical Studies on the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries.* By J. H. Round. London, 1895.

THOSE who can recall, as though it were an event of yesterday, the fierce controversy which once raged between two great historical scholars (alas! no longer with us), will not have forgotten the famous proposition that a long and arduous training is an essential qualification for the office of a professed historian.

If this proposition be true, the author of the two remarkable works which lie before us must have fulfilled, to the very letter, the injunction which at that time was laid upon him. An apprenticeship of seven years, even amongst the scattered evidences and vexed problems of the English Reformation, seemed to many of us almost a sufficient probation. Yet twice that period had elapsed before Mr. Round could venture to publish the results of his minute investigations into certain constitutional aspects of the Anarchy; whilst diligent students of periodical literature could trace back the making of the studies of 'Feudal England' for still another three years.

The truth is that the science of History has become very exacting. It is not enough to cite original authorities haphazard. It will not serve to rely for the general approval upon a pleasant, easy-going scholarship. The unremitting labours of the Public Record Office, of the British Museum, and of the numerous Record Societies of the present day have made available for the first time a vast mass of original materials which were overlooked or at least ignored by a former generation of historical workers. Moreover the example of the Historical Schools of our continental neighbours is a standing reproach to the lax methods of our English Universities. They swarm over the whole field of historical research, these busy eager students, each one deeply impressed with the importance and dignity of his subject. They explore the archives of every country for *documents inédits*, and they carry back with them to their hives of learning a rich store of historical material which they will presently mould into the form of a learned Thesis.

It is little to be wondered at that our English students find themselves hopelessly handicapped in the strictly international contest of historical research. We are accustomed to hear the complaint that there is not in this country any institution

institution resembling the *Écoles des Chartes* which have exercised such a wide-spread influence upon the historical methods of continental scholars. It would perhaps be more correct to say that we have no English Historical School worthy of the name. Scholarship we have in plenty, but it is pitiful to witness the manifold failures of its ill-directed efforts. The path of the latter-day historian is beset with pitfalls of criticism, and if he would escape a fall he will walk circumspectly; therefore his progress must be slow. There is no room left for the play of the imagination, and there is little scope for art in the new method of Historical Study which strips every legend of its picturesque embellishments, and exposes the truths of History in all their naked ugliness.

This painful striving after accuracy is the very key-note of the later historian's method. It has been enjoined on us *ad nauseam* by our chief historical writers, and it is frequently coupled with the boast of Original Research.

Originality is without doubt a valuable consideration, and accuracy is of still greater importance; but neither the one nor the other is Fetish against the consequences of inadequate preparation or insufficient knowledge. For how shall the historical student be truly original who knows not where the sources of his history take their rise; or how shall he be even accurate who draws his matter from the lowest reaches of a polluted stream?

The accepted history of Feudalism in this country may be regarded as a typical example of one method of historical study. Passing by the long-disputed genesis of our feudal institutions from a Roman-Celtic or a Teutonic civilization—a flood of words which has not carried us one step nearer to a real solution of the problem—we find that our writers must depend for their evidences on Domesday Book and on the Surveys and Feodaries, the Pipe Rolls and Charters of the twelfth century. But upon the true nature and meaning of these 'original sources,' their classification, their transpontine relations, nay, even their textual composition, how many English scholars have bestowed the least thought or care? So it is that these inestimably precious materials are either wholly inaccessible, or they are cited as authorities from some bald and inaccurate text. At last Nemesis has come in the person of Mr. Round, whose researches, based upon the very same materials that were available to his predecessors, have made the day-dream of an English *École des Chartes* a stern reality to all thoughtful students.

'Geoffrey de Mandeville' is truly the story of the Anarchy; that

that is to say, of the reign of Stephen, which, as the Bishop of Oxford justly remarks, 'is one of the most important in our whole history.' But if Mr. Round's selection of the Anarchy is only a fitting tribute to the historical importance of the period, his treatment of the subject is startling in its originality. At first sight the book would seem to be not so much an historical study as a treatise on the forms of charters. We are even disposed to suspect a pious intention of foisting these charters upon us as a substitute for history. Finally we discover that Mr. Round's premises are literally verified, and that the charters not only form 'the very backbone' of his work but of the reign itself. It was a singular experiment, and has been more than justified by its success.

Mr. Round's later work is of a somewhat different nature. 'Feudal England,' as the title implies, is a medley of historical studies which makes no pretension to rank as a text-book on the history of English Feudalism. That it has at once taken the foremost place amongst the most recent works of mediæval research in this country is an assertion that cannot be denied. The fact is explained by the most casual inspection of the volume before us.

Mr. Round's book takes the form of a collection of historical essays, conveniently divided into two parts, with the respective titles of 'Territorial Studies' and 'Historical Studies.' The former section is ingeniously arranged to illustrate the feudal development of the nation during the century which elapsed between the Conquest and the great feudal Inquest of 1166. The second part is composed of isolated studies, some of which have already done good service in establishing more or less important points of special research. These are arranged in chronological sequence, and all of them deserve the careful attention of students of mediæval history.

A glance at the Table of Contents will show that the 'Territorial Studies' fall naturally into three groups. First we have Domesday Book, and the more or less contemporary Surveys, which are based upon the Great Survey of 1086. Secondly, there are the intermediate Surveys, forerunners of the local Inquisitions which are preserved in the Feodaries of the thirteenth century. Thirdly, we have the 'Introduction of Knight service into England,' traced backwards from the Inquest of 1166 to the close of the eleventh century.

We venture here to express a wish that Mr. Round had attempted some definition of these intermediate Surveys, with an explanation of their relations to Domesday Book and to the local Inquisitions of the later Feodaries. To assign an approximate

approximate date to the Surveys in question was no easy task, and herein Mr. Round appears to have succeeded where other scholars have failed. A still further examination of their manuscript origins might enable us to distinguish more clearly between the earlier and later systems of the assessment of the land for imperial taxation, or, it may be, to reconcile the one with the other.

That these intermediate Surveys are the local survivors of a large class of territorial inquests taken during the first half of the twelfth century is a suggestion that seems to be warranted by the survival of numerous lists dating from the close of the century, which purport to recite the findings of earlier juries. It would be rash to assume that these belated lists were based upon Surveys which were in turn modelled upon the returns of 1086. It is enough for the present to allude to their existence, which has been hitherto practically unnoticed, in the hope that Mr. Round may see his way to carry his present researches a step further by classifying the whole of these miscellaneous Surveys according to their manuscript relations and feudal significance.

This point has a direct bearing upon the third division of Mr. Round's 'Territorial Studies,' which, written at a different date and with a wholly different purpose, aims at nothing less than the antedating of the system of knight's service in England by more than one generation. For this purpose Mr. Round depends largely upon the evidence of purely feudal inquisitions of knights' fees and infeudations for military service, which overlap the territorial Surveys treated of in the two preceding sections. Possibly Mr. Round would explain that the latter were intended to elucidate the many vexed questions connected with the system of land assessment based upon Domesday Book as the *Liber Hidarum*. He might also point out that the status of the post-Domesday tenantry, as set forth in the intermediate Surveys, has nothing to do with the descents of the military fiefs which are recorded in the *Liber Niger* or any other *Liber Feodorum* compiled in the first years of the thirteenth century, or with the still earlier feudal lists which must have been drawn up at the Exchequer from the reign of Henry I. That such lists existed and that their substance has been incorporated in the later Feodaries has been clearly established by Mr. Round himself. But just as these root-lists of the *Liber Feodorum* are found to reach back as far as the first years of the twelfth century, so also do the offshoots of the *Liber Hidarum* retain a distinct vitality as late as the beginning of the thirteenth century. The usual explanation of the

the latter phenomenon is the adaptation of the old systems of hidage and carucage to the new necessities of imperial taxation. This explanation, however, will not meet all cases.

It would indeed be interesting to know how far the great Exchequer ministers of the twelfth century regarded the *Liber Hidarum* as purely a Geld Inquest or as a convenient basis for the assessment of the feudal tenants for military service. That they evolved from the Inquest of Hides the lost Danegeld Roll, which was exclusively used at the Exchequer for the compilation of the Pipe Rolls, we know with certainty; but whence did they obtain that exhaustive knowledge of the English knights' fees which enabled them to verify at a glance the personal returns made by the tenants in compliance with the royal mandate as early as the year 1166? As the case stands, it appears to us that in his singularly shrewd observations upon the nature of the five-hide fee, the 'in-war' and the 'constabulary,' Mr. Round has halted on the brink of some great discovery. That the secret of the system of feudal taxation in England still remains to be solved few can really doubt, and we venture to express our firm belief that an examination of the parallel inquests of Hides and of Fees will furnish a clue to the final solution of the mystery.

We have preferred to interject these passing comments upon the main topic of Mr. Round's 'Territorial Studies' rather than to follow every point of his important and highly technical investigations. There are no less than nineteen distinct studies contained in his treatise on Domesday Book alone, every one of which fully sustains the author's reputation as at once the most original and profound of the many able scholars who have attempted to elucidate this fascinating problem.

We must venture to differ from Mr. Round's criticisms in more than one instance. When he writes (p. 140) of the smaller volume of Domesday for the Eastern Counties, 'Of its blunders I need only give one startling instance,' we think that his instance is scarcely well chosen. 'Terra Regis de Regione' is not necessarily a misscript for 'Terra Regis de Regno,' which occurs in other passages. Mr. Round evidently was not aware that the expression occurs in another part of the book in the text of an independent description of the very same manor as 'Manerium Regis de regione.'

Again Mr. Round attaches great importance (pp. 72, 73) to the particular formula for payment of the fine for the violation of the King's peace within the Danish districts. But it does not appear to us, if we understand the matter rightly, that he is justified in making a positive distinction between the expressions

expressions 'unumquidque hundret solvit viii libras' and 'In hundreth viii librae continentur'; as though the Hundreds themselves paid the money. We may be mistaken, but we take it that the 'hundred' in question is a sum of money and not a district of twelve carucates paying twelve marks. Here the hundred is said to 'pay' twelve marks, just as in the Combustion rolls of the Exchequer 'libra arsit in *tot* denariis.' There are several other objections that might possibly be raised on trivial points of Mr. Round's 'Domesday Studies' by a hypercritical reader. None of these, however, are of any real importance; and it would be singularly unfair to dwell upon real or fancied slips in a work which is undoubtedly characterised by the most surprising accuracy.

It is pleasing to reflect that such useful and unselfish labours have received the highest reward which it is permitted to a serious student to receive. Upon all matters connected with Domesday Book, Mr. Round's authority stands supreme. His essay, which is the result of long years of patient research, has become one of the few modern classics of historical literature. But with this avowal the peculiar interest of the volume before us still remains to be considered.

Passing on to the subject of the intermediate Surveys, we notice the chapter on the Northamptonshire inquest as especially instructive, if only for the reason that a careful antiquary like Bridges failed to appreciate its true significance. It is of some interest to note that Mr. Round incidentally rejects the accepted theory that *rotulus* and *liber* are interchangeable terms in the language of the mediæval Scriptorium. The point may seem a small one, but it has served before now as the basis for most unwarranted conjectures respecting the original forms of certain famous historical MSS. But the real importance of Mr. Round's conclusions with regard to the true character of this local inquisition lies in the fact that he has been able to demonstrate, beyond all possibility of doubt, that this list of feudal tenants refers to enfeoffments in the reign of Henry I.

Bridge's unfortunate and purely gratuitous attempts to reconcile this list with the tenures existing in the reign of Henry II. may serve as a warning against the not infrequent practice of interpreting a mediæval record according to a preconceived notion of the date of its compilation. 'Or rather William,' writes Mr. Bridges of Walter de Clopton, who appears in the Survey as the tenant of the Abbot of Peterborough in Polebrook; for William, and not Walter, was the tenant in the reign of Henry Fitz Empress. But Walter it is, and not William; and Mr. Round, in one of those asides which

which make his book so delightfully suggestive to the true student, reminds us of the common practice of the compilers of mediæval feodaries in 'posting' a feudal list with the names of incoming tenants until the completed work bears the stamp of a later generation than that in which the original list was compiled. It is true that this ingenious theory is applicable to a converse process of compilation, and it is undoubtedly the case that mediæval scribes have compiled similar lists in which the names of earlier tenants are deliberately introduced, not from ignorance of their position, but as it would seem from sheer perverseness, or it may be from a conservative habit of regarding a well-known tenant as the symbol or embodiment of his fief. The scribe who entered 'the fee of Walter de Clopton,' long after his death, might be followed by another scribe who by omitting the word 'feudum' perpetrated not so much an anachronism as a thoughtless act towards the unhappy editor of an age in which knights' fees are as ancient history without its monuments.

Indeed so reckless a use of feudal metaphor has sometimes elicited the contemporary rebuke of a more considerate colleague, who adds, for the information of all whom it may concern, the valuable instruction, '*modo* Willelmus de Cloptone.'

A very similar line of research is indicated in the study of the Peterborough List of knights' fees, which throws something more than what Mr. Round modestly claims as a 'gleam of new light' on the legend of 'Hereward the Wake.' Here we have an excellent example of the practical value of the special research upon which Mr. Round so strenuously insists; for it is by the means of this research alone that 'we see how the legendary name and legendary position of Hereward were evolved.' Briefly, we find, by piecing together the holdings of certain Peterborough tenants recorded in Domesday, in the *Clamores*, which supplement the Survey itself, and in the above-mentioned twelfth-century list, the exact feudal position of Hereward 'the Wake.' Hereward, the Abbot of Peterborough's 'man,' had held lands in Bourne which were afterwards held by the family of Wake. Thereupon the 'pedigree-maker' steps in, styles Hereward 'Lord of Bourne' before the Wakes, and connects him by marriage or by implication with the Wakes themselves. Then follows 'the climax when the modern Wakes revived the name of Hereward just as Sir Brian Newcome of Newcome set the seal to his family legend by giving his children names out of the Saxon Calendar.' But even the adoption of this forged descent must appear less reckless than the modern derivation of 'the Wake, *i.e.* the Watchful one,' or the astounding

astounding speculations of the late Professor Freeman upon the feudal relations of the famous outlaw.

The ease and certainty with which Mr. Round is able to identify feudal tenants and their holdings after the lapse of several generations, in spite of all the changes wrought by wars and forfeitures, intermarriages and infeudations, must appear to the uninitiated reader to be little short of marvellous. Even to the experienced student who knows how the thing is done, the result is quite remarkable. And yet the process is very simple —to him who knows his manuscripts as thoroughly as he knows his books, who has got by heart the lessons of the Great Survey in all their bearings upon the history of our English land and of our English institutions. Results such as these are not matters of opinion but of fact; yet facts of this kind can only be gathered with infinite labour, whilst opinions can be as easily formed as they are readily believed. Not without cause does Mr. Round complain in his Preface of 'that subtle commixture of guess-work and fact which leaves us in doubt as to what is proved and what is merely hypothesis.'

This criticism strikes at the very root of the modern growth of historical research. It is another way of reminding us that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. But indeed the whole subject is a dangerous one even for the most accomplished scholars, as will be only too evident from the long list of curiosities of scholarship which Mr. Round has faithfully compiled. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see how historians can carry out a connected work without occasional recourse to hypothesis. This is even witnessed in the case of Mr. Round's own essay on the 'Introduction of Knight's Service into England.' The subject is one of purely historical interest, and the author's discoveries have effected something like a revolution in the views of constitutional historians all over Europe. And yet this essay is largely built upon a hypothesis so original and daring that only the paucity of documentary evidence and the transparent honesty of Mr. Round's historical method can justify its employment.

We have read this famous essay again and again with unabated interest. We have willingly allowed ourselves to fall under the spell of the writer's brilliant criticism and seductive theories. But for all that our hand must not be to that libel which would consign the reputation of the greatest of the Exchequer clerks to a contemptuous neglect. There are, we imagine, many students of Madox and of the old masters of Record scholarship who would admit the necessity for this exposure of Swereford's ingenuous narrative with sincere regret.

regret. They have learned to regard the devoted labours of the worthy Archdeacon with a feeling of esteem which is only a reflection of the unanimous opinion of his colleagues and successors. 'Similem sibi non reliquit in Anglia.'

For our own part, we have failed to discover any possible cause for Mr. Round's unsparing strictures. We cannot even discern the points of conflict between Swereford's plain and businesslike definition of scutage and Mr. Round's highly-finished study of knight's service. In fact, we must regard this unprovoked attack upon our 'venerable authority' as a digression which merely produces a painful interruption of a learned and convincing argument.

In the case of any other writer but Mr. Round, we might fairly have left Swereford's reputation to take care of itself; but our author's condemnation is no light thing. Fortunately, however, the application of the test by which Swereford's 'knowledge and accuracy' must, in Mr. Round's view, 'stand or fall,' gives a result which is wholly favourable to the official expert. The test which Mr. Round has proposed is an exceeding simple one:—

'I would fix on the "Great Scutage," or "Scutage of Toulouse," as the test by which Swereford's knowledge and accuracy must stand or fall. If he is in error on this matter, his error is so grievous and so far-reaching that it must throw the gravest doubt on all his similar assertions.

'The date of the expedition against Toulouse was June 1159 (the host having been summoned at Mid-Lent); from the chroniclers we learn that, to provide the means for it, and especially to pay an army of mercenaries, a great levy was made in England and beyond sea. The roll of the following Michaelmas records precisely such a levy, and the payments so recorded must have been made for the expenses of this campaign. But we can go further still; we can actually prove from internal evidence that sums accounted for on the roll of 1159 were levied expressly for the Toulouse campaign. Yet we are confidently informed by Swereford that this levy was for a Welsh war, and that the scutage of Toulouse is represented by the levies which figure on the rolls of 1161 and 1162. He appears to have evolved out of his inner consciousness the rule that a scutage, though fixed and even paid in any given year, was never accounted for on the rolls till the year after. But as even this rule will not apply to his calculation here, one can only suggest that he was absolutely ignorant of the date of the Toulouse campaign. The value of Swereford's calculations is so seriously affected by this cardinal error,' &c. (Pp. 263–4.)

But when we come to examine Swereford's own statement in any one of the printed texts, or for still greater precaution in either

either of the only two contemporary MSS., we find that his statement in point is literally correct. The explanation, as we shall see, is a very simple one. The levies which Mr. Round has observed on the Pipe Roll of 1159 are only the *Dona* or *Promissa* of the 'Scutage of Toulouse'; that is to say, the fines or compositions of the non-military tenants, the churchmen, the merchants, the Jews, and the moneyers, who paid, as it were, in cash down, while the scutages of the military tenants are not accounted for until the years 1161 and 1162, when, the campaign being over and the Marshal's certificates of attendance at length made out, we find them entered on the Rolls exactly as Swereford has described. The matter admits of no possible doubt. The wonder is that such a cautious writer as Mr. Round should have left these scutage lists of the seventh and eighth years unaccounted for. They are found on the Pipe Roll, and were therefore not invented by Swereford. If they do not refer to the Toulouse campaign, to what other conceivable occasion can they be referred? It is true that Mr. Round seems to have felt some slight misgivings with regard to these lists, but his treatment of their evidence is quite inadequate.

'Both this and the levy of the following year are most difficult to deal with in every way. We have seen that an entry on the roll of 1163 led Swereford to believe that the levy of 1161 was made for the Toulouse campaign, and Dr. Stubbs has made the suggestion that it might have been raised to defray "debts" incurred on that occasion, but the difficulties in the way of accepting this view seem insuperable.' (Pp. 281–2.)

As it was within Mr. Round's own knowledge that, as an Exchequer clerk, Swereford 'enjoyed full knowledge of its practice and traditions,' this assumption of Swereford's error, without the least attempt to ascertain the truth, strikes us as singularly rash. The whole practice of the Exchequer, and the case of every other scutage of this reign, prove that Swereford was right in his elementary assertion.

The truth is that Mr. Round, carried away by his just indignation against the fatuous fabulists of the twelfth century, has for once fallen himself into a twofold mistake. In the first place he was wrong in assuming that Swereford 'evolved out of his inner consciousness' the dictum that scutages are not entered in the roll of the same year. Mr. Round's second mistake was in assuming further that we have access to Swereford's manuscript authorities, as well as to many others which he did not possess, and therefore that we are in a more favourable position than was Swereford himself for comprehending the

matter in dispute. Unfortunately Mr. Round was not aware of a second version of Swereford's notes upon the Scutage of Toulouse, contained in the same manuscript, in which the whole matter is made perfectly clear to us. Moreover Swereford himself had access to other authorities, even to Exchequer records that are now lost to us, whilst the very Pipe Rolls in which Mr. Round finds 'a solitary entry' in support of Swereford's statement have been grievously mutilated in the lapse of centuries, and several lost passages are actually preserved in that other MS. of Swereford to which we have referred. Finally, there is the record of a case heard before all the King's justices, within a few years of the time when Swereford wrote, and carefully noted in his manuscript collection. Here the Pipe Roll of the seventh year of Henry II. is cited as evidence for the tenure of one who contributed to this same Scutage of Toulouse. That these entries refer only to that Scutage was therefore clearly the received contemporary opinion, and the fact was also known to the chroniclers on whom Mr. Round relies, and with whom he severely remarks that Swereford 'shows no sign of being even conversant.' Of course it follows from this that the whole of the calculations and inferences which rest upon Mr. Round's unfortunate assumption that the *Dona* and *Promissa*, or, in other words, the *auxilium exercitûs*, entered in the Pipe Roll of 1159, represent the actual Scutages of Toulouse, which were in fact entered in the Pipe Rolls of 1161 and 1162, fall to the ground. But beyond the injustice done to Swereford's reputation (for which we are sure that Mr. Round will hasten to make amends), this ill-advised digression in no way affects the main argument of Mr. Round's essay, nor, except from an artistic point of view, does it lessen its singular value. Mr. Round is too earnest and conscientious a student to merit the extreme penalty of hearing his own judgment upon Swereford pronounced against himself.

From this pursuit of shadows we gladly return once more to the plain track which Mr. Round has hewn for us through the tangled byways of mediæval history. In the second part of his book the author has arranged in order of date a number of Historical Studies, some of which will be familiar, in substance at least, to readers of various Journals and Reviews. It would, however, be most unjust to assume that the whole of this portion of Mr. Round's book is mere padding, the *crambe repetita* of an antiquarian symposium. On the contrary, there are to be found in this historical section some of the most original and important pieces of the entire work. But it is not difficult to guess the real cause of this reluctance to discuss the interesting questions that

that are raised in such studies as 'Richard the First's change of Seal,' and the debates on 'Danegeld' and 'Foreign Service.'

It has only been too evident, from a recent controversy, that Mr. Round's vigorous criticisms of the methods of a certain historical school have roused a feeling of the deepest resentment. 'To dare to be accurate,' we have been reminded by a great authority, 'is neither popular nor pleasant'; and the fact remains that Mr. Round's latest book has not received in this country the attention and criticism to which it was fairly entitled on purely historical grounds.

And yet there is little fear lest the most important and remarkable passages in this or any other original work of our own time should be lost to sight. These have been long since incorporated in the last edition of the latest text-book, and they have been filtered through the syllabus of the lecture-room for the benefit of a still larger audience. The time will come when these discoveries will be familiar to many who have never so much as heard of Mr. Round or of his book, or of his great controversy about the historical methods of the late Professor Freeman.

'Non alligabis os bovi trituranti.' We have no faith in a system of studying history which has hitherto been supposed to find favour chiefly in Jesuit seminaries and sectarian colleges. We are anxious to deal justly by Mr. Round, because we have found him ever scrupulously fair in his treatment of others. To proclaim our dislike of Mr. Round's methods before we have examined their results appears to us a singularly inconsistent mode of proving our devotion to the cause of historical truth. If the English Historical School is to derive any real profit from the lessons of past mistakes, and if it is to keep pace with the historical progress of learned Europe, it cannot afford to meet the exposure of its shortcomings with a conspiracy of silence. 'Fiunt igitur cæci corde, viarumque pericula non videntes, in præcipitium ruunt.'

It is true that Mr. Round is sometimes needlessly severe in his condemnation of certain venial errors. But if the error exists, it must receive some correction, and the question of its magnitude is at best an extenuating circumstance. That this correction when it is deserved should be received with perfect cordiality and good temper seems to us an indisputable proposition. We do not need to import the factions of the Montagues and Capulets into our peaceful studies of English History.

At least we may assert that Mr. Round is no respecter of persons. Our living historians share with the mighty dead the

the distinction of pointing the moral of the fallibility of research which is not conducted on scientific principles. We use the word 'distinction' advisedly, since for the most part nothing could be more delicate or even deferential than Mr. Round's manner of pointing out their mistakes. 'The question must indeed be a difficult one,' says in effect Mr. Round, 'if our supreme authority has failed to solve it.' He 'yields to no one' in his admiration for another distinguished scholar, and yet he is obliged to differ from his conclusions. Again, because we are told that Stapleton has 'gone utterly astray,' that Eyton 'was rash enough to argue from a single instance,' that Madox was 'completely at sea,' and that Dugdale, Palgrave, and nearly every other great antiquary of former days has at one time or another deviated from the path of historical accuracy, we must not suppose that Mr. Round is incapable of appreciating their sterling work. On the contrary, it would be possible to lay Mr. Round's published works under heavy contributions for a Century of Praise to the memory of almost any one of these devoted scholars. There is, of course, one exception to these edifying amenities. It is many years now since Mr. Round began his fierce attack upon the historical methods pursued by the late Professor Freeman. We do not, for obvious reasons, propose to enter here upon a review of the controversy which has raged for the last three years around the battle-field of Hastings. It is now within the means of every student of the subject to form his own conclusions from the facts and arguments before him. These have been summarized by Mr. Round in the present volume under the title of 'Mr. Freeman and the Battle of Hastings,' and it will, we think, be admitted, even by the most determined of his opponents, that this *résumé* is a wonderfully clear and forcible statement of the case against Mr. Freeman. The time has not yet come when we may venture to anticipate the conclusions of the sober and responsible historian to whom will surely be assigned the task of rewriting this momentous episode of our history. 'De his igitur ad præsens cum modestia sustineamus, quia, re nondum terminata, suspensa resolutio est.'

Fortunately, however, for Mr. Round, the main issues which he has raised in this and other cases do not depend for their decision solely upon individual opinion or sentiment, but upon questions of fact. In the region of facts Mr. Round is unquestionably supreme. Instances have been recorded of rhetorical historians who have become antiquaries 'in self-defence.' In the same way we might say of Mr. Round, that bred an antiquary he has grown rhetorical by force of example. In a contest

contest upon purely antiquarian grounds it is easy to foretell with whom the final advantage will lie. Even if his rhetoric fail him, the antiquary can fall back upon facts—and facts, as we know, are 'dour things.' We are not surprised that Mr. Freeman's champions should have passed by in silence the study entitled 'The Conqueror at Exeter.'

'I cannot suppose,' says Mr. Round in his Preface, 'that any competent scholar who may carefully peruse this work will in future venture to deny, that in spite of his many and his splendid gifts Mr. Freeman was as liable as any of us to error.'

To any one unacquainted with the real significance of Mr. Round's contention, the above assertion would seem to be almost unnecessary. 'In humanis actionibus vix aliquid est usquequaque perfectum.' Yet, if we are to place reliance on the sincerity of Mr. Round's eloquent vindication of his criticism of the late Professor's methods, we must conclude that he is honestly convinced that the question whether we ought 'to prefer accuracy of fact to charm of presentment and to literary style,' is one which seems 'to affect the whole method of history.' But this is not all. Mr. Round still treating Mr. Freeman as the embodiment of an historical method, every phase of which is repugnant to the sensibilities of a trained antiquary, denounces in unsparing terms that well-marked political bias which is the most characteristic and certainly the most unpleasing feature of the great scholar's writings. A democrat first, an historian afterwards, History was for him unhappily ever 'past politics.' If we add to this 'obliquity of vision' an absolute intolerance of individual opinions on matters of common interest and concern, we can at least understand why this historical method should have excited the passionate remonstrance of an independent and uncompromising purist.

It is because we believe that Mr. Round's position has not been understood that we have adventured even so far upon these troubled waters.

But it may be pleaded that the new criticism whose penetrating rays are capable of revealing, with startling clearness, every process of historical induction, must inevitably check the already scanty growth of modern scholarship. It may be truly alleged that if a number of supreme specialists were to address themselves to a gratuitous censorship of the serious historical literature of the last twenty years, the historical community would scarcely escape the fate of the Cities of the Plain.

Again,

Again, it is frequently objected that merely destructive criticism will not advance the true interests of historical study, and that revolutionary movements must be of necessity as short-lived in the present day as they have proved to be in the past. For all that, the age of the reformers is not gone by. They are with us always, now as revolutionists who excite the mingled wrath and dismay of vested interests and assured reputations, and then, when their work is done, the memory remains of the fearless critics of the past.

It is said that our ancestors, wiser in such matters than ourselves, willingly suffered the tyrant of the rivers to take up his abode in their well-stocked fish-stews. Left to themselves, the golden-sided carp would bask in listless shoals amidst the stagnant pools; for ever swimming in a weary circle around the tangled beds of floating water-lilies. But under the reign of King Luce there is a new order and discipline. When the sun declines below the highest thickets of the western shore, the water flashes white as some laggard swimmer is stricken by the fell pursuer. Then all is still, and the shoal disperses to seek safety in the pure springs and gravelly shallows of its nocturnal feeding-ground.

Surely this tale is told of ourselves. For more than six hundred years the study of History in this country has been pursued under conditions which have marked this island as a 'paradise of clerks.' The learned industry of monkish chroniclers, of historiographers royal, and of private scholars has enriched our libraries with a long series of historical masterpieces, unequalled in the literature of any other country. But history is, like other sciences, progressive. We no more think of relying for the elucidation of certain problems in constitutional and economic history upon the disquisition of an old-time antiquary than upon the precise and ingenious *Tractatus* of a mediæval clerk. Just as the progress in our own time of other sciences has been quite phenomenal, so the study of history has outgrown the older methods of research. But can it be truly said that in our historical methods we have kept pace with the times? We often hear the complaint that in the several branches of mechanical and political science, in the development of our national trade and industries, we have lost ground in the face of the fierce competition of other countries. Nevertheless in this respect the difference in apparatus and method is scarcely perceptible; whilst, on the other hand, the whole scheme of our historical studies is ludicrously inadequate to the requirements of modern scholarship.

It is true that we enjoy great natural advantages, and that we

we possess immense resources in individual enterprise. The public archives and private muniments of this country surpass those of any other in historical value and interest. The endowment of historical research has been fixed upon a lavish scale, and unlimited funds are available for the publication of historical texts. And yet the result is wholly disappointing. Our unequalled State Papers mainly exist for the benefit of foreign *savants*, whilst the face of an English scholar is rarely seen in the students' rooms of continental archives. It is unfortunately the fact that, amongst those who are responsible for the teaching of history and the compilation of historical manuals, there is not one in every ten capable of discovering original materials or qualified to discuss the value of an historical text. 'A good workman is known by his tools.' The workmanship of so many of our historical scholars is faulty simply because they have not provided themselves with the necessary appliances for their craft.

'Qui apponit scientiam, apponit et dolorem.' We are by no means disposed to insist on the ability to read ancient manuscripts as an indispensable qualification for the office of historian. The means of learning must not be preferred to the end; and if this can be attained through an expert agency, by skilled researches, by literal transcripts, or by printed editions, a real economy may often be effected. Certainly the most profound and original of our recent historical scholars have with infinite pains made themselves proficient in the art of Palæography, and verily they have their reward. But what we may fairly insist upon as an indispensable equipment of the modern historian is a sufficient knowledge of the materials that exist for an exhaustive treatment of his subject. Unfortunately, however, the widest difference of opinion exists as to what constitutes a 'sufficient knowledge.' Just as in theory every historical subject is presumed to have been 'exhaustively' treated by successive writers, so in every case the materials employed are considered to be sufficient for the work in hand. It is no part of our present purpose to refute these delusive theories and to overthrow this miserable ideal of the historian's mission. So long as the most gifted of our younger school of workers are content to bow the knee in the house of Putnam; so long as 'Research' remains a cant phrase to represent the 'professions' of the historical professor, it would be sheer waste of time to pursue the question further.

But we have still to point the moral which lies beneath the accumulated 'errors' of Mr. Round's historical contemporaries.

Festina lente! Those who stand on the threshold of the great documentary

documentary age of historical research may well pause and consider the infinite magnitude of the subject! It is not given to more than two or three in any generation to produce an extensive history, but all of us can contribute something to the cause that we have at heart. If only there were not this feverish haste in writing text-books, how much more work might be done that would be truly great and lasting! But before we can safely advance we must be sure of our ground, and in some directions we must even retrace our steps. We must begin by recognising that History is a science, and not the handmaid of politics, or of literature, or of art. We must enlist in the service of the New History a whole army of auxiliary sciences, which may be conveniently mustered under the banner of Archæology. We must have more texts and better texts to work from, and we must learn their use. We must resolutely discard the useless editions of our national Records prepared by the well-meaning official antiquaries of the first half of the present century.

We believe that this is the real lesson which Mr. Round has intended to impress upon us in the unpleasing form of 'terrible examples.' At the same time we must admit that he has not only justified his criticisms, but that he has shown us by the personal example of sixteen years of patient labour how the work ought really to be done.

If we had among us twenty such workers, we could possibly afford to quarrel with some or other of them upon the nice questions of the proper use of the first person singular and the accusative plural. As it is, we are constrained to echo the significant wish of a distinguished French scholar, 'L'on doit souhaiter pour nos voisins qu'ils fassent école.'

ART.

ART. VII.—1. *Zwei politiken Satiren des alten Rom.* Von Theodor Birt. Marburg, 1888.
2. *Claudii Claudiani Carmina.* Recensuit Theodorus Birt. Berolini, 1892.
3. *Claudii Claudiani Carmina.* Recognovit Julius Koch. Lipsiæ, 1893.
4. *Latin Literature.* By J. W. Mackail. London, 1895.

'THE name of Hadrian,' says Gibbon, in his 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' 'is almost sunk into oblivion, while Claudian is read with pleasure in every country which has retained, or acquired, the knowledge of the Latin language.' This testimony of the eminent historian to the merit of the poet has not passed altogether without a challenge. There are those who—esteeming Claudian the interpreter of a silver age or an age of lead, a singer listening to the last sighs of the Roman muse in a common sunset of empire and of art, a literary candle flickering before its extinction in a cold Northern night, an intellectual link between Classic and Gothic thought, with all the meretricious adornments which age had suggested to the former, and all the half-chaotic rudeness which might naturally be looked for from the latter—are unable to find pleasure in this last of the Latin poets, or aught else but pedantic turgidity and bad taste, wearisome redundance and monotonous harmony, affected transport and unnatural passion. Such, however, was not the opinion of Gibbon or Rollin, nor that of the elder critics, of Gaspar Barthius or Julius Scaliger, of Lipsius or Casaubon. Neither, as Mr. Mackail's pages testify, does such condemnation approve itself to the most competent scholars of to-day.

Authentic biographies of Claudius Claudianus might be written as voluminous as those of men of our own time; but his life's story really depends almost entirely on a few inductions from his own works. Even the place of his birth has been disputed, and as many local origins assigned to him as to Homer. Frequently, however, as in one of his epistles replying with a polite refusal to a request for some verses, he speaks of 'our Nile.' It is probable, therefore, that he was born at Alexandria, about 365. It is fairly evident that he married there a rich and noble African lady. According to Gesner, he was of no humble origin, but whether Roman or not is undetermined. In 395 he recited at Rome his panegyric on the consuls Probinus and Olybrius. In this he chiefly commends the liberality of their father Probus, who may have introduced him to Stilicho, the great Vandal, the Prefect of Prætorian

Prætorian Guards, the general and minister and guardian and father-in-law of Honorius, to whom Theodosius left his Western Empire. His complimentary allusions to this general in his poem on the Getic War, for actions of that sagacious minister done solely with a view to his own interest, procured for the lucky poet, while yet alive, a statue in the Forum, of which the pedestal was disinterred some four centuries ago. On this Claudian is styled *prægloriosissimus*, a word 'that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.' Milton, a little inconsistently with his boasted Latin purity, applies the same form of superlative to Cromwell in his 'Defensio Secunda.' Greek elegiacs are also inscribed on the pedestal, which beat the poet at his own game of flattery. It is surely out-Heroding Herod to say that Claudian possessed in one the judgment of Virgil and Homer's enthusiasm. Virgil himself had no statue; but a statue, it is said, was presented to Sidonius Apollinaris. After the fall, A.D. 408, of Stilicho, who stood in much the same relation to Honorius as Wallenstein to Ferdinand in Schiller's play, the fate of Claudian, his poet-laureate, is unknown. His last historical allusion, if we except the Epistle to Hadrian, is to the sixth consulship of Honorius, 404. 'I began,' he says, in an epistle to his friend Probinus, whom he regards in the light of another Mæcenas, 'I began to drink first of the Roman streams under your consulship, and the Greek Thalia then gave place to the Latin toga.' Such is his florid announcement of his commencement of verse in a language of which his acquisition was, according to Niebuhr, a labour of love.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one on looking over the works of Claudian is the number of Panegyrics. Thus we have praises of the consulate of the two brothers Olybrius and Probinus, compared to Pollux and Castor, in which poem praises of Theodosius are interwoven; praises of the third consulate of Honorius, a mere boy, of his fourth consulate, and of his sixth; praises of the consulate of Mallius Theodorus, one of his patron Stilicho's clients; praises of the consulates of Stilicho himself, in three books, and praises left unfinished of his wife Serena, to whom Claudian was indebted for his own wife. All these, lest any doubt should arise as to their intention, are labelled either *Laudes* or *Panegyris* by the author himself. Other poems of the same nature there are without such superscription. And, as all things are contrary one against another, the poet shows himself equally powerful in abuse. As Johnson said of Milton, the grossness of his flattery is equalled by the rudeness of his invective. Eutropius and Rufinus are both distinguished by a couple

couple of books of satirical vituperation. These were Stilicho's rivals; the former the Prince of Byzantium, the favourite of Arcadius, the Eastern Emperor, who had twice promoted him to the consulship: the first, in the words of Gibbon, of his artificial sex who dared to assume the character of a Roman magistrate and general; the latter, the famous Gaul who became prætorian prefect. It is well known how the country suffered from the discord of these ministers. *Delirant reges.* History tells us they all had their reward.

Claudian is not content with disparaging the moral and military conduct of these officers of Arcadius, without at the same time exalting his patron. In the verses against Rufinus, Stilicho is said to surpass by far the ancient heroes. He is greater than Bellerophon, for he is not assisted by any Pegasus; he is superior to Perseus, for he is not defended by the serpent-locks of Medusa. All the labours of Hercules are enumerated, but not one of them is to be compared with the achievements of Stilicho. It is Stilicho who supports with his shoulders the falling world. In like strain he says the towns of Italy are made holy by the advent of Honorius, and, where Theodosius reposes, the glad earth on a sudden pours forth grass and flowers. Upon that Emperor's death all the stars are agitated by hope and fear. They are uncertain which of them he will deign to honour as a companion. These and other expressions like them may be taken as customary forms of declamatory panegyric. They may have no more real significance than the lavish salutations of the East, or the cant obtaining in our own country, which Boswell's great guide and friend desired him sedulously to avoid. It was the same authority, however, who said, 'If you can get one shilling's worth of good for six pennyworth of court, you are a fool not to pay it.' But when, among the flatteries about Honorius' third consulship, the poet says that everybody complained the Empire was given him too late, Honorius being at that time about ten years old, he seems to pass the usual limits of adulation, and to take the fatal step which leads to the ridiculous from the sublime. So when at the same age Honorius is represented as burning to wade in blood, the reader is not only repelled by the atrocity of the young cub, but filled with astonishment equal to that which possesses him when he finds in Milton's 'Comus' the Lady Alice Egerton, æt. 12, proclaiming the 'sage and serious doctrine of virginity.' Such praises hardly admit of a defence sometimes offered, that the poet intended his panegyric to represent what its subject ought to be, not what he was.

The

The invective of Claudian is no less forcible than his panegyric. Rufinus, the able unscrupulous statesman, who may be compared with Wolsey in more than one feature of his character, only left his mother's womb to enter into the arms of Megæra. Her serpents licked his infant body into shape. The Fury herself superintended his education. She taught him cruelty, treachery, and avarice. At last the pupil surpassed his instructress—the sins and wickedness of all the Furies were united in Rufinus. This man or monster, says Claudian in his satire, Megæra proposes to send to Constantinople to disturb the felicity of Theodosius' rule. For envy of the welfare of the subjects of that emperor had possessed the hosts of Hell, and the grisly legions that troop under the sooty flag of Acheron had been summoned to suggest a means of its removal. This gave a hint to Tasso, and to Milton, who has further availed himself of Claudian. The manner of the death of Rufinus is described by the poet with a minuteness which probably pleased his patron, and might interest a large portion of the public of the present. He is hewn as a carcase fit for hounds, and the fate of each part of his anatomy—his eyes, his feet, his arms, his shoulders, his back, his liver, his lungs, and his heart—is followed with precise exactness of detail. He, of course, goes to hell; but Minos finds him far too wicked for the infernal regions, and orders him to be cast out at once into Chaos and old Night, there to remain howling while heaven whirls its stars and the winds dash against the shore.

The verses 'In Eutropium' are, in Herr Birt's opinion, a classical model of political satire. Eutropius, Stilicho's detested adversary, was a consul, and had attained that dignity in spite of a severe misfortune which befell him at the hands of a certain Armenian soon after his birth. This circumstance, which an ignorant person would imagine provocative of compassion, gave occasion to a merry mood in Claudian, who however, it is well to remember, in all his political poems probably wrote to order. With the utmost inhumanity he laughs at the condition of Eutropius, deprived alike of the delight of marriage and the hope of posterity. Nothing was ever seen so monstrous or so foul. An eunuch consul is like a flying tortoise, a Western sunrise, a back-flowing river, a harvest in the ocean, a dolphin in the woods. He is the shame alike of heaven and of earth. Not a man could be found to buy him, or even to accept him as a gift. Eutropius had the appearance of advanced years. The poet charges him with the common evils of old age, as with a particular crime. He condemns his cheeks wrinkled like a raisin, furrowed like a field, folded like a flapping sail, and treats

treats with bitter contumely his few remaining hairs standing up like stalks on an arid plain. He is a loathsome carcase, an ill-omened ghost. He has become a bugbear for children, and is compared to a monkey in a red jacket which is insufficient to cover his rump. So the 'agreeable satirist,' as Gibbon calls him, endeavours to make for ever infamous the name of Eutropius, with over a thousand verses. Probably he had not such excuse as Pope might have offered for his abuse of Sporus, the rancour of personal malignity and offended pride.

The so-called historical poems, owing to suppression and distortion, have little historical value. The Getic war describes the campaign of Stilicho against Alaric and the Goths ending with the battle of Pollentia; the Gildonic war represents the quarrel with Gildo in Africa. These poems are not distinguished, as might be supposed, by any remarkable description of events. There is in them far more of declamation than of action. They are chiefly occupied, as the preceding poems, with invective or panegyric. Both Alaric and Gildo fought against the Gods: the former is Enceladus, the latter Typhœus. In the Gildonic war the poet speaks of the father and grandfather of Arcadius and Honorius, as *Divorum proceres*, the nobility of heaven.

Claudian composed two Epithalamia, one on the marriage of Honorius with Maria, Stilicho's daughter, the other on that of the poet's friend Palladius with a lady called Celerina. In these the genius of Claudian walks almost unfettered. In these we find that style stiff with gorgeous embroidery, like a perfect field of cloth of gold, which Macaulay found in that of Milton's prose. A more congenial subject is attended by vastly improved verse. Both the poems are pleasing also, in sentiment and in description. In the former the inability of Honorius to describe his feelings, his disdain of all that once delighted him, Cupid's journey to Cyprus to announce to his mother his imperial triumph, the home of Venus in a garden of eternal spring,—a garden of ground untilled save by the west wind, *Zephyro contenta colono*, to which as Herbert says, in his poem on Providence, 'the winds grew gardeners,'—a garden shut off from the world by a golden wall, the fountains in the garden of sweet and bitter water, fountains from which subsequent poets have filled their pitchers so often,—all these are admirably imagined and portrayed. Perhaps the sole incongruous picture is that in which the bride is represented learning examples of early chastity from the pages of Sappho. The Epithalamium of Palladius and Celerina opens elegantly with a presentment of Venus sleeping in the sultry noontide under the green shadow of vine leaves, and of the Graces hard by resting beneath

beneath an ancient oak. The winged Loves, having suspended their bows on its boughs, flit about seeking birds' nests or the dewy apples,—a poetical adjective apparently inconsistent with noontide heat,—or hover in the tops of the elm-trees, or defend —it is not stated how—the retreat of their mistress from over-curious Fauns. But the beauty of the poem is marred by a long intercalation about the noble birth of both bride and bride-groom. It was doubtless difficult for him wholly to emancipate himself from his ancient bondage.

Connected with the marriage song of Honorius are four little poems called 'Fescennine,' none of which, except the last, display the licence commonly associated with that name. In the first, the poet falls into his wonted vice of adulation in an extravagant description of the beauty of the subject of his verse. Though this subject is supposed with probable conjecture to be Honorius, it cannot be affirmed with certainty, for neither his name is mentioned, nor is there any allusion sufficiently exact to determine the person for whom the poem was intended. Such an omission is surely a fault more serious in the praise of the living, than Dr. Johnson held it to be in that of the dead. But whoever the happy person may be, his beauty is such as to inflame goddesses, such that there is none so savage as not to fall in love with him, such that the very beasts in the ecstasy of intoxication offer themselves in rivalry to his arrows. In the second song the whole world is invited to attend the nuptials. In the third a particular invitation is addressed to his patron, and in the fourth is a delicate morsel of erotic harmony only inferior, if inferior, to that of Catullus himself. We pass, not unwillingly, from his poems of actual life to those of an ideal world.

Claudian's two epic poems, the 'Rape of Proserpine' and the 'Battle of the Giants,' are both unfinished. Of the latter only an inconsiderable fragment remains; about six score lines now represent the whole work. The former was probably intended by the author to consist of four books, but no fourth book has come down to us, and the third is evidently incomplete. With the exception of the preface to the second book, which contains a comparison to Hercules of a certain city prefect called Florentinus,—a name which induced Petrarch and Politian, with national vanity, to imagine Claudian a Florentine,—it is perhaps the only long poem written by the poet wholly untainted by servile adulation. The extravagance of panegyric apparent in his other poems, though doubtless profitable at the time of their publication, serves only to weary the reader of to-day with indifference or to repel him with disgust. Claudian seems not

not to have reflected that he was teaching his patrons to despise him. Even though the vacant chaff was never meant for grain, it is yet difficult not to regret, so far as our own pleasures are concerned, the time wasted by him in feeding the already overgrown pomp of contemporary pride.

The poet, in the preface to the first book, appears to congratulate himself on his escape from the curse of patronage. Formerly, like the first sailor, he used with fear to hug the shore; now at last he has ventured into the open deep, defying the winds of winter. Horace's advice about a modest commencement by an invocation of the Muse probably seemed to him too circuitous. He fancies himself already inspired in the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis. In the opening he tells how his mind, recalled to itself after a long dissipation in politics, had suggested to him bold and independent song. His inspiration is denoted by the shaking of the holy shrines in their quivering seats, as the posts of the doors are moved in Isaiah, but with Claudian it is a clear light and not smoke which betokens the advent of the God. Then, after a grand invocation of the divinities of Hell, he comes to the subject of his poem. The reader will find his picture considerably altered and extended from the canvas of Ovid, who makes Pluto meet Proserpine accidentally as he is rising to inquire the reason of the shocks given to his realm by Typhœus, in fear lest a passage should be opened to the underground world.

Claudian begins at the beginning, owing to his historical training, but not in accordance with Horace's rule. The scenes are laid, like those in 'Paradise Lost,' in Hell, Heaven, and Earth successively. The subject is the subjugation of Dis by Cupid, and its chief scene that fair field of Enna,

> 'where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
> Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gathered.'

The commencement is almost comic. The Lord of Erebus, the high sheriff of Shadows and of Night, is tired of his prolonged celibacy. He addresses Mercury, the messenger between two worlds, in a voice before the sound of which the earth trembles and shakes, and all the infernal rivers are silent, bidding him declare his discontent to his brother Jove. To be debarred from day is a heavy price to pay for a kingdom, without adding to it the want of wife and children. Jupiter, in compassion or fear, selects Proserpine as his future bride. That only child of Ceres is beloved by many suitors among the Gods; but the virgin will have none of them.

Her mother's affection, which the poet tenderly compares to that of a cow for her calf, alarmed at the proximity of her daughter's numerous adorers, hides her in Sicily. Claudian cannot depart from this country without a short description of Ætna, the everlasting witness of the giant's overthrow. So far the poet seems within the limits of his art, but he surely trends into those of the geographer and the geologist when he enters into detail about the original conjunction of Sicily with Italy, and suggests causes for the volcano's eruption, scientific considerations about air and heat which later inquirers have done little more than develope. But in the meantime Jupiter is advising Venus to carry out his matrimonial views for Proserpine, for which the temporary absence of Ceres on a visit to her mother Cybele on Mount Ida affords a happy occasion. Venus takes with her Pallas and Diana, to avoid, as we are afterwards told, any suspicion, and departs on her mission rejoicing. In the Homeric Hymn to Ceres these Deities are also introduced. But the here doomed maiden is sitting in a gorgeous palace waiting in vain her mother's return, occupied with needlework of a somewhat extensive design. The subject, indeed, is the evolution of the world out of Chaos. In this novel kind of tapestry she is displaying, according to the poet, no little skill. Stars and waters, for instance, are not constructed out of the same thread, but are set in their proper places, portrayed in their appropriate hues of gold and purple. So excellent was the workmanship, that you might 'fancy you heard the lapping of the seaweed upon the rocks, and the hoarse murmur of the wave creeping over the thirsty sand.' The tropic, temperate, and arctic zones of course enter into this mighty plan. It is a curious and ominous circumstance that, while stitching into the web the palace of Pluto, she is overcome with tears. She is just giving a finishing touch to the all-encircling ocean, when the three Goddesses arrive. She receives them with a blush to which four lines are devoted: 'The purple kindled in her liquid cheeks stains her face of snow, and the torches of chaste shame shine forth brighter than the burning beauty of ivory which the Lydian housewife tinges with Tyrian dye.'

In the second book the heroine seeks the dewy groves of Henna with the first fires of morn. Wily Venus has succeeded in persuading her, in spite of prophetic voices. Thrice has the chamber door of the maiden creaked, and thrice has she heard the bellowings of Ætna. Yet, ere the dew is dry, she is abroad with the Goddesses, and her attendants the Naiads, gathering flowers. Claudian avails himself of these attendants to

to enter after his wont into a tedious detail of the principal lakes and rivers of Sicily. He also describes at some length the appearance and attire of the Goddesses. The girl herself is resplendent in a gown representing the Sun and Moon in the arms of Tethys. Zephyr, in honour of the sacred crowd, has encircled the island, and everywhere his feet are followed by the blushes of Spring. But while the holy company is spread over the fields, like an army of bees whose monarchs are moving their waxen camps, a sudden thunder and earthquake announce the advent of the cloudy God. Thereupon the stars of heaven change their courses for fear. Even the Great Bear himself sinks beneath the sea. After the horror of Orion, Atlas is introduced with some little bathos, pale at the neighing of Pluto's steeds. The steeds themselves are more swift than a winter torrent, or the light thoughts of a harassed mind. The indignant Pallas suggests to the amorous sovereign a suitable marriage with one of the infernal Furies. Proserpine meanwhile, in the arms of Dis, is lamenting loudly her everlasting exile into a world of silence, is mourning in turns the loss of maidenhood and of light. But Pluto wipes her tears with his rusty robe, and appeals, apparently not unsuccessfully, to her feminine love of dominion. At their entrance into Hell they are met by souls, numerous as the leaves shaken down by autumn winds. There is a holiday among the dead, and their silence is broken by unaccustomed music. Acheron flows with new milk instead of tears, and Cocytus, named of lamentation loud, becomes intoxicated with delight. No thread is cut by Lachesis. Death ceases a while to wander over earth, and the old ferryman, rowing an empty boat, crowns himself with reeds and relaxes into song. The book concludes with a short epithalamium.

The third book has no more to do with the heroine than the last two acts of Julius Cæsar with that hero. It is curious, however, as containing an attempt, like Pope's Essay, to vindicate the ways of God to man. In a full council convoked by Jove, that supreme deity deigns to explain to some extent the existence of evil. The times, he admits, have grown harder since Saturn's dominion. This, however, is not owing to divine envy, but rather to his knowledge that luxury is a dissuader of good, that plenty dams up the mind of man, and that the cunning engendered of poverty provokes the slothful intellect, and promotes the discovery of arts. Yet, since Nature complains that his tyranny has changed her into a stepmother,—that men are become like Nature's bastards, not her sons,—he has determined that Ceres, in the search for her daughter, shall scatter corn over all the world. After this piece of theology the poet returns to Ceres, who is

being afflicted by unhappy omens. The yellow garlands fall from her head, nightly images of fear beset her, and her daughter Proserpine dies in every dream. Once the maiden herself appears with the ruddiness of her cheeks exhausted by cold. Claudian, like Crates, apparently placed hell beneath the poles. She addresses Ceres in words of considerable force but of little piety. 'If,' she cries, 'you are indeed my mother Ceres, and not rather a Caspian tiger, hasten to help me.' She goes on to tell her that she is at present underground, and prays for restoration to the upper air. Either this piece of information should not have been given, or her mother should have paid some attention to it. But Ceres, looking for Sicily ere Ida be out of sight, is already hastening home. She fears, as a shepherd during his absence fears, for what may befall his flock from robbers or wild beasts, or as a bird seeking food fears casualties to her nest from wind or serpent or man. Finding her home desolate, she mourns in silence, the genuine eloquence of sorrow. The sacrilegious thread of the spider has supplied the incompleteness of Proserpine's stupendous embroidery. Her nurse Electra is sitting in a corner, her white hair covered with dust. After an account of the rape by Electra, ingeniously diversified from that given in the preceding book, Ceres makes for heaven, like a Hyrcan tigress, swifter than her husband the West Wind, a husband assigned her by Aristotle and Augustine. There, having appealed in vain to the Immortals, she determines to seek without rest or sleep her lost daughter. Hewing down for torches two immense cypresses, more in accordance with the *motivo* than Ovid's pines, she lights them in Phlegethon's river of flames, dipping them first, to prevent their consumption, in that secret juice with which Phaethon's horses and the heifers of the Moon are bedewed. Then in the sleepy silence of the night, with bitter accents of self-reproach, she sets out from Ætna, inclining her torches to find the footsteps of Proserpine.

The chief defect in the poem is a defect shared by Milton's masterpiece. It is without any human action, as Milton's has that only of Eve and Adam. The proceedings of the Gods seldom arouse our attention unless connected with our own concerns. It is true that the invention of agriculture is symbolised, but this secondary meaning is little considered. Yet the poem remains, in the words of Mark Pattison, who has contrasted it with the 'Paradise Regained,' 'one of the most rich and elaborate works ever written.' Of all the poet's verses the 'Rape of Proserpine' is the most generally known, the most generally interesting. Compared with his other works, it

it is like the odes of Waller compared with his praises of Charles or Cromwell. It is full of varied fancy and sublime description. It has been translated into many languages, and Voltaire has not disdained an extremely free version of its opening lines. Various allegorical meanings have been attached to it. Some find in it an initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, others the secret of the philosopher's stone. Digges, the translator, deduces from it the moral that mothers ought to be careful not to leave their female children alone.

The 'Gigantomachia' was probably written first in Greek, in which tongue a fragment of some dozen lines of it yet survives, and afterwards translated, either by Claudian or another, into Latin. It is far from being devoid of interest. The fall of Porphyrion and his rebellious crew may, in several of its circumstances, be compared to the hideous ruin of Satan and his fellows. Nor was the imagination of the Pagan poet, eked out by popular legend, unequal to the production of a poem comparable to that of 'Paradise Lost.' Addison is displeased with the picture of Mimas about to hurl at Mars the Isle of Lemnos, hot with the home of Vulcan, just torn by the giant's hand out of the seething sea. This, in the eyes of that eminent critic, has more of the burlesque than of the sublime. But descriptions of equal enormity, of equal wildness of fancy, may surely be found in the pages of Homer and of Milton. The Greek portion of the poem sings of the achievements of Venus. Other Gods and Goddesses slew their thousands, but she her ten thousands. All her armour, offensive and defensive, lay in her loveliness, all her voice in the silent eloquence of her eyes. Before going into the battle she binds her hair with a tire, and paints her face like Jezebel for Jehu, in that particular manner described by Jonathan, the Chaldee Targumist, and loosens her delicate dress, displaying underneath the flowers of her rosy bosom. Her curls, says the poet, are her helmet, her breast her spear, her beauty her shield. No marvel is it that he who looks on her is overcome.

The short narrative poems, generally hexametrical, which are labelled Idyls, though not so called by their author, are full of interest, if sometimes deficient in poetry. Their subjects are sufficiently varied, but mostly connected with natural history. One on the brazen statues of two pious brothers at Catina, who on the eruption of Ætna saved their old parents upon their shoulders, describes in eloquent words what was apparently an eloquent work. Nor has the poet omitted to insert their names. In Birt's magnificent edition of Claudian, containing some 900 large quarto pages, they appear as Amphinomus and Anapus.

It

It is unfortunate, however, that they vary in different editions. It recalls Byron's

> 'Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
> In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
> Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose!'

The concluding sentiment which advises Sicily not to grieve for the burning of its houses, since without the burning so rare an example of piety could not well have been shown, savours of the 'Théodicée' of Leibnitz. But men are stiff-necked, and it is hard to persuade them in these matters. The backsliding inhabitants of ruined homes would probably have preferred that the piety of these excellent youths should have been shown in some private misfortune. Another so-called Idyl is loud in the praises of Aponus, a hot brine spring of much medicinal virtue near Padua. Another is occupied with the Magnet, an obscure stone, which makes a sweet meal on iron. The poet follows the philosophy of Thales in giving to the magnet a living soul. He tells a pleasant story of a certain temple, in which there was a statue of Mars made of iron, and one of Venus made of the magnetic stone. A priest presided over the marriage of the Deities. What cannot Love effect, asks Claudian, in conclusion, Love who compelled the Thunderer leaving heaven to bellow in the midst of the ocean, and now subdues the cold stone and fires the rigid steel? The Phœnix, the Porcupine, the Cramp-Fish, and the Nile are all honoured with a song. The well-known peculiarities of the Phœnix are recounted to his praise and glory. He is a bird of remarkable chastity, and no one ever saw him eating. His father's corpse is conveyed by this pious pullet in an egg of myrrh to Heliopolis. He alone is able to date the fall of Phaethon, for his arithmetical powers are, we are told by Ælian, far beyond those of the Egyptian priests. Had Claudian been a Christian, he had doubtless added the doctrine of St. Ambrose, that the Phœnix, the type of eternity, by his example teaches us to believe in a future existence. The compliment paid to the Porcupine is based upon his power of ejecting his quills in the faces of his foes. The Torpedo, or Cramp-Fish, is taken from Oppian. It is a piece of poetic extravagance, representing the consternation of the fisherman who has caught this fish, but is totally unable to land him from an electric shock. A similar story is told by Montaigne, and obtained a place in the original MS. of the 'Essay on Man.' The Nile, whose fountain was sought by Cæsar and Sesostris, according to Ovid hid his head in fear of the fires of Phaethon, and has never

never again revealed it. Claudian discusses the matter in a way which may interest the student of Physical Geography.

His Epistles are chiefly addressed to his friends, complaining, in the fashion of the time, of their silence. They will be referred to again. The praises of Hercules are generally allowed to be anonymous. The occasional pieces known as the Epigrams of Claudian alone remain for consideration. Those on the docility of Gallic mules, and the simple life of the old man of Verona, who never passed the boundaries of his own village, a poem praised by Gibbon and imitated by Cowley, are not epigrams in any sense. They are lengthy and without point. Yet the latter is, in the opinion of Mr. Mackail, among the jewels of Latin poetry. A drop of water on a lump of rock-crystal affected Claudian as Martial was affected by a bee, an ant, or a viper in amber. He wondered how it got there to such an extent that he composed no less than nine epigrams on the subject. Of these the whole acumen lies in the antitheses. Our admiration is aroused by repugnancies. Their meaning is easily perceived, but the aid of Œdipus must be asked to determine their point. An ingenious set of verses is that in which Jove is introduced expressing his admiration of the sphere of Archimedes. Four courtly epigrams are written in praise of Serena, the wife of Stilicho and the adopted daughter of Theodosius, who had sent on different occasions girths, bridles, and other trappings to her imperial brothers. The Epigrams, of which some fifty are attributed to him, though it is fairly certain that some of them are not his composition, are of various merit. Some seem scarcely worth preservation; others, again, are not inferior to those of Martial. Not the least amusing is that addressed to a certain Jacobus, Master of the Horse, perhaps a Christian, probably a coward, and certainly a drunkard. It seems he had been bold enough to abuse Claudian's verses:—

'O Jacob, Master of the Horse! by the cinders of St. Paul, by the church of the hoary Peter, do not pick my poems to pieces. So may St. Thomas serve your breast for a buckler, and St. Bartholomew conduct you to the battle! So may all the Saints' [Barthius prefers Judith] 'shut the Alps against the barbarians! so may St. Susanna give you her strength! So may the fierce foe crossing the icy Danube be drowned as the swift horses of Pharaoh! So may the avenging javelin smite the Gothic cohorts, and the noble Thecla protect the Roman hosts! So may the dying guest give you a mighty triumph, and emptied hogsheads conquer your own thirst! So may your right hand be never stained by the blood of the enemy, O Jacob, Master of the Horse, do not pick my poems to pieces!'

After

After this we may read, under the list of Epigrams attributed to Claudian, 'The Praise of Christ,' 'The Miracles of Christ,' 'The Paschal Song,' and others of a like nature, composed, as the rest of the epigrams, some in Greek, some in Latin. These sacred hymns are usually considered spurious, but there is nothing to prevent Claudian, although himself a professed pagan, from celebrating Christ. The poems are replete with pious sentiment. Allowing them not to have been written by Claudian, their intrinsic virtues merit our regard. If not the work of an able poet, they are certainly that of an ardent Christian. A little grain of Sabellianism in one of them is surely not sufficient to account for or to justify their almost universal neglect. One other epigram may be quoted, as it is supposed by Gibbon to have had a disastrous influence on the latter portion of the life of its author. He compares the opposite characters of two Prætorian prefects of Italy,—one the philosopher Mallius, the other the Pharian minister Hadrian. 'Mallius sleeps night and day; the unwinking Pharian devastates alike things sacred and profane. O peoples of Italy, ask of the Gods with all your prayers that the Pharian may sleep, and Mallius keep awake!' For this insult, according to the historian, Claudian, after the fall of his patron, suffered. Certainly in his first epistle the poet deprecates the prefect's wrath. He regrets the evil done to his neighbour; that is, he is nervously apprehensive of unpleasant results to himself. But, notwithstanding the mournful strains of this suppliant and humble recantation, there hangs about it an air of insincerity of extravagance, which recalls the apology of Horace to the witch Canidia. His lamentations are too full of learning to be real, and there is less of agony than of art in his varied imagery.

Of his other Epistles, that to Serena is the longest and most important. It is his letter of gratitude for his wife. It contains some elegant specimens of unctuous eulogy. He compares Serena to Juno; earth and sea are under the feet of the former, as the latter rules by her nod her household stars. It is Serena who commands the clouds and winds, and can assure him a happy voyage by the movement of her starry brow. Sad it is to read in Zosimus that this goddess was not long after strangled on suspicion of having betrayed Rome to Alaric! But while she was alive, the incense of praise went up in a thick cloud into her nostrils. Even her birth was the cause of remarkable changes in nature. Sheep, for instance, went about in red instead of white wool; Earth cast up gold, and Ocean jewels; where she crawled, roses and lilies bloomed, and, where she slept, violets sprang, images of the purple bed of empire. Such

Such praises remind the reader of Lucan, in his 'Pharsalia,' praying Nero to choose his place in heaven near the equator, at an equal distance from the two poles, lest his mighty weight should disturb the balance of the world. But this is doubtless an impudent allusion to the extreme corpulence of Nero, while there is no reason to suppose that Claudian wrote, except in good faith, of Serena. More in good faith probably than Young, who omitted from his works his Dedication of the Last Day to Queen Anne, in which she was represented soaring above the clouds, the first and second heaven, and the fixed stars, on her empyreal journey towards the heaven of heavens and everlasting bliss.

One, at least, of Claudian's panegyrics may be said to have been in a measure deserved,—that of Flavius Mallius Theodorus, equally distinguished as a profound philosopher and an upright judge. In an enumeration of the studies of Theodorus, he has given us a glimpse of his own. We have mention of all the most celebrated Greek *savants* with their different doctrines. Chief among them are Anaximenes, who held air to be the origin of all things; Empedocles, the founder of the *anima mundi* theory; Heraclitus, who rejected the judgment of the senses; and Metrodorus, who believed in an infinite space peopled by an infinity of worlds. Other subjects of Theodorus' study are the nature of colour, the moon's influence on the tides, and the several causes of rain-clouds, hail, snow, and comets. Yet under this heavy burden he never blenches, but is like the high top of Olympus, which in its loftiness leaves below it the winds and winters, and, undisturbed in its sacred everlasting serenity by any mist, soars higher than the storms, hears the rain-clouds crashing at its feet, and treads on the hoarse thunder. The reader will at once remember the parallel passage in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' written in honour of the village parson—

'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,' &c.

On the whole, this poem is perhaps the best of Claudian's Panegyrics. It has less flattery, it has fewer faults. A few are surely pardonable; for in such compositions, produced in haste and recited at once, there was no room for Horace's advised delay of nine years before publication.

In the marriage song of Honorius and Maria, the description of Venus' home in the island of Cyprus may have been the groundwork of Tasso's Garden of Armida. The description of the goddess herself reflected from every surface of her jewelled abode, of her image caught wherever she turns her eyes—

'similis

'similis tecto monstratur in omni,
Et rapitur quocumque videt'—

is thus burlesqued by M. Chapelain in the fifth book of his famous Pucelle:

'Agnes demeure seule, en sa chambre dorée,
Qui de brillans miroirs tout-autour est parée,
Et, de quelque costé qu'elle tourne les yeux,
Y voit l'objet de tous le plus délicieux!
En la plus haute part d'un visage céleste,
Les glaces luy font voir un front grand et modeste,' &c.

The pretty comparison of the bride and her mother to two roses of the same stalk, the one full-blown fed by the daylight and the dews of spring, the other a bud not yet admitting the sunshine between its folded leaves, is richer perhaps and more attractive than Voltaire's lines in 'La Henriade' upon the charms of the fair Gabrielle d'Estrée:

'Semblable en son printems à la rose nouvelle,
* * * *
Et s'ouvre aux doux rayons d'un jour pur et serein.'

The poem which, next to the 'Rape of Proserpine,' has been most frequently translated, chiefly perhaps owing to its magnificent diction and ostentation of supernatural machinery, is that against Rufinus. The poet has perhaps been a little unlucky in his English exponents, but they or their readers may be consoled by a reflection of Pope in the Postscript to his Odyssey, that an indifferent translation may be of some use, and that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism of the original. The opening passage of the abuse of this Gascon, as he is called by Claudian,—of this Rufinus, whose advance, like that of most statesmen, was rather the result of his address than of his virtue,—is especially remarkable. After a prefatory comparison of the subject of his poem with the serpent Python, in which he says the world was restored to delight by the destruction of Rufinus, as Parnassus by that of the poisonous snake, he complains—for he will not, as Gesner says, easily lose an opportunity of philosophizing—that he has often been agitated by a doubt whether there was any God at all, or whether all things were the result of blind chance. He is particularly struck by the different aspects of the physical and moral world. On contemplating the *fœdera mundi*,—the ordinances of heaven, as they are called by Job,—the earth self-balanced on her centre, he imagined all things regulated by a supreme design; but when on the other hand he found the affairs of men involved in such darkness, when he saw the wicked

wicked flourish and the pious cast into distress, then religion slipped away from him and fell; then he adopted the theory which makes all matters ruled by Fortune, and reduces the deities to a figure of speech, or supposes them non-existent, or, if existent, utterly careless of human affairs—he adopted, in short, the philosophy of the Epicureans. But at last the punishment of Rufinus settled his doubts, calmed his disquietude, and pronounced a final decree in favour of the Gods. His mind was made up as to the existence of a Providence by the fall of the foe of his patron Stilicho.

The felicity of the wicked has been considered a reproach to the Deity in most times and in most places. Diogenes, the cynic, used to quote the example of Harpalus, a happy robber of his time, a sort of ancient Jack Sheppard without his ultimate disaster, as the best evidence obtainable against the existence of a Divine Power. Cicero relates the case of one who despoiled Æsculapius of his golden beard in his own temple, and added a nipping taunt to the effect that it was inconvenient for the son to have a beard when the father was represented in every shrine without one, and yet this miscreant was not stricken by thunder, nor, in fact, suffered any mishap. Selius, according to Martial, proved by his prosperity the truth of his own atheism. But when Claudian goes on to say that Rufinus was exalted in order that his ruin might be the greater, he seems not to take into account the many miseries which, according to Claudian's own account, were caused to others by his elevation; and the position of the poet suggests the old question of the Stoic, whether it were not better to prevent Cinna's murders than to punish him for committing them.

The idea of the envy of the Fury Alecto at the universal peace perhaps suggested to Milton the chief incident in his Latin poem on 'Guy Fawkes' Day,' which he has not omitted to inform posterity was composed at the age of seventeen. In this poem, Summanus or Pluto is vexed like Alecto with the sight of peace and plenty, but especially of a people worshipping the true God, and assumes the disguise of an old man to approach his son the Pope, just as Megæra assumes this disguise to approach her pupil Rufinus, with the intention of disturbing the general tranquillity. Milton adds to his picture by making the old man a Cordelier of the Order of Franciscan Friars, 'bowing low a gray dissimulation,' like Satan in 'Paradise Regained.' 'Paradise Lost' appears also to be indebted to Claudian. After the initiatory address of Alecto, there is a murmur like the murmur of the sea after a tempest, which Milton has placed, a little

little amplified, after the address of Mammon in Pandemonium. And the speech of Beelzebub, at the same solemn council held in that high capital of Satan, which advises, since Heaven's high walls fear no assault, an attack upon Earth, cannot but recall the words of Megæra:

> 'Signa quidem, o sociæ, Divos attollere contra
> Nec fas est, nec posse reor: sed lædere mundum
> Si libet,' &c.

One of the pearls, which Claudian was wont to connect occasionally by a somewhat coarse string, may be found in the contrast of a simple country life with the glittering splendours of a rich house in town. Addison said that the poet's greatest beauties and his greatest faults were derived from one source, his love of antithesis. By this he was to be known. On the one hand, it drove him to those pretty contradictions, those Alexandrian subtleties which abound in his Epigrams, as in the Crystal. The appearance of water-drops in silica, though now common in every lapidary's shop-window, was at one time considered miraculous. A piece of quartz containing a single drop was the prized possession of a certain Benedictine convent. The good country people adored it with genuflection and with prayer; for, said the honest monks, we have here no less a matter than a tear shed by Christ, on the occasion of His weeping over Lazarus, afterwards caught by an attendant angel, enclosed in a crystal case, and presented to Mary Magdalene. Claudian rings the changes on his antithetic conceit of the water as a soft crystal, and of the crystal as a hard water, showing the mean thought, if not the sublime expression, which has been laid down as one of his leading characteristics. But, on the other hand, this same love of antithesis produced such beauties, both of expression and thought, as may be found in his contrast of town and country life.

'For you,' he says, addressing Rufinus, 'noxious luxury demands unsubstantial delicacies; for me, earth offers banquets unbought. You are surrounded with fleeces dyed in Tyrian grain, and embroidered robes rich with purple; I, with the shine of wild flowers and the living delights of the field, varied by Nature's hand. For you, rising pillows and glittering beds; for me, soft grass and careless slumber. Your morning salutation is the noisy cry of a crowd of visitors; mine, the song of birds and the murmur of the gliding stream. *Vivitur exiguo melius!*'

The conclusion of the second book is disgraced not only by what Gibbon calls a dissection, performed by the poet with the savage cruelty of an anatomist, but also by a sad exhibition, though

though probably true to nature, of posthumous female resentment. The virgin, the widow, the mother, individually and collectively, insult the dead body of Rufinus, trample on his torn flesh, and delight to stain their sandals in his blood.

Eutropius, who succeeded Rufinus as Arcadius' minister in the East, was the wretched cause of some of Claudian's most amusing verse. After declaring how Targibilus, the Gothic chieftain, had received no presents from Eutropius; how Bellona, in the form of the wife of Targibilus, goaded him into rebellion; and how after that exploit the Goddess sat like an ill-omened bird, foul with hooked beak, and wings darker than the darkness of hell, a feral object on an ancient tomb,—Claudian goes on to tell us that Eutropius would not perceive his danger, but behaved with the extreme stupidity of a ridiculous ostrich, which, shutting its eyes and hiding its head, supposes itself unseen by the pursuers whom it is unable to see. Then comes the wittiest part, perhaps, as wit is understood by the modern world, of all the poet's writings. The two chief ministers of the Eastern potentate are Leo and Hosius: the one originally a wool-stapler, the other a cook. To both these officers are attributed speeches full of puns on their respective professions. The fate of the wool-stapler is a sad one. This Ajax of Eutropius, represented as large in body but small in mind, a doughty tongue-warrior, and mighty brave against an absent foe, a man with an appetite equal to that of a Cyclops or the hungry Celæno, whence indeed he derives his name, hurries forward, as far as the bigness of his belly will allow him, in the direction of the battle-field, but meeting with an untoward mishap falls into a muddy ditch. While lying there on his face, a light wind rustles the leaves of a bush overhanging the hero. He believes the sound to be that of a dart, and dies incontinently from fright,—*valuit pro vulnere terror!* The end of Eutropius is uncertain, so far as the poem, which is unfinished, is concerned. But the student of Chrysostom will remember how that Christian Demosthenes improved the occasion of the fate of his quondam friend and patron by a homily, the extreme pathos of which, taking for its text the unstable condition of human affairs illustrated by the fall of Eutropius, melted his audience to tears. Eutropius, it seems, had desired, in the evil time of his avarice and ambition, to take away from the Church its right of affording asylum. But in his misfortune he fled thither, more timid than a frog or hare; he clung, says the Saint, to one of its pillars, and was fastened to it by his own fear as by a chain. And the Church, like a most loving mother, covered him all over with her sacred veil. When the subsequent exile and decapitation

of

of this once powerful prince are recalled, how forcible appear the opening words of the homily of the golden-mouthed preacher!

'Where now is that famous consular splendour? Where those glittering torches? Where the cheerings and dances and banquets and tapestries and crowns? Where now the huzzas of the people, the city's uproar? All are over and gone. A terrible storm has despoiled the tree of its leaves. Where are his false friends, his flatterers, his revels, his wines, his dainty meat? All they are as night and sleep that disappear with the dawn: flowers of spring, they have withered with their season, they have passed like a shadow and vanished like smoke, they have been broken as bubbles and as cobwebs have they been swept away!'

Many references to Britain may be found in Claudian. On one occasion Britannia herself is represented returning thanks to Stilicho for protection from her enemies. She appears with cheeks tattooed, and in a robe blue as the tide of Ocean sweeping behind her. She is moreover covered with a certain Caledonian monster,—a crux of the first magnitude in our poet, which none of the commentators can understand. It was Stilicho who protected her when the Scot roused all Hibernia against her, and Tethys foamed with hostile oarsmen. Owing to his care, she has ceased to fear the weapons of the Scot, she no longer trembles at the Pict, nor looks out from her shores for the coming of the Saxon with every wind. Two graphic lines describe Stilicho's victories. Distant husbandmen, says the poet, in future times shall declare how many rotting helms have leaped from the soil under the stroke of their ploughshare, how often their harrows have crashed against the huge bones of long-dead kings.

The religion of Claudian, like that of Apuleius, and of Ausonius, in whose case there seems no room for doubt, has been the subject of controversy. It is not perhaps very material. If a Christian externally, he followed the fashion of his time, and ingratiated himself with the Emperors and the priests. He was, like Ausonius, the poet-laureate, and it was not then considered injudicious to sing the praises of Christian rulers to a pagan lyre. But Augustine and Orosius, almost his contemporaries, were sagacious enough to perceive the truth; the former calls Claudian very far from the name of Christ, the latter terms him an excellent poet, but an out-and-out Pagan. He was probably indifferent to religions. To prove his Christianity by the pious Greek poems which are protected under the shadow of his name, is to imitate the cosmogony of the Indians, and support the elephant who supports the world by a tortoise. That he was not an ardent Pagan is plain from many passages in his works,

works, more especially from that in the Panegyric on the Fourth Consulate of Honorius, where the whole heathen Pantheon is introduced, exulting at the birth of one whose rule inflicted the most fatal wounds on the ancient faith.

Claudian shows great familiarity with Virgil, Ovid, Statius, and other Latin poets. With the scholarly traditions and erudition of the Alexandrian schools, he inherits something of the hardness of their manner. The fiery particle of inspiration is chilled by the severity of execution; the flowers of his fancy or his learning are bleached by the colourless treatment. Florid in his choice, he is yet frigid in his handling, of ornament. There is no sensitiveness to nature in his most glowing description. Even his 'Rape of Proserpine' has the artificiality of purely literary work. But his worst faults are perhaps chiefly those of his time, or spring from his struggle to keep alive modes of thought and expression which were already obsolete. His Panegyrics, which compose so large a portion of his works, are but rhetorical declamations in verse. They are formally divided into heads like a sermon or a lecture. Evidently at ease himself, he does not excite others. Perhaps the author estimated them at their true worth, and held them in the same contempt as Dryden his Delilahs of the stage. They are read with indifference, except when they are despised for their grossness. But the refinements of praise of the Augustan poets were not suited to the diseased appetites of the 'purple born.' Every poet vied with his fellows in leaving at the greatest distance behind him the bounds of truth. The exaggeration of to-day became the commonplace of the morrow. Herein may be found the excuse of what, if literally interpreted, would alike show the impudence of the praiser and of the subjects of his praise. Claudian's pictures are frequently wanting in perspective. Every figure, as on a Chinese jar, is equally glaring. In him, as perhaps in Milton, there is too great a display of learning, mythological, historical, and especially geographical. But his sense is generally clear, and easily detected without the aid of grammarians.

Among his beauties are to be enumerated a delicacy of thought and a luxuriancy of description dependent on that fertile imagination which distinguished most of the *beaux esprits* of Egypt. His avoidance of monotony in his official laudations is a negative merit of no small value. His talent added that in which his subject was wanting. As Julius Scaliger said, he supplements the low nature of his argument by his exalted genius, and makes up for the deficiency in his matter by the *foison* of his invention. The praise of Gibbon is but an amplification

amplification of that of the older critic: 'He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics.' It has been said that Claudian is read with much greater pleasure in extracts than continuously, and that our nobler energies are never awakened by him. The latter of these objections may be left unanswered till it be expressed in more precise language; the former is true, especially of those poems in which his genius was trammelled by his subject, but it applies to more poets than Claudian. Dr. Johnson would doubtless have said the same of the divine Milton. Like Cowley and the metaphysical school, he rather gratifies our intellect than our heart; he pleases our imagination without interesting our sympathies. Like a winter sun, he illumines but seldom warms. Yet Claudian is a striking figure in Latin literature. Mr. Mackail, in a work—and we use the words deliberately—of genius, has well described the position of 'the posthumous child of the classical world,' standing at the parting of the ways, in the dying light of Paganism. The two contemporaries, Prudentius, the first Christian poet, and Claudian, the last of the classics, are 'like the figures which were fabled to stand, regarding the rising and setting sun, by the Atlantic gates where the Mediterranean opened into the unknown Western seas.'

ART. VIII.—1. *Sir Robert Sandeman; a Memoir.* By T. H. Thornton. London, 1895.
2. *Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life.* By F. St. J. Gore. London, 1895.
3. *The Heart of a Continent.* By F. E. Younghusband. London, 1896.
4. *Correspondence relating to Chitral.* London, 1895, 1896.

THE three books which we have placed at the head of this article, present distinct aspects of the North-West frontier of India. In the first, we are concerned with politics and frontier administration; in the second Mr. Gore describes some phases of hill-life from the standpoint of a holiday traveller; the third records the hard work and stern experiences of a daring explorer.

The intimate connexion of India with Central Asian politics, as we understand the phrase to-day, dates from the closing years of the last century. A hundred years ago the dread of invasion cast a heavy shadow over the dominions of the East India Company. Shah Zeman, who had lately succeeded to the Afghan throne, confronted by the rivalry of his brothers, the disaffection of his subjects and an empty treasury, threatened to cure his ills by following in the footsteps of his famous grandfather, Ahmed Shah, and leading his people to sack once more the rich cities of Hindustan. The French Directory was coquetting with Citizen Tippoo; and Bonaparte was hoping to find in the conquest of Egypt and Syria the first step in his career as the modern Alexander. An alliance with the Shah of Persia was deemed to be the best answer to the twofold menace; for the Afghans dared not move on India if threatened by a Persian army on the west; and, on the other hand, it was an article of faith that the road from Europe to India lay through Persia. Accordingly Lord Wellesley dispatched Captain Malcolm on a diplomatic mission to Teheran in 1800. Before, however, our envoy could reach the Persian capital, circumstances had compelled Shah Zeman to abandon his attempt on India, and he passes away from the page of history; for the blind pensioner of Loodiana can hardly be identified with the monarch once so dreaded by Lord Wellesley's Government.

The ghost of French invasion was not so quickly laid; and, in spite of the gold showered on the Shah's court by Malcolm and the stringent (to use the mildest word) treaty against the French, which he concluded with that ruler, France and England were, for some years to come, assiduous rivals for the good graces of Persia. Napoleon sent an envoy to Teheran in

in 1805; and at a later date he meditated posting his brother Lucien as ambassador at that city. Whether the story is true or not that the two Emperors seriously discussed, on the raft in the Niemen, the invasion of India, Napoleon did not abandon for some time his dream of Oriental conquest. When he fell, the bugbear of a French invasion of India vanished; but, with the power of Russia for aggression against Persia daily increasing, there was still work for our diplomatists at Teheran. The war between Russia and Persia, which was terminated in 1828 by the peace of Turkmanchai, left the latter country prostrate at the feet of her powerful neighbour; and English statesmen, recognising that Persia, whether from choice or duress, would no longer turn a deaf ear to the addresses of Russia, sought to counteract the influence in Central Asia of their rival by entering into relations with the Ruler of Afghanistan.

This change in the trend of our Central Asian diplomacy was attributed by the late Sir H. Rawlinson to the influence of Alexander Burnes. That officer on his first visit to Kabul in 1832 formed a high opinion of the capacity and power of Dost Mahomed, then firmly seated on the throne. The Whig Government of the day agreed with Burnes; and, in one of the first dispatches received by Lord Auckland after his arrival in India (1836), the Cabinet impressed upon him that the time was ripe for interference in Afghan affairs, 'either to prevent the extension of Persian dominion in that quarter, or to raise a timely barrier against the impending encroachments of Russian influence.' Our interest in Afghanistan was here, we believe, suggested in a State paper for the first time. Since then the establishment of a strong and friendly Afghanistan has been the dominant note of our frontier policy; although, it must be confessed, we have sometimes taken pains to 'dissemble our love.'

The work done in Biluchistan during the past twenty years has been a corollary of this policy. The conquest of Sind and the Punjab bequeathed to us ill-defined and haphazard boundaries on the west. A belt of country with no settled government, the petty chiefs of which could blow hot or cold as they listed, divided us from Afghanistan. It was neither strong enough nor compact enough to make an efficient buffer; it was occupied by lawless tribes who were constantly at feud with our subjects; and their readiness to appeal to Kabul against our Government was an ever-present source of danger. For these and other reasons it was certain that sooner or later Biluchistan must pass under our control. The Mutiny and

and Sir John Lawrence's 'close border' system gave the ruling chiefs a little more rope than they would otherwise have had; but at last the prevailing anarchy and misgovernment compelled us to take strong measures. Fortunately there was at the time on the Punjab frontier a man with an intimate knowledge of local matters, with a perfect fearlessness of responsibility, and with a shrewdness that led him to see the weak points of a system, under which our officers were absolutely forbidden to cross the frontier and improve their acquaintance with the people beyond.

The man was Robert Sandeman, a memoir of whom by a fellow-worker in the Punjab, Mr. T. H. Thornton, has been recently published. It has been said that very possibly Sandeman's name in the future history of the frontier will be written in larger letters than that of any other officer save John Lawrence. His career is probably familiar to few, and we make no apology for giving here a rapid sketch of his work and character.

Robert Groves Sandeman was born at Perth in 1835, the son of a military officer in the East India Company's service. Robert himself set his heart so strongly upon a soldier's life, that his father wisely decided not to force him into the counting-house for which he had been intended. At the age of twenty he sailed for India to take up an appointment in the Company's army; and, after a few months' drill with an English corps, he was posted to his father's regiment, the 33rd Bengal Native Infantry. He had hardly joined, when the storm-cloud of the Mutiny burst. His father was one of the old school of regimental officers, who possessed the steadfast faith in the loyalty of his men which cost so many of that school their lives; and he had by his personal influence kept the regiment true to their salt. It was with an aching heart that he received the order to disarm from General Nicholson, who passed through Phillour, where the 33rd were stationed, on his march to Delhi; indeed, it is said that the old Sepoy officer had it in his mind to resist, and was only restrained by the more prudent counsel of his son. Thenceforth the paths in public life of father and son lay asunder. Sandeman the younger saw service before Delhi, and was present at the capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell and in the subsequent operations in Oude. He fought also in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, and did good service in command of a body of tribal levies. His career as a soldier here ended; but the real turning-point in his life's history came on his appointment, three years later, to the post of Deputy-Commissioner of Dera Ghazi Khan.

The Dera Ghazi Khan district occupies the south-western

extremity of the Punjab. It marches with Sind on the south, while along the whole length of the western border lie hills occupied by Biluch and Pathan tribes. For over a hundred years the Ruler of Khelat had been, in theory, the paramount power from the Punjab frontier to the borders of Persia; but the extent to which he could control the more distant tribes—at the best of times unruly subjects—had always depended on the individual capacity of the Khan for the time being.

It chanced that when Sandeman entered on his new office, the authority of Mir Khodadad Khan, the ruling chief, carried but a few miles beyond his palace walls; and, though nominally subordinate, the stronger Biluch chiefs paid no attention to his orders. The relations of the Government of India with Khelat were conducted by the Commissioner in Sind under the orders of the Bombay Government, who, trusting to a theory, shut their eyes to the actual state of affairs, and acted as if the Khan of Khelat was a powerful despot. It followed that when, as frequently happened, the border tribes raided villages or lifted cattle within our territory, the Khan was called upon to restrain his subjects, who heeded him as little as Rob Roy Macgregor and his followers heeded George I. At last some glimmering of the truth penetrated the minds of the Sind officials. In 1867, on Sandeman pressing a claim against the Khan for compensation on account of a raid on certain Punjab villages, he was told that the Khan, although the marauders were his subjects, could exercise no control over them, and that, as a matter of fact, he suffered more than the British Government from their lawlessness. Sandeman was quick to see that the Sind authorities had given away their case; and he proceeded to open up direct communication with the offenders. Those who are fond of tracing important events to trivial causes may find, in the sequel to this Harrand-Dajil raid, the seed from which the whole of our policy on this part of the frontier has sprung. Not only was the principle of fixing responsibility directly upon the tribes for the first time adopted in practice, but the terms, which Sandeman made, included an engagement that service should be given to a small body of Biluch horsemen, while the chiefs promised to return to keep open the roads leading from the Punjab into the hills. Here is the germ of the system of tribal service, which in later days formed the head and front of Sandeman's policy for dealing with border clans.

'For financial rules and official regulations generally, he had no predilection,' dryly observes Sir Alfred Lyall, in his estimate of Sandeman's character quoted by Mr. Thornton. It is therefore no matter for surprise that Sandeman, by way of improving his relations

relations with his neighbours, set at nought strict standing orders, and crossing the frontier under the escort of friendly chiefs spent about three weeks in the interior of the hills. He was, in fact, as fond as Lord Palmerston of trying to make the game off his own bat; and nothing contributed more to his ultimate success than this self-reliance, coupled with a sagacity which never allowed him to fail. Events justified his irregularities; and more than one proof of this will be found in Mr. Thornton's book. The result of his little tour was encouraging; and for the next few years he was constantly working with one aim—to make friends among the Biluchis across the border. His policy (still in defiance of the 'close-border' system) brought him into personal touch with the tribes; whilst Sir W. Merewether, the Commissioner in Sind, kept up the old farce of attempting to fix responsibility on the Khan. It was thus inevitable that the two men should be brought into conflict. When the struggle came, it ended in a victory all along the line for the younger man; and Sir W. Merewether was relieved of his duties in regard to Khelat affairs.

In 1875 the intestine troubles in Khelat reached an acute stage. Two years before, the British Resident had been withdrawn from the Khan's Court on the ground that his life was in jeopardy; outrages had become common on the caravan routes between Sind and Kandahar; it was useless to demand satisfaction from the Khan; while the tribes along the Sind and Punjab frontier were clearly infected with the spirit of unrest, and threatened to get out of hand. Sind recommended the trite measure of a punitive expedition; but Sandeman, who had no difficulty in showing that the remedy of force had never left any lasting effect, advised that conciliation should be tried. The Government of India fell in with his views, and he was sent on a mission across the border with orders to settle, if possible, the local feuds which were threatening the peace of the land, and to enquire what could be done to re-open the old trade-route to Afghanistan by the Bolan Pass. These directions he had no difficulty in construing as a permission to go up the Pass and pay a visit to the Khan himself at Khelat. So one fine November morning he started on his way, escorted by a ragged crew of Biluch horsemen over a thousand strong, and rejoicing in the latitude which his orders allowed him. He had not gone far, before Sir W. Merewether, under whom Sandeman had been placed *ad hoc*, harassed with doubts of his subordinate's discretion, began firing off a series of dispatches, first enjoining caution on him, then restricting his advance, and finally, on the ground that a revolution was imminent, recalling him in express

express terms. A timid man would have returned; a cautious man would have held his ground and referred the question to Calcutta; but Sandeman gravely replied, that 'fortunately all danger of revolution had passed away, and that he was engaged in carrying out the orders of the Government of India.' And with, we have no doubt, a merry twinkle in his eye, away he marched to the place which had been his goal for years and with which his name is for ever connected—Quetta.

We need not dwell upon the incidents of the first mission, all important as it was to Sandeman's future. The Khan was perfectly frank and courteous to the British officer; but, mistrusting his authority and dreading to give offence to Sind, he declined to place himself unreservedly in Sandeman's hands. 'I have,' said the Khan, 'an office filled with letters advising me to pursue the policy I am engaged on'—a policy of unmitigated hostility to the tribal chiefs—'but if the British Government, after hearing my representations, give me directions to change this policy, I will do so.' This was unanswerable: and Sandeman, seeing that it was useless to remain, began to retrace his steps to the Punjab. He had, however, scored one important point in the game: for he had found out that the Khan and the chiefs alike would welcome the mediation of a British officer; and, when he arrived at the foot of the Bolan Pass, he was gratified to learn that the direction of Khelat affairs had been made over to his immediate chief in the Punjab, Colonel Munro, who was in full accord with his policy.

Lord Northbrook at once recognised that the partial failure of the mission was in no wise to be laid at the door of the officer conducting it; and he decided to make another attempt to bring the Khan and his Sirdars to their bearings. Within a few weeks of his return Sandeman found himself again on the road to Khelat, the bearer of a letter from the Viceroy exhorting the Khan 'to co-operate sincerely and heartily with Major Sandeman in the adjustment of all existing differences, whether in respect to your relations with my Government, or in respect to the chieftains and tribes of Biluchistan.' The writing of this letter was one of the last acts of Lord Northbrook as Viceroy of India, and the ink was hardly dry upon the paper before he handed over the reins of government to his successor, Lord Lytton.

Sandeman from the outset met with serious difficulties. He did not leave Jacobabad till April, a season far too late in the year to march through a region which ranks among the half-dozen hottest on the globe; he was hampered by a large number of caravans, which took advantage of his escort in threading the dangerous

dangerous defiles of the Bolan; and he had hardly entered the pass before cholera appeared in his own camp and among the motley crowd of followers. Worst of all, no word of sympathy from head-quarters reached him for nearly three months after he had set out. Sandeman's nature was like that of a horse of high mettle, who will strain his utmost for one kind word, but who, on the slightest blow, will take the bit between his teeth and go his own way. The prolonged silence of Lord Lytton weighed heavily on his spirits; and we find it difficult to accept Mr. Thornton's apologies for it. The new Viceroy had landed in India about the time that the mission started for Khelat; but, although the importance of supporting Sandeman was urged upon him, it was only on hearing that the success of the mission was assured, that he permitted a message to be sent to the officer to whose perseverance and skill alone the success was due. Sandeman indeed triumphed over all obstacles; arranged for the safety in future of the Bolan Pass, and settled in arbitration the long-standing and bitter quarrels between the Khan and his chiefs. He dealt with the latter part of his task on the same lines as throughout his career he settled tribal differences. In no part of his work was he more successful, and it is interesting to note that he had mastered thus early the true principles on which to act. He appointed a council of arbitration consisting of three nominees of the Khan and three nominees of the chiefs; his own native head-clerk acted as a sort of Secretary, and he himself occupied the position of final referee. Thus (we quote from a dispatch of the Government of India):—

'With great judgment he threw on a body of arbitrators, nominated by the two parties, the difficult and invidious task of deciding between their rival claims; skilfully reserving for himself the advantageous position of an impartial adviser to both parties in the dispute rather than that of judge. He brought his influence to bear with excellent effect on the wild tribesmen who seem to have followed his advice with unlimited trust; he calmed their apprehensions; he judiciously upheld the position of the Khan; and thus by dint of impartial honesty of purpose, by well-directed sympathy and unfailing patience, he persuaded both the Khan and the Sirdars to meet each other half-way in a rational and amicable spirit.' ('Robert Sandeman: a Memoir,' p. 82.)

On receiving Sandeman's report, Lord Lytton's Government decided to exercise a more active interference in Biluch affairs. As a first step the Khan was invited to meet the Viceroy at Jacobabad in order to execute a fresh treaty, and thence to proceed to the Imperial assemblage which was held at Delhi on New

New Year's Day of 1877. A short quotation will illustrate the striking change of temper which had come over the Khan:—

'The Khan was charmed with all he saw, the railway, the troops, the trains of elephants, the brilliant camps scattered far and wide over the plains of Delhi, but what gave him most delight were the heraldic banners which, under mediæval inspiration, Lord Lytton had distributed to the assembled feudatories. His Highness enquired why no banner had been vouchsafed to him, and on its being explained that the banners were a sign of vassalage, while he, the Khan, was not a vassal, but an ally—"Give me a banner," said the Khan, "and I will be your vassal."' (P. 94.)

The Treaty of Jacobabad provided that the Political Agency at the court of the Khan should be revived; and Sandeman was, as a matter of course, appointed to the post with the title of Agent to the Governor-General for Biluchistan, and with an enlarged scope of duty. The head-quarters of the agency were at the same time transferred from Khelat to Quetta.

Sandeman now ceased to be a servant of the Punjab Government, and was enrolled in the Political Department, which acts under the direct orders of the Viceroy, conveyed through the Foreign Secretary. In spite of the abuse heaped upon it by that eccentric old hero, Sir Charles Napier, and since his time by military men of less mark, there is no branch of the Indian Services which can show a more brilliant roll of names than the Political Department. A service indeed in which Mountstuart Elphinstone, Charles Metcalfe, Henry Lawrence, and James Outram did their best work, can afford to laugh at its detractors. It was originally formed to carry out diplomatic relations with the Native Courts of India; but, possessing a remarkable degree of elasticity, its sphere has been constantly enlarged until there is little in Indian administration which a political officer may not be called upon to perform. In India proper (to use a convenient phrase) his chief duty is to be a channel of communication between the Government of India and the Native princes, to tender advice which may not be disregarded, to bring moral influence to bear in the interests of justice and good government, and not seldom to become the *de facto* ruler of a misgoverned State. He may also be employed in the more routine work of civil administration; or judicial functions may be assigned to him. Again the duty of manning the watch-towers on and beyond our frontiers is discharged by political officers; and from Leh, Gilgit, Bushire, Meshed, Baghdad, and elsewhere, they keep untiring watch on the fitful sea of Asiatic politics. From these isolated outposts they forward

forward reports, which contain information skilfully collected from newswriters, travellers and others, and without which we should know little of what is passing in Chinese Turkestan, in the Czar's Asiatic dominions, or in parts of Persia. Work of almost every kind in the above catalogue fell to Sandeman in his new post. In addition he had to solve the difficulty of keeping in hand the wild and often fanatical tribes within the limits of his charge; he had to introduce law and order among people who knew them not; and before long it became part of his daily task to advise about railways, roads, forestry, and the various questions which affect the well-being of a country.

At the outset he had an anxious task. Lord Lytton, when once he had found out the sterling qualities of his subordinate, was his staunch supporter. But in certain political circles in England the occupation of Quetta was vigorously opposed; and, until the inestimable value of the position was proved by the Afghan war, it was at any moment possible that the order for withdrawal might be given, and that Sandeman's labours would never ripen into fruit. Nearly two years passed before the war with Amir Shere Ali Khan broke out; and this time was spent by Sandeman in cementing our friendship with the Ruler of Khelat, and in knitting more closely our relations with the tribes. An extract from an official letter written about this time by Sandeman, and describing the visit of a Native chief to his camp, is a pregnant witness of his work amongst the once-dreaded tribe of Murrees:—

'On rising to go away he (the Murree chief) said, "Our enemies said the Murree tribe would only behave well at the point of the sword. We all know, Sahib, you have saved us from destruction. You will see now that we will obey you equally well with the other Baluch clans who are subject to the British Government." The fact is, that the Murrees are finding out that peace pays, and that the British Government respects their rights.' (P. 118.)

Such a result as this was only gained by incessant work. At this time Sandeman lived in tents, constantly exposed to extremes of heat and cold, for a term of two years. Wherever his presence was required he went. He was so continually on the move that he gained the character of being ubiquitous; and he became personally known to most of the important chiefs in Biluchistan. And camp-life in Biluchistan in those days meant roughing it, and differed vastly from cold weather tours of officials in more settled parts of India, when every comfort is found to make the life one of the most pleasant forms of existence.

existence. Sandeman's labours during this critical period enabled him, at the time when war was approaching, to render services which are well summed up by Mr. Thornton :—

'He kept the Government of India supplied with reliable information regarding affairs in Southern Afghanistan; he succeeded in detaching the Pathan tribes immediately north of Quetta from the side of the Afghan Ruler; he opened friendly communications with parties in Kandahar; and lastly he succeeded in doing what once seemed almost hopeless, but was of vital importance at the time, in thoroughly convincing the Khelat chief that it was best for his interests to remain loyal to the British Government.' (P. 118.)

War was declared against the Amir Shere Ali Khan on the 21st November, 1878; and it became the duty of Sandeman to arrange for the passage through the Bolan Pass and up to the Khojak Range,—a distance, roughly speaking, of 160 miles of difficult country,—of the troops which, under the command of General Biddulph and General Donald Stewart, were to invade Afghanistan from the South. The army of the Indus had taken the same route in 1839. On that occasion General Cotton's force was for days in actual peril of starvation; 20,000 baggage animals, it was computed, perished between Ferozepore and Kandahar; and Sir W. Macnaghten wrote of their passage through the country :—

'There never was such treatment inflicted upon human beings as we have been subject to on our progress through the Khan's country. . . . All the villages in the Khan of Khelat's territory were deserted at our approach, and not a soul came near us except with the view of plundering or murdering our followers.'

Readers of that delightful book 'From Cadet to Colonel,' will remember the even more pitiable account of the march given by General Seaton. Forty years later, the position which Sandeman had built up in Quetta, his cordial relations with the people, his untiring energy and unfailing resource, made such hardships impossible and the advance of our army comparatively easy.

The first phase of the war was a short one. Fortunately for us, Shere Ali Khan died a fugitive at Mazar-i-Sharif; and an article of the treaty, which acknowledged Sirdar Yakub Khan as his successor, stipulated that the outlying districts of Pishin and Sibi should be made over to the British Government. For years past the rulers of Afghanistan had exercised no effective control in these districts; at the same time they are of high importance to us from both an administrative and a strategical point of view; and it seems now hard to believe, looking at their

their history and position, that anyone should have been found to advocate their restoration to the Amir. Yet they would certainly have been given up, had not Sandeman, when on furlough a year or two later, fought tooth and nail for their retention in our hands.

The treaty of Gandamak was signed on the 26th of May, 1879, and Sir Robert Sandeman (he received the title of K.C.S.I. about this time), whose health had been much tried by exposure and work, began to turn his eyes to England. But, before he could be spared from India, he had to arrange for the withdrawal of our troops from Kandahar. While he was thus engaged, India was shocked by the news of the murder of the gallant Cavagnari at Kabul. It seemed like the cry of old, 'Peace, peace, when there was no peace.' Leave was of course out of the question; Sir Robert had to prepare the way for the troops dispatched from Bombay under General Primrose to relieve Stewart at Kandahar; all his energy was needed to protect and feed the working parties on the railway, which was now commenced in the Harnai Valley; and his anxieties were increased by the preaching of fanatical priests in the Pathan country to the north and east of Quetta, who were stirring their restless disciples to open revolt. It was clear that a dangerous spirit was abroad when a turbulent headman, after murdering a British officer, wrote to Sandeman: 'We have killed Showers; if you are afraid, go back; if not, come on and we will kill you.' Sir Robert hastily collected a few troops and put his challenger to flight; but the latter was within an ace of making his boast good, for at a slight skirmish which took place, a bullet passed through Sandeman's helmet. This little fight cleared the air; the other tribes behaved well; things were quiet at Kandahar, when there arose out of the west a little cloud like a man's hand. For some months it had been rumoured that Sirdar Ayub Khan intended to march against Kandahar. Little faith was at first placed in these reports; but in June, 1880, definite news came that he had started from Herat. Sandeman, who was better served in the way of intelligence, took a more correct view of the situation than those in Kandahar itself, and, though he was not in a position to exercise any direct authority, he seems to have warned the Government of India of the untrustworthy character of the troops of the Wali of Kandahar. The disaster of Maiwand followed; and it was largely due to the conduct of these same troops, who were sent out to the Helmund to oppose Sirdar Ayub Khan, but who at once mutinied and went over to the enemy. When the news of General Burrows's defeat reached Quetta,

Quetta, Sir Robert quickly grasped the situation and telegraphed to the Viceroy, recommending that the troops protecting the railway and the country to the east should be withdrawn and concentrated on the line of advance to Kandahar. Doubtless it was with a sore heart that he sacrificed two pet projects; but the soreness must have been relieved by the receipt of a sympathetic message from Lord Ripon telling him that his telegram had been read out with 'universal applause' in the Council room at Simla.

In this hour of trial the Khan of Khelat, though summoned by Ayub Khan in the name of their common religion, remained true to our cause. 'My head and my all,' he telegraphed, 'belong to the British. I shall never draw back.' And he kept his word. A ripple of excitement passed over the more restless tribes; but in only one instance was there any actual outbreak. Although of so recent birth, Sandeman's influence with Khan and Sirdar bore the strain put upon it. With the defeat of Ayub Khan before Kandahar by General Roberts, all danger passed away; and, on the evacuation of that place (a measure which he advocated), Sandeman was at length able to take the rest he had long needed. As he was leaving for England, the Khan of Khelat wrote him a letter which, did space admit, well deserves quotation, owing to its evident sincerity of feeling and quaint expression. It is sad to think that this 'sincere friend, who is ever with you like a second kernel in one almond,' relapsed, shortly after Sir Robert's death, into his old habits, and was deposed for an act of savage cruelty.

From this point to his death, Sandeman's career may, for the purposes of this review, be dismissed in a few lines. The work done in the closing years of his life was not more easy and hardly less important than that which he had already performed, nor did it demand less energy and ability. It was work of consolidation, of arranging for the administration of the country, and stretching the long arm of British influence over the extensive region lying between the Suleiman Range and the borders of Persia. The effect of all this we shall endeavour to show; but the details are not attractive to the general reader, and cannot be made clear without reciting a catalogue of those uncouth names which seem to exercise a Mesopotamian fascination over Mr. Thornton. Those who wish to learn the steps by which Sandeman introduced British rule into the Assigned Districts, and drew the thin red line of British Empire round the large tract of country just named, will find the whole set out fully in the Memoir. The labour involved was immense, and the difficulties would have stopped a weaker man.

man. His work in Mekran and Panjgur in the south, the pacification of the Zhob Valley and the opening for traffic of the Gomal Pass in the north, may well be ranked among the most brilliant achievements of Sandeman's career.

Robert Sandeman died, as he had lived, in harness. Exposure on one of his tours in the early days of 1892 gave him a chill; influenza set in, and in a few days the strong man was gone. He died surrounded by the Chiefs and Sirdars who loved him so well, and he lies buried near the little town of Lus Beyla, the place where death overtook him. His old friend the Khan of Khelat strongly resented this. 'The remains of Sir Robert Sandeman,' he wrote, 'should be buried either in his native home in England or in my dominions; and, if the Lus Beyla Chief objects, I am prepared to send an army and forcibly convey the body from his territory to Quetta.' Surely since the days when Nicholson used to flog the Fakirs for worshipping him, no more striking instance can be found of the influence exercised by an honest, high-spirited British officer over the minds of a wild and turbulent people.

Time alone can allow a full estimate to be formed of Sandeman's work; for its results belong to the future rather than to the past. The service which he rendered to the State during the Afghan war, invaluable as it was at the time, was temporary in its effect. When, however, we consider the anarchy which prevailed in Biluchistan for twenty years before the date of his first mission, the peaceful territory over which he ruled during the last years of his life is a splendid tribute to his memory. At the time when he first appeared on the scene of Biluch politics, the Khan of Khelat was a prisoner in his own palace at the hands of his rebellious subjects; his Sirdars were constantly at one another's throats; the trade routes of centuries were unsafe and almost unused; every man's hand was against his neighbour's; and cultivation, excepting so far as necessary to support life, was at an end. To-day order has supplanted anarchy; appeal as between Khan and Sirdar is no longer to the sword, but to the British Government; intertribal disputes are submitted to the same arbitrament; on the site of the old town of Quetta, which was described not so very long ago as 'a most miserable mud town with a small castle on a mound, on which there is one small gun on a rickety carriage,' there stand a large military cantonment and a flourishing bazaar; the Biluch have beaten their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; the fruits of the earth are raised wherever the inhospitable nature of the soil will permit; and the

the caravans from Afghanistan and beyond plod safely through the passes as of old.

From the wider standpoint of Imperial considerations, we find that, on the weakest and most pregnable part of the frontier of India, a disordered land peopled by hostile tribes has been replaced by a territory administered by our own officers or by Native rulers at peace with us and under our control. The whole region which is bounded on the east by the Indus and on the west by Afghanistan and Persia, has been thoroughly explored; and British influence is now supreme throughout this tract of country, which, be it remembered, lies on the flank of the most probable line of invasion. Military roads have been constructed for hundreds of miles; the railway has been carried from India to and through the mountain range which separates us from Afghanistan; the massing of troops on this part of the frontier has been made comparatively easy; and the chief military post has been moved from the deadly heats of Jacobabad to the more genial climate of Quetta. We have been brought into touch with the southern and less fanatical districts of the Afghan kingdom; the Government of India is kept informed of what passes beyond the frontier, and friendly relations are cultivated between our officers and Kandahar officials. All this is a grand work to have been carried out by one man in a few short years, and, at times, in the teeth of much opposition. Its true value can perhaps be best appreciated by military critics; but a civilian writer may be permitted to see in British Biluchistan and its dependent territory an outwork to our Indian Empire, strongly built, and, if further strengthened on the lines projected by Sandeman, capable of resisting any strain to which it is likely to be subjected. The change has been almost as one wrought by the wand of a magician; but, as Mr. Thornton remarks, 'it was mainly the work of one persevering, cheery, and intelligent Scotchman with plenty of go, no fear of responsibility, and a warm sympathy for his fellow-creatures.' His victory was a victory of peace; hardly a life was lost in bringing this extensive country under our rule; our position is the fruit of a policy which its author delighted in describing as one of 'goodwill towards men.'

We have written to little purpose if we have not made it clear in the foregoing sketch that Sandeman was emphatically a 'man of action.' Some years ago, Lord Dalling wrote of men of this class:—

'Such men usually pursue some fixed plan or predominant idea with stern caution and indomitable perseverance, adapting their means

means to their end, but always keeping their end clearly in view, and never, in the pursuit of it, overstepping that line by which difficulties are separated from impossibilities.' *

These few words sum up with singular completeness that side of Sandeman's character with which we are at present concerned. At almost the outset of his career on the frontier we find him pointing his finger to Quetta on the map with the remark: 'That is where we ought to be, and that is where I hope to be some day.' And whoever cares to go to Mr. Thornton's Memoir, in order to fill in the outlines here roughly sketched, will find that this 'fixed plan' was Sandeman's single object in life, and was pursued to success with the 'stern caution and indomitable perseverance' of the above quotation. In his capacity for dealing with Native tribes, he was, perhaps, never excelled. His profound knowledge of the intricate network of tribal affairs, and his shrewdness in gauging individual character, led him with a directness, which appeared an instinct, to the heart of a dispute, and to the grounds for the proper decision. He never forgot to reward liberally those who did loyal service, or to punish severely those who offended. Hence he was regarded as the 'incarnation of Justice'; and no quality could have served him better in obtaining a hold over the headstrong, untamed people with whom he had to deal. Sandeman, in a word, saw that beneath their rugged exterior there lay human hearts and human sympathies. Thus he writes to his wife:—

'To be successful on this frontier a man has to deal with the hearts and minds of the people, and not only with their fears. I have had a hard life, but a happy one in the feeling that I have helped men to lead a quiet and peaceful life in this glorious world of ours.'

In sharp contrast to this, we may give an extract from a letter which lies before us, written by an old Punjab officer, and describing the frontier in the early fifties:—

'Our policy was one of coercion pure and simple; all outside our border, and many within, were to us as thieves and robbers; our outposts brought us in "heads" to show they had been on the alert. I have seen them rolled out of kummerbunds (waist cloths) on the ground by Sowars.'

For similar reasons Sandeman was always well served by his subordinates. No trouble was too great to take for those who were true to him—as witness his travelling 3,000 miles from Bombay to Calcutta and back, and giving up a week of his

* 'Historical Characters,' 4th ed., vol. i. p. 4.

furlough

furlough to obtain redress for a wrong done to one of his officers. On the other hand, those who were not heart and soul with him in his work, found it more comfortable to obtain a speedy transfer. His restless energy made him obnoxious to the officialism of red tape; and sometimes, it must be admitted, he was misunderstood, owing to his difficulty in setting out his views plainly on paper. Timid bureaucrats dubbed him dangerous; whereas, though he was frequently in advance of his time, he never led the Government into difficulty. It used to be the fashion to call his management of frontier tribes an organized system of blackmail. Mr. Barnes, the late Revenue Commissioner in Biluchistan, completely disposes of this stale charge in Mr. Thornton's book; and we can add, of our own knowledge, that, in an elaborate scheme drawn up in 1883, for the distribution of a large annual grant of money among the tribes, it was carefully provided that each section to whom money was allotted should have definite duties to perform in return. Vigorous in action, independent in thought, to him applies with peculiar fitness the well-worn line:—

'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.'

In private life Sandeman was one of the most genial and cheery of companions, generous, hospitable, large-hearted, and full of sympathy. The few private letters published in the volume before us breathe with devotion to those nearest to him, and reveal a depth of religious feeling which may have surprised even some of those who knew him well.

The Memoir of the great frontier officer which Mr. Thornton has given us, bears upon it the stamp of conscientious and painstaking work. A large number of facts have been brought together, and its completeness and its general accuracy will always render the book valuable to those who have occasion to study the history of this part of the frontier. Controversial points have been treated with tact; and the style, if not particularly graceful, is always clear. But the author appears to us to lack a sense of proportion and to lose sight at times of his real object. He has given us a history rather than a biography; and he has devoted too much space to topics like the state of affairs which led up to the first mission to Khelat, and the description of the country and of the various tribes inhabiting it. We are afraid that the general reader will find it difficult to gain a clear idea of Sandeman himself, his personality being buried under a mass of detail dealing with tribal disputes of secondary importance. The scanty stock of private letters and the absence of a diary have no doubt made the task a difficult one;

one; but friends of Sandeman and others could surely have supplied material which would have not only enlivened the story, but would have made the portrait stand out more boldly on the canvas. We would gladly spare some of the pages on geography and ethnography for a few more glimpses of Sir Robert and his surroundings, like that given by Lady Sandeman in the picturesque account of her husband's journey up the Bolan Pass on his return from England to Quetta:—

'It was a curious sight at intervals on the road to see occasionally a head on the sky-line, a horseman, motionless until he saw the cavalcade, when he immediately disappeared to carry the news of Sir Robert's approach. In an incredibly short space of time he appeared again, followed by numerous horsemen, who tore down the face of the hill over the rocks and stones, at breakneck speed, their long white garments flying in the wind, and their carbines and shields rattling; they did not stop until they were about twenty yards in front of Sir Robert, when they flung themselves from their horses and came forward on foot to welcome back their chief.' (P. 173.)

It is abundantly clear that Mr. Thornton knows his subject well and thoroughly appreciates Sandeman's work and character; he has spared neither care nor labour, and it is the more to be regretted that his portrait resembles the work of an artist who takes infinite pains in painting the dress and accessories, but who fails to give a forcible likeness of the features. But all cannot paint portraits like Rembrandt, and all cannot write biography like Southey or Carlyle.

In the four years which have passed since Sandeman's death, our position on the frontier has been further strengthened. And the steps, which have led to this result, have been clearly in pursuance or rather in extension of his policy. Sir M. Durand, in the course of his mission to Kabul in 1893, arranged with the Amir that the boundaries between Afghanistan and British India should be defined, and much of this work has been already carried out; a small expedition against the Waziris in 1894–95 has brought that restless tribe under our control; our relations with Hunza, Nagar, and Chitral have been placed on a more definite footing; a boundary commission on the Pamirs has, it is understood, brought its labours to a satisfactory conclusion; and the 'close border' system has received its deathblow.

An entirely different side of the frontier is shown in 'Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life,' where Mr. Gore discourses pleasantly of camp life on the border from the point of view of a casual visitor. He is not one of those tourists, so common in these latter days, who, after a few hours' conversation with a

Babu, think that they have plumbed the depths of Native opinion, and who consider it a mark of superior sagacity to decry the great work which is being carried on by the handful of Englishmen who govern India. He dwells chiefly on the physical side of what he saw during a tour which took him somewhat out of the beaten track. The book is chiefly remarkable for the exquisite photographs with which it is profusely illustrated. These, combined with the clear description of the text, reveal a strong artistic sense in the author, and bring before stay-at-home people the grandeur of the Himalayan scenery more vividly than any other works with which we are acquainted.

The valleys of Kulu and Kuram, which Mr. Gore visited, offer as complete a contrast as any two hill districts in Northern India. The mountain scenery of Kulu is varied and romantic; the valleys are well watered and fertile. The inhabitants are a lazy, easy-going race of Hindus; patient almost to cowardice; like children in their love for amusement and capacity for enjoyment; notorious for the laxness of their morals; incapable of any intellectual effort; contented to be ruled by a stronger race. Kuram, on the other hand, is a bare, desolate country not without a rugged beauty of its own, where water is scarce and crops can only be won by hard work. It is peopled by stern and fanatical Mahomedans, who are impatient of control, relentless in their blood-feuds, adventurous in their crimes, amongst whom conjugal infidelity meets with but one punishment—death. A story told by Mr. Gore illustrates two opposite characteristics of these wild mountaineers—their treachery and distrust of one another as contrasted with their sacred respect for the rites of hospitality.

'Only last year Chikkai (a noted freebooter) was going to pay a visit to his neighbours, the Orukzai; but as he suspected treachery, he begged that hostages might be given, and accordingly two sons of one of the Orukzai chiefs were sent to him. As soon as Chikkai got them into his power, he seized the boys and threatened them with death, unless their father drove out some enemies of Chikkai's who had claimed and obtained the hospitality of the Orukzais. The boys, nothing daunted, thereupon sent to their father a message, begging him on no account to accede to Chikkai's wishes, for that they would gladly die rather than that the name of the Orukzai hospitality should be disgraced.' (P. 209.)

Mr. Gore, who visited Kuram as the guest of Mr. Merk, the political officer on that part of the frontier, is in error in crediting his host with having originated a new system of dealing with the tribes—that of personal government according to

to their own customs—for the system is as old in India as our rule, and is, in fact, precisely the same which Sandeman employed and developed with such good results. In other respects his interesting account of what he saw is accurate and clear. He has keen powers of observation, and writes with discrimination and good sense. We would only remark that his habit of translating the observations of his native servants into 'pigeon' English, with a good deal of 'O Protector of the Poor' and 'O noble born one,' is as irritating as it is senseless; and much the same may be said of his pedantic use of 'Kuli' for 'cooly,' and so on. Why not 'bangla'* and 'sipahi'? But Colonel Yule settled this question long ago, when he pointed out the absurdity to which any system of transliteration would lead, if carried out too strictly. After all, these are slight blemishes in a praiseworthy book.

To turn from the lightly-written pages of Mr. Gore to the sober narrative of Captain Younghusband is like passing from a clear, rippling brook to the strong, silent flow of a great stream. The simplicity and directness of the narrative; the entire freedom from self-assertion on the part of the author; his quiet strength of character; his evident though hardly expressed passion for exploration,—all combine to make 'The Heart of a Continent' a remarkable book. As an author Captain Younghusband has, perhaps, a fault which is not common with travellers; he describes his dangers and difficulties in such sober phrase that his readers may scarcely realize their gravity. And he has managed so to compress his materials, that four hundred pages contain the description of wanderings that have extended off and on over a period of ten years.

An ordinary tour in the Himalayas and the study of sundry books of travel first fired Captain Younghusband with a desire for exploring work. In 1885 a fortunate chance made him acquainted with Mr. James of the Bombay Civil Service, who was planning a journey through the little-known country of Manchuria, and who offered to take Lieutenant Younghusband (as he was then) as his companion. In the course of their travels, which have been fully described by Mr. James in his book, 'The Long White Mountain,' they visited Mukden, the capital of the country, which has given China her present race of rulers; they climbed to the summit of Chang-pai-shan, the mysterious 'Ever White Mountain' of Chinese legend; they went from end to end of Manchuria; they crossed the frontier

* We find that this monstrosity has actually been perpetrated by a recent traveller. We wonder if he smoked a *shuruttu!*

to the Russian outpost of Novokievsk, where they were received with the hospitality which the Russians ever show to British officers in the far East; and finally returned to Newchwang, whence Lieutenant Younghusband, separating from Mr. James, made his way to Peking. The journey, which took about eight months and was not without its trials and hardships, only added fuel to the flame; and when Younghusband, on arriving at Peking, found that there was a chance of his being allowed to accompany Colonel Mark Bell in an overland journey from China to India, his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Difficulties regarding further leave of absence from his regiment having been overcome, it was settled that the two travellers should take different ways in order to obtain wider results. To Younghusband was assigned the honour of travelling by the direct road across the Gobi Desert, a road which no other European has trodden; while Colonel Bell took a more southerly and better-known route. The former left Peking on the 4th of April, accompanied by two Chinese servants, one of whom—his name, Liusan, deserves to be recorded—went through to India and displayed that touching fidelity to his master in all circumstances, which Asiatics not uncommonly show to those who treat them with sympathy and consideration. From Peking Lieutenant Younghusband proceeded to Kwei-hwa-cheng, the last town before entering the Gobi Desert; and on leaving that place the real work of his journey began. On the interesting details of the monotonous passage of the desert we have no room to dwell; the distance of 1250 miles from Kwei-hwa-cheng to Hami was covered on camels in seventy days, which appears to us remarkably good going. Exchanging his camels for a waggon at the latter place, he went on to Kashgar and Yarkand. Here he received a note from Colonel Bell, suggesting that he should try and get back to India by the unexplored route over the Mustagh Pass to Baltistan and Kashmir. This proposal, we need hardly say, he hailed with delight; and with the assistance of a 'committee' of Yarkand merchants he completed in a few days his preparations for the toughest bit of work described in these pages. He was fortunate in his guide, a Balti by name Wali, who came from Askoli, the first village on the south side of the pass, and whose splendid pluck and resolution had much to do with Younghusband's success. A few days' march brought him well into the Kara Koram range, and the following graphic passage describes the majesty of the scene:—

'Before me rose tier after tier of stately mountains, among the highest in the world—peaks of untainted snow, whose summits reached

reached to heights of twenty-five thousand, twenty-six thousand, and, in one supreme case, twenty-eight thousand feet above sea-level. There was this wonderful array of mountain majesty set out before me across a deep rock-bound valley, and, away in the distance, filling up the head of this, could be seen a vast glacier, the outpourings of the mountain masses which give it birth. It was a scene which, as I viewed it and realized that this seemingly impregnable array must be pierced and overcome, seemed to put the iron into my soul and stiffen all my energies for the task before me.'

Appalling indeed was the difficulty of the task found to be, and we wish we had space to do full justice to its performance.

Wali, the guide, had not crossed the Mustagh for twenty-five years; and, in view of the changes which had taken place by movement of the ice during that period, the road had to be explored step by step. For three days, from dawn till dusk, Younghusband was dragging his ponies over a glacier covered with enormous boulders, and at an altitude of 15,000 ft. to 17,000 ft. above sea-level, while at night he had to sleep in the open wrapped in a sheepskin bag. Finally he abandoned his ponies, and decided to attempt the pass with a few men. Starting at daybreak, they occupied six hours in gaining the crown of the pass; for, though the ascent was fairly easy, the elevation (19,000 ft.) and the soft snow made rapid progress impossible. Arrived at the summit, they saw before them an ice-slope ending in a sheer precipice of rock and ice. Younghusband frankly confesses that, if left to himself, he would not have risked the descent. Wali, however, and his stout-hearted companions never faltered, and the pass was conquered. The ice-slope was first attacked and carried without accident, though the nerves of a native of Ladak, whom Colonel Bell had sent to Younghusband as a thorough mountaineer, gave way, and he had to be sent back. It then took the little party six hours to climb step by step down the face of the precipice, which, though its surface was rugged, seldom gave hold for the whole hand or foot, but only offered a ledge just wide enough to grip with the tips of the fingers or side of the foot. This supreme difficulty overcome, a glacier abounding in crevasses had to be crossed before they could camp for the night; and it was not till 11 P.M., or eighteen hours from the start, that they could light a fire and make a scanty meal off biscuits and tea. This passage of the Mustagh would have been a brilliant piece of work for an experienced climber with Zermatt guides and Alpine appliances; yet here it was accomplished by a man who had never been on ice before, who knew nothing of mountaineering, whose guides were Balti coolies, picked up at haphazard

haphazard in the Yarkand bazaar, who had to depend on pick-axes and some 'good stout rope' from the same source, and whose feet were so sore from hard work in worn-out boots that he could hardly bear to put them to the ground. Honour indeed is due both to the Englishman and to the plucky Baltis who did him such loyal service. The greatest difficulties of the journey were now over, though minor hardships were experienced; and Younghusband, travelling rapidly by way of Srinagar and Rawal Pindi, reached Simla on November 4th, the very day on which the seven months' leave obtained at Peking expired. His journey was a wonderful one; and the explorer's blue ribbon—the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society—has seldom been better earned.

Captain Younghusband describes two other journeys in the 'Heart of a Continent'; and both of them, if not so remarkable as his first essay, are still full of interest. In 1889 he was ordered to enquire into a series of raids committed by the chief of the little mountain State of Hunza upon the nomad Kirghiz in the neighbourhood of the Pamirs. He seized the opportunity to try and explore the Saltoro and Shimsal passes, which lie in the lofty icebound region of the Kara Koram range, where—as in Chaos—

> 'A frozen continent
> Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
> Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
> Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
> Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice.'

For nearly three weeks he lived on the glaciers, battling with the forces of Nature; now scrambling for hours at a time over rocks and boulders; now steering his way through a maze of crevasses; now plodding through soft snow up to his knees; amid frequent snow-storms and intense cold; but in the end his gallants efforts were defeated, for he was unable to find a way over the Saltoro or to discover the real Shimsal Pass. After further adventure he made his way to Hunza, and tried to persuade Safder Ali, the ruling chief, to renounce his unneighbourly practices. Safder Ali, holding, we are told, the opinion that the Queen of England and the Czar of Russia were tribal chiefs of equal rank with himself, declined to listen to reason; but two years later he paid for his ignorant folly, and, driven from Hunza by a British force under Colonel Durand, was forced to seek refuge in Chinese territory.

In the year following his visit to Hunza, Captain Younghusband was sent on a roving commission to travel on the Pamirs. He spent the winter at Kashgar; and on his return from

from that place by way of Bozai Gumbaz the so-called 'Pamir incident' took place. The circumstances and the sequel are well known; and we need only observe that no one in the performance of a disagreeable duty could have shown greater consideration than Colonel Yonoff, the Russian officer in command. Here we take leave of Captain Younghusband as a traveller; but the chapters in his work dealing with Chitral are of especial interest at the present time.

Before the late disturbance broke out, Captain Younghusband spent the greater part of two years in Chitral in the discharge of his duties as Political Officer, and he gives us his impressions of the people and the country. He does not describe the late campaign, nor is it our intention to do so. The temptation is strong to linger over the bright examples of courage which the rescue and the siege alike called forth; the Guides' action on the Panjkora river, where Battye fell; Kelly's famous march over the Shandur Pass; Townshend's vigilance and fertility of resource in the defence of the fort; Whitchurch's gallant though unavailing rescue of his comrade, Baird; Harley's brilliant *sortie* on the last day of the siege; and the sterling courage displayed by the Native troops: but we must pass on to discuss briefly the decision by which the Unionist Government have decided to exercise a more effective control over the country lying between Kashmir and Afghanistan.

Our obligations towards Kashmir, the suzerain of Chitral, and our own interests alike compel us to prevent any outside interference with the latter State. Chitral has been in recent years a vassal of Afghanistan, and this is a good and sufficient reason for fearing Afghan intrigue. Russian officers have passed through the country, and can appreciate the position which commands one if not two of the easiest passes over this part of the Hindu Kush. Thus the fear of foreign influence is by no means imaginary; and the history of the past, which shows that the Chitralis are unable to stand alone and need the support of a strong Power, makes the danger still more real. Given good communications by way of Peshawur and the Malakand, we shall not have the least difficulty in maintaining control over the country. The people are light-hearted, genial, and contented; they are fond of sport and are easily led; and, with the possible exception of some of the Adamzadas or minor nobles, there are no elements of intrigue in Chitral itself. Then, again, the step now taken has a finality which is rare in a measure of the kind; for, since we become coterminous with Afghanistan, our further advance is barred. We have obtained a position important from a strategic, as well as from a political, standpoint;

standpoint; we are left without any real rival on the south of the Hindu Kush; and as against invasion from the north we have the finest land barrier in the world—an almost impassable mountain range. To retire from a position once attained, if it can honestly be avoided, is a mistake in Oriental politics. If Russia has a higher reputation than England in Central Asia, it is because she has never gone back; whereas our two withdrawals from Afghanistan are attributed to weakness.

Some able opponents of Lord Salisbury's policy have argued that his decision would embarrass the finances of India; but this objection seems to be answered by the recently published official correspondence, in which the extra annual expenditure entailed is estimated at the moderate sum of 25½ lakhs of rupees, or (say) 150,000*l.* Other critics have compared the occupation of Chitral to placing a ladder against your wall for the convenience of burglars. But it would be wise, we submit, if burglars were about, to bolt the door of an outhouse leading into your dwelling-house. Metaphor, in short, is not argument. Again, our position at Chitral is admittedly not tenable unless the road from Peshawur can be kept open; and it is urged that the fanatical and intractable nature of the Swatis and other tribes on the line must make this hazardous and difficult. Still their opposition to General Low was not so strenuous as had been expected, and probably the influence of the Mullas, all powerful in the lifetime of the late Akhoond, is now waning. This view is supported by the fact that the political officers have had no difficulty in arranging for the protection of the road. Some sections, indeed, of the Swatis so appreciate the little they have seen of our rule that they have persistently petitioned the British Government to take over their country; and, when the local officers told them that this was impossible, the headmen were anxious to go to Simla and see the Viceroy himself on the subject. After this, it is idle to talk of any breach of faith in regard to General Low's proclamation.

ART. IX.—1. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his Family—Letters.* With a Memoir by William Michael Rossetti. Two vols. London, 1895.

2. *Autobiographical Notes by William Bell Scott.* Edited by W. Minto. Two vols. London, 1892.

3. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: a Record and a Study.* By William Sharp. London, 1892.

4. *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* By T. Hall Caine. London, 1882.

5. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* By Joseph Knight. London, 1887.

6. *The Portfolio, No.* 5. May, 1894. By F. G. Stephens. London.

7. *Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* Two vols. London, 1886.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, painter and poet, as depicted in biographies by fellow-artists, in criticisms and descriptions by friends and admirers, has been constantly before the public since his death in 1882. To this literature his brother, Mr. William Rossetti, has added a Memoir and Letters in two volumes. It is a chapter of family history this time, chiefly drawn from Gabriel's correspondence with his family; and a chapter of great importance it will remain. It is in the letters addressed to his mother that we find the fullest self-portraiture of a man little given to write about himself and his aims. 'Fact I can give,' he says to her, 'and descriptions of fact I can make: but to write *about* a subject beats me.' Reflections, however, and touches of grim and happy fancy meet abundantly in the Letters. In Mr. William Rossetti's Memoir, the preference given to fact over sentiment has been expanded into too great an abundance of details about ill-health, money affairs, chloral, the death-bed, &c., which leave the reader unsatisfied, and wishing to hear more about the movement in art and literature with which Dante Rossetti is identified. It is now time to look for some more complete account of this movement, and of his connexion with it, than has yet been given. And we hope that some qualified writer may undertake the task.

The world which scoffed at Pre-Raphaelites fifty years ago has learnt, if not to like the school, at least to treat it with respect. Whether Rossetti and his companions founded a School at all, or only revolted against and upset some old idols, may still be disputed; for it is as hard to screw up the English mind to an artistic as to a dogmatic level; and that we are not a converted nation may be judged from the walls of the Academy and

and the popular prints. Let a new Matthew Arnold arise, and he will find that Philistia is still glad to keep a firm hold of the British public. Any new dogma or practice in art or literature has at first a hard time of it. If it is sufficiently robust, it survives, and to some degree leavens the lump. But the nation does not accept a new thing willingly; the days are gone (perhaps not for ever) when a new invention, like that of the Perpendicular Style or the Italian Renaissance, effaced the old landmarks and was accepted without question in all corners of England.

In saying this, we do not forget that the British public wishes to admire high art, and is aware that novelties must be tolerated and eccentricities given a fair trial. It submits to the existence of a Burne Jones, a Swinburne, and even a Whistler; professes to believe in Ruskin, and has given up its drawing-rooms to Morris. Yet it goes on pulling down memorials of the Middle Ages, or spoiling them by restoration, and sets up vulgar or unmeaning monuments of its own. Our building and glass-painting are done by contract, our engraving by process, our sculpture in wood and stone by the foot-run. We have no inventors but mechanical inventors: as the Pasha in 'Eothen' said, it is all wheels and steam.

No, we are not converted; our hearts are not in the right place yet. The Pre-Raphaelites have not persuaded us that there is no art so good as Early Florentine Christian art; neither have they made us abjure the Renaissance, nor exploded all the old notions about composition, balance of colour, chiaroscuro, perspective, and so on; nor deposed Sir Joshua; nor prevailed upon art students to go 'straight to Nature'; nor abolished the Royal Academy, of which indeed one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is now enthroned as President. For all that, the movement of which Pre-Raphaelitism was a part has not failed, and the Brethren themselves are the most conspicuous names in the history of British art during the past fifty years. They have opened a door to let in new sunshine, like that which glides into the mirror from the garden walk in Rossetti's 'Lilith.' They have, as fellow-helpers with Ruskin, leavened the world of English art. And in particular they have originated a school of decorative design which seems to have in it that vitality and expansion which distinguish a real school from a set of imitators. In every department of decorative art, metal-work, furniture, wall-papers, chintzes and hangings, embroidery, pottery, the seed has sprung up and multiplied. The pupils of Pugin could only design their poppy-heads and monstrances by shifting the kaleidoscope of

of fifteenth-century Gothic, never inventing anything new. Mr. Morris's craftsmen, taught by him to go to Nature, not to authority, whilst treating design in the spirit of a fine art, have not over-reached themselves by trying to be too sublime; and where but one master can paint a 'Venus Verticordia,' a hundred disciples, like the happy village carpenters and masons in Mr. Ruskin's Utopia, can work in Mr. Morris's school, not as imitators, but as interpreters of its secret and method. William Morris, the friend and disciple of Rossetti, has pointed the way; and if the Pre-Raphaelites had done no more than to spread the desire and the craft of beautiful design, they would have done for the art of their country more than they intended, though not what they intended. When the English have again become a nation of designers, we may hope for a school, not a coterie, of painters, sculptors, and architects. High Art has its head in the clouds, but its feet on the earth. It can prosper only in a people who live among beautiful things, and have a common sense of beauty. Till that is born again, there will be no national art; and till there is a national art, the best artists will be criers in the wilderness, as were Rossetti and his fellows.

What then was the P.R.B. and what has it done for art in England? It is not enough to say that they were a company of original men who preached a return to Nature. Legions of prodigal sons have been returning to Nature since at least the days of Rousseau, and finding no fatted calf prepared for them. Nor is it enough to say that they killed the old conventions dear to the minds of Academicians of fifty years ago. Those old conventions were dying and did not need to be killed, and new conventions have succeeded them. Nor are we much the better for proclaiming that they revived the study of Giotto, Orcagna, and Masaccio to the exclusion of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The world would have been poorer if they had done so; but they did not. Nor, again, that they revived the study of the mediæval poets—Leigh Hunt and his circle had set that going long before; and all mere revivals are galvanizing of dead things. In fact the P.R.B. did for the movement no more than was to be expected from a small band of 'exceedingly young men of stubborn instincts and positive self-trust, and with little natural perception of beauty,' painting 'in a temper of resistance.'

The 'Pre-Raphaelite movement' has been much misunderstood. It was originally a protest against convention made by a small knot of young men united in a 'League of Sincerity,' the object of which (says one of its members) was 'an endeavour to

to encourage and enforce an entire adherence to the simplicity of Nature; and also to direct attention, as an auxiliary medium, to the comparatively few works which Art has yet produced in this spirit.' They shocked the public by paintings which rebelled against accepted rules, and offended a much smaller public by issuing an obscure periodical 'The Germ,' containing etchings remarkable rather in intention than for execution, poems characterised by crudity as well as by beauty and originality, and essays in which sincerity was upheld as the secret of the true interpretation of Nature, and painters are advised to return to the purer art which prevailed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries before Raphael and his followers established the 'Grand Style.' The protest thus made was warmly seconded by Mr. Ruskin, whose Notes on the Academy pictures instructed the public how to estimate the qualities of works by Rossetti, Millais, H. Hunt, and others, which even without such recognition could not have remained obscure.

Mr. Ruskin's relation to the P.R.B. is set forth by himself in the Preface to his Tract 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' published in 1851:—

'Eight years ago . . . I ventured to give the following advice to the young artists of England: "They should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing"—advice which, whether bad or good, involved infinite labour and humiliation in the following it, and was therefore, for the most part, rejected.

'It has, however, at last been carried out, to the very letter, by a group of men who, for their reward, have been assailed with the most scurrilous abuse which I ever recollect seeing issue from the public press.'

Their strength was 'a totally independent and sincere method of study.' Their weakness was the weakness of all schools of protest, antagonism, a negative rather than a positive attitude. No alliance was ever permanently cemented by a common antipathy; and when the protest of these brethren was made, they soon fell apart.

Let us hear Rossetti himself on this. Speaking of the 'English School,' 'There is now,' he said to Mr. Hall Caine, 'no English School whatever'; and on being asked whether the three or four painters who started with him in life did not deserve the name,—

'Not at all,' he replied, 'unless it is Brown, and he's more French than English. Hunt and Jones have no more claim to the name than I have. As for all the prattle about Pre-Raphaelitism, I confess to

to you that I am weary of it, and long have been. Why should we go on talking about the visionary vanities of half-a-dozen boys? We're all grown out of them, I hope, by now. . . . What you call the "movement" was serious enough, but the banding together under that title was all a joke. We had at that time a phenomenal antipathy to the Academy, and in sheer love of being outlawed signed our pictures with the well-known initials.'

His own chief contributions to 'The Germ' were the "Blessed Damozel" and a story called "Hand and Soul," written at a single sitting, in five hours of a winter night. It purports to be the experience of a mediæval painter, Chiaro dell' Erma, who was convinced at once of insincerity in art and of a call to art by observing that the famous painter Giunta Pisano had no lesson to teach him, and that he was himself the 'Master of this man.' He flies, like Faust, to gay and varied life; like Faust, to find it unsatisfying. Then a noble jealousy urges him to outdo by solitary study the fame of a certain young painter, Bonaventura of Lucca. He gains fame, but not contentment. Worship and service are in his heart; the Lady of his spirit, the ideal of Art, had never ceased to smile upon him—but he becomes aware that his worship and service is sometimes a kind of peace-offering, 'made to God and to his own soul for the eager selfishness of his aim.' He loses courage, and with it Fame, Faith, and the hope of Peace. But in his despondency he is reassured by a vision of his own soul in the guise of a Lady, who discourses with him, asking him—

'Why shouldst thou rise up and tell God He is not content? What He hath set in thine heart to do, that do thou. . . . He hath no hand to bow beneath, nor a foot that thou shouldst kiss it. . . . *When at any time hath He cried unto thee, saying, "My son, lend me thy shoulder, for I fall"*? . . . Know that there is but this means whereby thou mayest serve God with man: Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God.'

It is not difficult to see under this allegory the painter's own ideal. Art for Art's sake was in his view the truest worship. And whatever disorders there may have been in his life, he never lost sight of this end.

He was not to be restrained within the narrow limits of the Brotherhood. The Italian and mediæval colour of "Hand and Soul" indicate a phase through which his mind was passing, and an influence which never left him: but the pedantry of the 'movement' would always have been distasteful to him—and it was not long before his 'mediævalisms' gave place to larger conceptions. What he retained to the last of the Pre-Raphaelite creed

creed was the determination never to be content with anything short of the best that he could do. With Rossetti there was no descending to the level of public taste, no acquiescence in second best, no acceptance of convention for truth. He did not care for popularity, and he did not win it.

Mr. Ruskin lays as the base of noble art three foundation stones,—Truth, Beauty, Relation. We suppose all artists of all schools would accept them; and we may add the *angulare fundamentum* of invention. What special stone, apart from these, was laid by the Brotherhood? Part of their work was destructive—they attacked the Royal Academy with axes and hammers, and destroyed a good deal of rubbish; though whether it was worth while to do away with Haddon Hall, Cattermole's Cavaliers and Leslie's Shakspearian puppets, to set up in their stead mediæval Florence and the 'Morte d'Arthur,' may be doubted. But they took these subjects in hand with more conviction and a higher purpose than their predecessors, and infused their works with a wider human interest, a warmer passion, and a livelier imagination. They were resolute to see for themselves, and to 'study Nature' not by the stages of the Flat, the Round, and the Life, but by putting down faithfully and laboriously what they saw, not what they were told to see. And if they sometimes seemed to make Truth identical with detail, and left Beauty apart to run after facts, at any rate (says Ruskin) they made themselves 'as superior to the old Pre-Raphaelites in skill and drawing as they were inferior in grace of design.' We need only, in illustration of this, compare Millais's 'Autumn Leaves,' Rossetti's 'How they met themselves in the Wood,' Hunt's 'Claudio and Isabella,' with Faed's 'Both Father and Mother,' Eastlake's 'Suffer the little Children,' Leslie's 'Sancho Panza' or 'Malvolio,' popular pictures of the day. Here they were not merely iconoclasts, but harbingers of a new system: and in all movements, what is worth considering is rather the new teaching than the revolt against the old. Thus in the Renaissance we think of the New Learning more than of the defeat of Scholasticism; in the Romantic school, more of what was added by Wordsworth and Keats than of the decay of the heroic couplet; in the Oxford Revival, more of the Sacramental idea than the discredited Calvinism and Latitudinarianism of the preceding centuries. Elevation of subject, 'a totally independent and sincere method of study,' a new conception of beauty, the new Romantic school may claim to have introduced fruitfully; but what they specially upheld through evil and good report was the doctrine of sincerity.

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On the other hand, they sometimes stumbled, it may be from rebelliousness, in the matter of Relation.

Here we have a term so comprehensive (or so vague) that it is difficult to fix it to a meaning: for anything may have relation to anything else. A picture has it, or has it not, in just proportion of colour to colour, form to form, idea to idea. If the Pre-Raphaelite painted all objects with equal care and skill, so that for instance the buttons on a man's coat are as important as his eyes; or Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are as conspicuous as Hamlet; or the swallow flitting across the landscape at twenty feet distance is drawn with as close observance as the flower in the foreground,—if he treats that fraction of a square foot which is occupied by a human face with no more attention than he gives to a stone or a tree-trunk of equal dimensions, he may obey the law of truth, but he breaks that of relation. We heard a critic the other day praising a portrait in which the clasped hands were little more than a tangle of white, 'because the spectator, looking at the face, would see the hands indistinctly.' In point of fact the picture was unfinished, and the painter intended to give the hands their due: but this was an instance, had it been as the critic supposed, of relation superseding truth; just as in some extremely 'sincere' Pre-Raphaelite pictures truth may have superseded relation.

If we may be permitted a digression here, we would ask the reader to compare the 'Impressionist' school with that of Sincerity. In one sense it is a matter of focus. The impressionist sees things as at a distance, or as a short-sighted man sees them, between the eyelashes. He harmonises a whole scene at a distance at which a face is little more than a point of light. His object is to subordinate detail to unity, to give their true 'value' to atmosphere and distance, and to present a single scene at a single moment. Add to this the maxim *à travers un tempérament*, and we have the poetical, and in its own sense sincere, comprehensiveness of Turner or of Whistler. The subject is viewed by the mind as well as by the eye; and if the mind sees rightly, we have a poem as well as a picture. Either method is lawful: that of the Pre-Raphaelite realist has more humility, that of the impressionist more experience. The humbler path is the safer, and the only right road for the learner. But those who have learnt art by faithful study of detail may go on, as Turner, Rossetti, and Millais, to walk by their own rules.

In the higher meaning of relation, the subordination of facts to ideas, the telling of a story, impressing an aspect of beauty, pointing a moral or a sentiment—which are all one—

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the Pre-Raphaelites seldom failed. The story of "The Idle Shepherd," for instance, is told laboriously, so that the mind may 'grunt and sweat' under the load of detail. Give it time, and it produces its effect; but not as 'The Fighting Téméraire,' or 'The Sun of Venice,' where the impression is struck at once, and enriched and deepened by study of the details. Or compare Albert Dürer's drawings of the Passion with the Crucifixion in the School of San Rocco. In the one we ascend from the facts to the idea; in the other the idea is stamped victoriously at a glance. Both are instances of relation; but the one method is higher and more poetical than the other.

If we may give a further and a different meaning to the word Relation, and apply it to the attitude of the painter in regard to his own time, we think that here these painters sometimes struck a false note.

'Our highest modern romantic literature,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'has in all cases remained strongest in dealing with contemporary fact.' And the same is or should be true of painting. A movement which means to prosper must be in accordance with the spirit of the day; and if it is only a return to bygones, it will be affected and short-lived.

It must always be so. The early Renaissance was an embodiment of contemporary, that is, late mediæval feeling in classical forms. The rebellion against convention in art, faith and morals, which is its essence, is the same as that which showed itself at an earlier date in the heresies of the Emperor Frederick II.; in the gurgoyles, the *fabliaux*, the alchemy and magic of the Gothic period. The rebellion of ideas began in the region of religion, but soon hardened into new formulas. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries take it into science and philosophy: but the complete revolt, which is the new beginning, is first seen in Rousseau.

In so far as the Pre-Raphaelite movement aimed at sincerity and abjured convention, in accordance with the tendency of the day,—a tendency of revolt against established hypocrisies, indicated by the writings of Carlyle amongst others,—and dating from the influences which brought about Parliamentary reform, it was likely to live and bear fruit. In so far as it attempted to revive the mediæval spirit, it was likely to fail.

The Brotherhood and the Gothic revivalists tried to bring about a Renaissance of mediæval feeling,—a thing impossible, or, if possible, artificial and without vitality. Mediævalism without the Pope and the Emperor, the feudal or patriarchal relation of rulers and ruled, the gests of arms, the troubadours, courts of honour and courts of love, convents and castles, knights,

knights, schoolmen and magicians,—with nothing to justify its name but a 'revived' Gothic, and some return to Roman belief and ritual,—is an empty husk. It cannot exist, except in name, among a society governed by economical laws, machinery, railways and telegraphs, popular education in schools and by the press; and even Mr. Wm. Morris would not wish to return to the dulness, the ferocity, the inequality and injustice, the grossness and licentiousness, which are the dark side of mediæval life. The heroes and saints of the Middle Ages shine by contrast with the blackness of their times; and it is no paradox to assert that the nineteenth century is nearer to the spirit of Christianity than were the Ages of Faith.

We need not, for all this, condemn the sentiment of regret and retrospection which, beginning from the Romanticism of La Motte Fouqué and Goethe, took an English shape in the Waverley novels, the Gothicism of Pugin (an artist unjustly belittled by Ruskin), the return under the influence of the Oxford movement, first to the faith and practice of the Caroline divines, and then to that of the English Church as it existed before the Reformation. Even so staunch a Protestant as Froude wrote lovingly of England in the fifteenth century; and not to forget its forefathers is the mark of a wise and understanding people, whether they be Romans, Italians, or Englishmen. But this can be done without the falsetto of a sham Revivalism. We laugh at the Brutuses and Timoleons of the French Revolution—but to spend our lives in mourning over the disappearance of chivalry is a vicious sentimentalism, and cannot help to solve the problems which our own age is called upon to meet.

Whilst glorifying the Middle Ages, the young reformers fell into the mistake, natural to young men, of condemning too indiscriminately the generation which preceded their own. The fashionable painters of 1820–1850 had pleased their own time. Fashion is not criticism, and favours much that will not wear long. But criticism may learn of fashion. The picture, book, costume, gesture, which fashion has accepted, has in it some 'distinction.' The world has looked at it and not found it ridiculous. It may have no more solid merit, but it has established its position so far. Look at Janet's drawings of the French Court, Reynolds's and Gainsborough's fine ladies, Hogarth's high life interiors, Cruikshank's illustrations of Pierce Egan's books; look at the world as depicted by Pepys, Horace Walpole, Captain Gronow, and Charles Greville. It may be vicious and frivolous, but it has lived; and if it can make no apology, it needs none. It has lived, and artists

have shared in it and been artists still. An artist who has pleased his contemporaries has proved a title to respect. The wise critic may not approve or like such painters as Etty, Cattermole, Leslie, and Maclise. But he will show his wisdom in acknowledging that these painters rose above the level of their time, and in pointing out their merits, not their shortcomings. Criticism is sometimes too antagonistic to fashion, sometimes too much influenced by it: protesters and revolters are certain to undervalue what they oppose.

We say this, because at the present day the critics are banded against academic conventions. Much of the praise which is lavished upon Rossetti and the Mediævalists, Whistler and the Impressionists, Watts and the Mystics, Degas and the Realists, is unintelligent, because it is based chiefly on antagonism, and does not weigh impartially the relative merits of different points of view. Rossetti in confounding all previous schools under the term 'slosh' is as much out of court as Ruskin in ignoring Dutch painting, or Reynolds in seeing no beauty outside the limits of the Grand Style. Rossetti is rebuked by Reynolds, Reynolds by Gainsborough. And we go to Ruskin to learn what to admire, not what to blame.

Rossetti and his friends were, in spite of themselves, working in the spirit of the English school which they denounced. It is well known that the English have not the *esprit Latin*, with its respect for authority expressed in the formulas of past experience. The 'English spirit' which M. Chesneau * contrasts with it is the independent, national spirit, present in everything we do. We love to break rules in literature and art, as in law and theology: ours is a variety of the Gothic or Teutonic mind, not formalized as in Germany by Roman law, nor academically exact like the French, nor born and nursed in art like the Italians. The English school (for, after all, we have a school) is one of out-of-doors art. It does not breathe freely in the studio; it loves the antique as much and as little as a barrister loves the Classics which he read at school and college. The English artist sees through his own eyes, not through those of the 'great Masters.' He does not sufficiently respect the canons laid down by their experience, and so he is often bizarre, and wants both science and taste; but his knowledge is his own, gained by failure as well as success. English art is individual, and in that sense does not readily fall into a school; but it is a school, the motto of which is knowledge gained by experience, not by teaching.

* 'The English School of Painting,' by Ernest Chesneau. English Translation. London, 1885.

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The Pre-Raphaelites then, standing stiff in antagonism, and being preachers as well as painters, lent some colour to the charges brought against them, often violently and insultingly, of sacrificing truth to detail, beauty to strangeness and novelty, of adopting an artificial attitude towards the present and the past, and of underrating the experience of the artists who preceded them. And to these may be added the accusation, not without foundation, that there is something of wilfulness in their choice of a point of departure—'At the feet of Giotto and Orcagna . . . and of Albert Dürer we have begun again, and God be with us'—which commended itself to their personal tastes, but was no more a watershed than the 'Middle Pointed' period arbitrarily selected by Gilbert Scott and his followers, as the moment from which pure architecture should be revived. The best art finds its method by intuition, not by selection. Eclecticism is the sister of pedantry: and one of the lessons taught by 'The Germ' is to avoid the 'conscious *naïveté*' of its authors.

The spirit of Pre-Raphaelism was already in the air. The beginnings of it were in the 'Lakers,' the 'Cockney School,' the Mediævalists of Düsseldorf and Munich, the Romanticists of Germany and France. Tennyson's 'Mariana,' 'Lady of Shalott,' and 'Palace of Art' were waiting ten years for the artists whose kindred genius illustrated them in 1856. But the spiritual father of the new Romanticists in England, though possibly neither he nor they knew it, was, we believe, Robert Browning.

Passing over his earlier works, from which, and especially from 'Sordello,' the impulse came, we may point to 'The Ring and the Book' as a perfect embodiment, in the forms of the past, of permanent human feeling, heightened by modern experience. Though the poet never sinks into archæology, not a word or an idea is out of character with the time in which the action lies; but the poem could not have been written 150 years ago, because the world has grown, not perhaps wiser, but older since then. And in the method of conception and execution followed in this work we have perhaps a clue. Rossetti's admiration of Browning began when he was a very young man, and never declined. It was Browning who added thought to romance in the study of the past; his was the method which secured its grasp of the truth of a situation by perfect knowledge of its details. He worked from the external facts into the heart of the matter, and thus was able to take, as it were, his stand before his subject and strike his lines firmly with just so much detail as he needed.

However minute Browning's detail may be, it is never mere detail—he is not like the fly which walks over the picture and sees only an inch at a time. This is the danger of the artist who believes that detail is truth; a danger into which neither Browning nor Rossetti ever fell.

Rossetti's drawing of 'The Laboratory' is not more in the spirit of the poet whom it illustrates, than the 'Lucrezia Borgia,' from which Browning might have been inspired to write one of his Renaissance studies. The senile viciousness of the Pope, the full-blown wickedness of his daughter, the half-corrupted innocence of the dancing boy and girl, are all in the manner of Browning, and produce a single and masterly impression. No drawing of Rossetti has finer qualities than this, regarded apart from its technical merits, and purely as a study of humanity.

The clue, if we have found it, is this. Rossetti, like Browning, in the midst of details, never worked without a single idea, and never failed to convey his idea. When he wrote poetry, he had the full scale of human speech as his instrument. The work of the painter is more difficult, for he has to speak to the mind not through its accustomed language, but through forms; and if he is too didactic (as indeed Rossetti sometimes is), he does not command attention, for art must never be tedious. The key-note of a picture must be struck clearly and at once. When (as in some of Holman Hunt's pictures) we have to work it up from the details, it becomes a homily. To produce an impression is what the artist has to do; and as an artist is primarily a priest of the Beautiful, he must do it in the language of Beauty. A poet may (at his peril) sacrifice beauty to truth and write such poems as "Ned Bratts" and "Peter Bell," and introduce such figures as Iachimo, Thénardier, and Vautrin, for the sake of striking an impression; but a painter never.

These limits were observed by Rossetti, working in a different medium and on different lines, but in the same spirit as Browning; in his earlier works, that is: for his work became, as he grew older, more and more idealistic and less in accord with actual life. He exchanged design, as Mr. Comyns Carr well says, for portraiture: ideal design, that is, for ideal portraiture. After trying many ways of art, he found himself at last; an idealist, still expressing his thought in colours drawn from the missal and the stained window; but with his early ideas of piety and mysticism, self-sacrifice and self-culture, left behind, henceforward a priest of Beauty only. The pictures painted in the last twenty years of his life are for the most part either half-length portraits of beautiful women, or taken from the cycle

cycle of Dante's subjects. It is noteworthy that, working as he did only when 'will' and 'must' led the same way, he took up and laid aside again and again, and was never able to complete, a picture to which he gave the title 'Found,' a picture conceived —like the 'Awakened Conscience' of Holman Hunt—in the moralising temper of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Here we touch upon the insoluble question, Is intention to be considered in a work of art? No! cries all France and half modern England—art and morality have nothing to do with each other.] Above all things, say the P.R.B. and Mr. Ruskin. We agree with Mr. Ruskin and the P.R.B. and think that Rossetti would have been a greater painter if he had kept to the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine, expressed in 'Hand and Soul': *Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God.* As it was, want of will and want of hope impeded, though they did not prevent, the painting of great pictures.

It is said that Rossetti never learnt to draw: the same is said of many painters, and the French say it of all Englishmen. It is certain that the want of close study as a young man hampered him all his life, and that he never was sure of perspective, distances, &c. We are not going to quarrel with Rossetti's birds and butterflies and flowers, because none such sang or flew or bloomed anywhere but in Paradise. If he had mastered technical difficulties with Pre-Raphaelite 'sincerity,' they would have been as beautiful and less unreal. But in painting flesh and hair and drapery, in combining brilliancy of colour like that of Memling with depth and gradation like that of Lionardo, no English painter ever excelled him.

Exception is taken to the monotony of Rossetti's women, drawn from two or three types. The fault must be shared with almost all painters. There is the Raphaelesque type of face, the Correggiesque, the Titianesque, and so on. What the objectors mean is probably that they do not like the type. It is so entirely *voulu* that criticism would be impertinent; and we can only say, without expressing a judgment, that to our eye the lips, the throats, the fingers of Rossetti's beauties have something in them which is not quite human, but is like the flesh of syrens, houris, or Lamiæ, those magical beings who capture the passions of men but not their hearts.

We may notice in passing Rossetti's power in dealing with schemes or keys of colour. He is inexhaustible in blues and greens, contrasted or blended. Now he paints a picture, like the *Fleurs de Marie* (or Bower Maiden), in yellow and blue; the prevailing tone of 'Dante's Dream' is as red as the 'Darius' of the National Gallery. 'Lilith' is a white picture; 'Veronica Veronese'

Veronese' is in yellow and green. In none are the colours subordinated to a Reynolds brown or a del Sarto grey; yet the limpidity and depth of the chiaroscuro is as perfect as if he had kept to cool neutral colouring. Whatever a later age may say of his work as a whole, it is certain that he must hold a high place among the masters of colour.

Another characteristic of Rossetti's painting and poetry is its intensity. We beg the reader's pardon for using a word which has been so draggled by absurd imitators. Rossetti's intensity is a thing of genius, not to be compassed by Du Maurier's 'Postlethwayte,' who can only get so far as to be hysterical. Never, *si se ruperit*, will Postlethwayte become intense. To the vulgar eye 'Dante's Dream' and 'Beata Beatrix' may seem strained and unnatural. But the sentiment is as true as it is highly wrought, and as free from affectation as was the painter himself. The affectation which was satirised by 'Punch' twenty years ago, and which has now almost ceased to amuse, may indeed be traced to Rossetti's love of rarities, whether in art, literature, or zoology; but the affectation belonged not to him, but only to his admirers, the Piercie Shaftons and Trissotins who grow up like suckers round every new genius.

It is seldom that an artist arises who is equally admirable or questionable, both in painting and poetry. Blake is the only complete instance that occurs to us; for Michael Angelo's sonnets are few, and 'Rafael's sonnet, Dante's picture' may serve as a proverb for the rest. When Rossetti was in fear of losing his eyesight, his friends told him that he could support himself by writing. The two powers seem to have been almost equally balanced in him: but the attribute of rarity applies chiefly to his painting, and he will be best known to fame as a painter. On the other hand, it is easier for critics to judge of his poetry than of his painting, as being less subject to technical rules. He must be judged with his limitations. His range of sympathies is not wide enough to make him a popular poet: he is too choice and close, and lacks *abandon* and gaiety; whilst, on the other hand, he is not a poet for thinkers, like Browning and Matthew Arnold, because (as Mr. Symonds says) he has the originality of art, literature, and fancy in a far higher degree than that of thought. But when Mr. Symonds adds 'or sentiment,' we do not agree. Rossetti is as original in sentiment as in art, literature, or fancy; for examples of it we have "Jenny" (perhaps in its humanity and pity his finest poem—as his mother thought; and he himself said, 'It is nothing less than a sermon'),

sermon'), "My Sister's Sleep," "Love's Nocturn," the "Blessed Damozel," and many of the sonnets in the 'House of Life.'

His workmanship in poetry, though exquisite, is perhaps over-laboured. He was never satisfied till he had done his best, nor even then; altering and re-writing perhaps to excess; using the file as rigorously as Tennyson himself. His love for rarities shows itself in the choice of far-fetched words, unusual pauses, and unlicensed accents and rhymes. Such rhymes as 'this—his,' 'fleece—knees—peace,' 'befall—sun-dial,' 'hers—years,' 'untrod—cloud,' 'dawn—upon,' may shock the ear of convention. To our mind their assonance is a welcome rest from the familiar 'pinions' and 'dominions,' 'sorrows' and 'to-morrows'; and the sooner the right of assonance to share the honours of rhyme is admitted, the better for English poetry. After all, it is a return to the freedom of rhyming used by Pope. The like may be said of the inverted accent in such lines as

'And may a lordly wrong-doér,'

or

'Till day lies dead on the sun-diál';

or, again,

'Low drooped trembling Rose Marý,'

and 'plain' rhyming with 'fountaín'; and of strange words like culminant—gracile—lovelihead—consonancy—gyres—unfeatured—garmented—multiform—sundawn—queendom; and of combinations such as soul-struck—soul-wrung—wave-loosened—foam-bewildered—circumfluence manifolding—sky-breadth and field-silence (where Ruskin would have said, 'the breadth of the sky and the silence of the fields'). Such coinage is of Keats's minting, and our language is the richer for it, if it is not squandered, but used wisely and generously.

In Rossetti's Ballads there is something of 'conscious *naïveté*'; a character alien to that of the true ballad, the characteristic of which is the pathetic and tragic elements, not burdened with thought and experience. Compare the stanza—

'This they knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a king did he stand;
But there was no armour in all the room
Nor weapon lay to his hand'—

with this—

'But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain,
And as he watched the arm of Death
He wailed for his own shafts
That run and fly again.'

The

The first is pure ballad: the second is overcharged with meaning, mystical, allegorical, and pictorial: there is in it stuff enough for one of Rossetti's drawings; it is full of experience, introspection, reflection; there is no directness or simplicity. The ballad must tell its story plainly, and not comment on facts; it deals in sudden contrasts and revelations of feeling, and does not muse or moralise. The sentiment is fresh, not laboured; direct, not meditative. The ballad must be swift and certain, leaving the reader to make his own reflections, not helping him by comment.

All this may be said, and "The King's Tragedy" and "Sister Helen" still hold a high place in English poetry. But they are reflective poems of a modern colour, not genuine ballads.

It is different with the Sonnets. Whatever may be the ultimate value of the sonnet—and sonnet-worship may be one of the weaknesses of the day—Rossetti is a master of all its moods.

'In truth, if I have a distinction as a sonnet-writer, it is that I never admit a sonnet which is not fully on the level of every other. . . . As to what you say of "The One Hope"—it is fully equal to the very best of my sonnets, or I should not have wound up the series with it. . . . You have much too great a habit of speaking of a special octave, sestette, or line. Conception, my boy, FUNDAMENTAL BRAINWORK, that is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal as much as you like, but first take care that it is gold and worth working. A Shaksperean sonnet is better than the most perfect in form, because Shakspeare wrote it.' *

The response of the sestett to the quatrains, the unity of each sonnet and its place in the cycle, the fall and rise of the lines, the equality of one sonnet to another, all these he has in perfection. The expression does not outrun the thought, nor the thought overweigh the expression. Here the Italian temper and the Italian training are seen at their fullest, ennobling and enlivening the English thought and diction. Some few of the lyrical or dramatic poems, such as "The Stream's Secret," the "Blessed Damozel," and "Love's Nocturn," may be more fluent and more beautiful than the sonnets; but with a few exceptions the poet's highest work is here; and the sonnets are also among the most interesting of his poems, being more directly drawn from his own experience, and giving us his own portraiture. With the exception of Shakspeare's and Wordsworth's, no cycle of English sonnets has aimed so high, and so truly hit the mark.

* Hall Caine, pp. 298, 299.

There

There is little to be added to Mr. J. A. Symonds's general criticism of Rossetti, whether as painter or poet. Rossetti's own phrase (he says), 'arduous fulness,' best describes him. There is, alike in his pictures and in his poems, 'a want of half tints and quiet places'; concentration of form and colour tends to make him fatiguing. He lacks the 'limpidity, fluidity, and harmony' of Italian poetry and painting, and the coolness and freshness, the open-airness, of English life and art. How could it be otherwise, when he never visited Italy, when he spent most of his life in dark rooms, and saw for months together no more of nature than a London garden and the streets at night?

Rossetti's poetry, however, should not be judged by common standards. He did not write for all readers, nor for all moods. His flowers do not bloom in the open ground of an English garden. But in the region which he chose for his own, a region of romantic sentiment and delicate thought and imagery, no English poet has surpassed him. Though rare and choice, his poetry is not affected. He is as far removed from affectation as from commonplace. His mode of thought, if unique, was also sincere; and it found full expression in the beautiful form which he lent to the English language, a form no more to be imitated by other poets than the language of Keats or of Herrick. Other poets may aim higher and further than Rossetti, but no one may shoot in his bow.

To analyse the poetry of Rossetti is a difficult task. He had no set design, and apparently no canons of composition, working as he felt inclined, and choosing his subjects or letting them come to him according to his humour. Like Dante, he might say,

> 'Io mi son un, che quando
> Amor mi spira, noto, ed in quel modo
> Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando.' *

'Amour, tu as été mon maître,' is the key-note from first to last; whether it is the glorified love of the "Blessed Damozel," the wifely tenderness of "John of Tours" and "Stratton Water," the chivalrous feeling of "The Staff and Scrip," the jealousy of "A Last Confession" and "Sister Helen," or the wide range of feeling depicted in 'The House of Life,' the Picture Sonnets, "Jenny," "Love's Nocturn," and "The Stream's Secret." Other notes too are touched in "The Burden of Nineveh," "The Card-Dealer," "My Sister's Sleep," "The Cloud-Confines," "Dante at Verona,"

* Quoted by Mr. Sharp, p. 318.

"Ave,"

"Ave," and in some of the Sonnets, as, for instance, those on the Poets, "The Last Three from Trafalgar" and "Czar Alexander II." (to mention none but masterpieces). Dates do not help us much. The "Blessed Damozel," written when he was only eighteen, shows no immaturity, beyond a youthful asceticism. The "Stream's Secret," written in 1869, is more even, fluent, and richly coloured, as might be expected. But the style is one and the same in both, only perfected by practice and ripeness of knowledge. No poetry has more unity of style; none is less easily digested into 'periods,' early, middle, or late; in this it contrasts with his painting. It would seem, indeed, that the poet learnt his craft in surmounting the difficulties met in translating the cycle of Italian poets, published in 1861 when he was thirty-two, but begun 'not a few' years before. Delicacy of ear, wealth of language, high idealism were in his endowment from the first; the workmanship was acquired by labour in translation, the most arduous of disciplines.

Here we may quote Rossetti's own account of his experience in translation; and we do so the more willingly, because the passage supplies another instance of the excellence of poets' prose, to be set by the side of that written by Dryden, Wordsworth, Keats, and Burns.

'The life-blood of rhymed translation is this, that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty. . . . The task of the translator (and with all humility be it spoken) is one of some self-denial. Often would he avail himself of any special grace of his own idiom and epoch, if only his will belonged to him; often would some cadence serve him but for his author's structure—some structure but for his author's cadence; often the beautiful turn of a stanza must be weakened to adopt some rhyme which will tally, and he sees the poet revelling in abundance of language where himself is scantily supplied. Now he would slight the matter for the music, and now the music for the matter; but no, he must deal to each alike. Sometimes too a flaw in the work galls him, and he would fain remove it, doing for the poet that which his age denied him; but no,—it is not in the bond. His path is like that of Aladdin through the enchanted vaults: many are the precious fruits and flowers which he must pass by unheeded, in search for the lamp alone; happy if at last, when brought to light, it does not prove that his old lamp has been exchanged for a new one,—glittering indeed to the eye, but scarcely of the same virtue nor with the same Genius at its summons.' (Preface to 'Early Italian Poets.')

Rossetti's style owes much to the influence of Italian poetry, and

and especially that of Dante. It is interesting to find him speaking of his 'mediævalisms' as 'absurd' and 'merely superficial.' In his later works there is little mediævalism. It was an accident of his life, and probably in some degree a reflection caught from his friends. One mediæval interest, however, never left him, his love of Dante and all that belonged to him. 'Dante at Verona,' and the half-dozen pictures of which Dante is the subject, show how large a space that absorbing figure occupied in his mind. *Lungo studio* was there, and *grand' amore* too.

'In those early days,' he says, 'all around me partook of the influence of the great Florentine, till, from viewing it as a natural element, I also, growing older, was drawn within the circle.' (Preface to 'Early Italian Poets.')

The Dante of Rossetti's choice is the Dante of the 'Vita Nuova'; not the prophet of the 'Inferno' nor the perfected mystic of the 'Paradiso,' but one who trod the courts of Love and Youth, a squire of ladies and a mirror of *gentilezza*. The modern Dante's worship of his great namesake was directed to his exquisite youth rather than to his severer manhood; and here he learnt the *bello stile* which brought him honour. The sentiment of the Italian poet is more direct and less modern than that of the 'House of Life.' But the worship of woman, the bright and warm colouring, the fantastic idealism, the sweetness and bitterness of love, were learnt by the painter-poet in no other school.

No citations would do justice to the translation either of the 'Vita Nuova' or of the other poems contained in this volume: it must be read as a whole. Those who wish to understand Rossetti should begin their study here.

We have touched already upon the moral aspect of Rossetti's painting. The same question must be met in speaking of his poetry. All that could be said against it, and much more than could be decently said, was urged by Mr. R. Buchanan in his scurrilous pamphlet 'The Fleshly School.' In that pamphlet Rossetti is plainly called 'a very fleshly person.' His poetry contains 'a veritably stupendous preponderance of sensuality and sickly animalism'; one of his poems 'reeks of murder, madness, and morbid lust'; another is 'a very hotbed of nasty phrases,' and so on—outrageous language, which could not be atoned for years afterwards, by a lyrical apology, however sincerely meant, and the offer of a lily. It is false criticism to compare these love poems with the *Fleurs du Mal*, or the indecencies of seventeenth-century poets. It is easy to see that some of the

the sentiment is unhealthy, that sensuous images abound, that the mystery of sex is always present. But what the poet delights to dwell upon is love, not desire; and we may leave his own defence to speak for him.

'Here,' he says, 'all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, it is true, but unmistakably—to be as nought if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times.'

What more can be said on the subject has been well expressed by Mr. Knight (p. 163):—

'In the attempt to analyze love, and to separate what is earthly from what is heavenly, there is in Rossetti's idea profanity. Soul and body, the woman beloved and responsive becomes a part of the man. The twain are one, and the love which binds them is the one Divine effluence not to be distinguished from Divinity . . . The expediency of dealing in any public form with the closest of domestic sanctities is open to question . . . Granting, however, the propriety under any circumstances of such confession, and some of the greatest poets have ventured on it, it is to be expected in a series of poems such as constitute "The House of Life."'

Rossetti's poems are not all written *virginibus puerisque:* but we have no right to set him down among licentious poets, and at the same time to teach boys and girls to admire 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Measure for Measure.'

The story of the last years of Rossetti's life is painful to read; a story of high endeavour marred by disease and insomnia, and a constitution of body and mind poisoned by chloral, to such an extent that the morbid imagination was warped by suspicious delusions, almost to the point of insanity. An ardent voluptuous nature, a courage which feared no experience, an undisciplined will, a conscience never asleep and never self-approving, must have given rise to dark passages which baffle the biographer, and cannot be explored by a brother. That Rossetti's life during many years was irregular is not denied. So much must be conceded; and though we repudiate Buchanan's libel on 'The Fleshly School,' Rossetti was neither in his life nor his pictures nor his poetry the apostle of a high morality. His art is sensuous and full-blooded; he is more akin to Giorgione than Giotto. From 'Ancilla Domini' to 'Lilith,' from 'The Blessed Damozel' to 'Venus Verticordia,' there is a long interval. The one expresses spiritual beauty, the other bodily beauty; beauty touched in both with romantic sentiment and mysticism, but far different in intention. And this agrees with Mr. Bell Scott's words, 'In the course of my experience of him he has changed

changed his entire moral nature and views of life';* and with what may be learnt, though it is not on the surface, from notices in other biographies.

These describe him as an artist, a poet, a humorist, an original, and from many other points of view. The reader has to find his way to a harmony of contending judgments. He has not been 'under the spell of the magician,' and must take at secondhand what he can get of the impression made by Rossetti upon them who knew him best. In the strength and uniqueness of that impression all agree, and all pay the same tribute of respect to his remarkable character. But we find his portrait rather in the Letters, in which he speaks for himself, than in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's Memoir.

When to a warm brotherly affection is joined a desire to tell the truth—the Pre-Raphaelite truth, which reserves no fact and does not aim at general effect—the affection is likely to be obscured by the truth-telling. This somewhat crude outline seems to show us an inconstant friend, a shrewd man of business, yet of little stability or perseverance in the ordinary affairs of life, and enslaved to a drug which clouded his heart and intellect and shortened his life. Mr. Rossetti did not certainly wish or intend to draw such a picture. All this may have been true, and yet the qualities which existed with these detractions may have more than counterbalanced them. It is neither an uncharitable nor an immoral doctrine that great men have great faults, and that rare talents should be judged by a more elastic standard than those of common men. But to find the compensating virtues and the balance of their compensation we must go to other biographers, and to the abundant record of his own letters.

Mr. W. Bell Scott, who comes in for much criticism at the hands of Mr. Rossetti, appears to us to give, after all, a better portrait in the scattered notices contained in his Autobiographical Notes, than any other of the biographers, except Mr. Hall Caine. We see here a man of extraordinary fascination, self-willed, domineering and capricious, reckless in his conduct towards himself and others; and yet obeyed for the strength and soundness of his preferences, and adored for warmth of heart, genius, delightful conversation, wit and good-fellowship, by a circle of brilliant men, who must have had their share of the self-appreciation and impatience which usually accompany a poetic character. That these friends allowed Rossetti to presume upon their goodwill and patience, as he often did,

* 'Autobiographical Notes,' i. 290.

argues

argues something in him beyond the attraction of an ordinary friendship. Rossetti's friends were always willing to sit up talking with him till three and four in the morning, 'to drive away the bogies,' as he said, for he would not be left alone; they mixed his medicines or poisons, though sorely against their will; they endured the bites of his formidable pets—animals (as Mr. Knight says) 'outside the range of ordinary sympathies'; they were always ready to travel with him; they waited for months till he could make up his mind to leave London; they came again and again to live with him, and put up with the discomforts of an ill-kept house and oddly mixed company. And yet they never treated him as a spoilt child, but rather as a superior whom it was an honour to serve, and a friend the pleasure of whose company made up for all drawbacks. Such devotion is rendered by love, not by duty; and it was always rendered willingly. They never left him till the chloral-poison had affected his brain, and created visions of incredible designs formed against him, which made intercourse impossible.

We have no space to enter into any details of Rossetti's life, which indeed, but for one tragic incident, is little more than the history of his works; for he stayed much at home, was little known in the London world, and never travelled in Italy, nor on the Continent at all, except in one or two short visits to Paris and Belgium, of which he wrote enough in letters and humorous verse-descriptions to show that if he was not what is commonly called a lover of Nature, he could observe distinctly and comprehensively, giving not only the features but also the countenance of a landscape. Observe the subordination of fact to impression in the following lines, which are nevertheless a record of facts, made up of nouns standing so square on their legs that they need no impressionist adjectives to prop them:—

'Fields mown in ridges; and close garden-crops
Of the earth's increase; and a constant sky
Still with clear trees that let you see the wind;
And snatches of the engine-smoke, by fits
Tossed to the wind against the landscape, where
Rooks stooping heave their wings upon the day.
Brick walls we pass between, passed so at once
That for the suddenness I cannot know
Or what, or where begun, or where at end.
Sometimes a Station in grey quiet; whence,
With a short gathered champing of pent sound,
We are let out upon the air again.' *

* Vol. ii. p. 56.

His

His relations with his family were never inharmonious, though we may read between the lines that they too suffered from his caprice, his disregard of his own health, and the strange and undesirable companionships of his later years. On these subjects it was difficult for his brother to speak or to be silent. Such letters as the following must have made up for much :—

'*25th September*, 1872.

'The pleasant peaceful hours at Euston Square yesterday were the first happy ones I have passed for months; and here all is happiness again, and I feel completely myself.

'I know well how much you must have suffered on my account; indeed perhaps your suffering may have been more acute than my own dull nerveless state during the past months. Your love, dear William, is not less returned by me than it is sweet to me, and that is saying all.' *

He owed more to his mother and his sister Christina than to his father, a patriotic recluse who seems to have oppressed him with too much of Dante and the ideas of 1848, but to whom he owed the deep appreciation of Dante which bore fruit in later years. Mrs. Rossetti, also of Italian descent, a contrast in her simplicity of wisdom and piety to the turbulent genius of her son, was not only loved by him as a mother, but trusted as his best friend. The following short extracts from the numerous letters written to her will serve to illustrate what we have said, and to give a picture of a perfect relation of confidence between mother and son :—

'*12th May*, 1868.

'The reminder of the solemn fact that I am a man of forty now could hardly come agreeably from anyone but yourself. But, considering that the chief blessing of my forty good and bad years has been that not one of them has taken you from me, it is the best of all things to have the same dear love and good wishes still coming to me to-day from your dear hand at a distance, as they would have done from your dear mouth had we seen each other. This we shall again soon, I trust.' †

'*20th May*, 1873.

'Your dear birthday passed me by without epistolary notice from me (most blamably). The fact is, I thought of it more than once beforehand, and often since, but the right moment slipped by somehow. I have been meaning to write ever since.' ‡

'*27th April*, 1880.

'It was sweet indeed to me to receive this day, and written in so firm a hand, the reassurance of what was the first thing I learned to know in this world—my Mother's love. I wish the little offering had been worthier of such a shrine.' §

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* Vol. ii. p. 259.
† Vol. ii. p. 193.
‡ Vol. ii. p. 292.
§ Vol. ii. p. 357.

His

His sister Christina, with whom he had less in common, as regards character, than in intellect and taste, helped in his work and enhanced his poetry by the influence of her own more spiritual and perhaps more spontaneous vein. It would be interesting to trace the action of the brother and sister upon each other. Dante's high originality did not prevent him from taking a colour from her, as he did in painting from his brother artists, and in poetry from the *trecentisti*, the ballad-writers of Germany and England, his contemporaries Browning, Bailey, Bell Scott, Theodore Watts, and many others. To be susceptible to many influences is no disparagement to originality, which borrows without robbery, and creates anew what it reflects.

He was a zealous but irregular student. His strong voice and his boisterous fun and good spirits made him in his youth a leader amongst his fellow-students, but not a promoter of industry. He paid for this irregularity by having to invent his own method of painting, by a want of some of the elements of drawing, such as the rules of perspective, and an uncertainty of handling which made him never secure of doing what he intended, and caused him to begin again and again, with unfailing diligence, works which an artist working by ordinary rules would have built up from a succession of studies. Something of the amateur still interferes with the full effect of pictures which in colour, facial expression, and depth of meaning, surpass the works of all his contemporaries.

Rossetti read much and read carefully; for pleasure, not for learning, and without system, but always choosing what was best. His knowledge of poetry, present and past, was extraordinary. He read all the best modern literature, and warmly praised the works of his contemporaries, without a trace of jealousy or arrogance. He loved old books best, and his astonishing power of memory made him at once master of what he had read. He could repeat hundreds of lines without effort, charming his hearers by beauty of voice and noble delivery. Nor was he merely an admirer. He read books critically, as his marginal annotations testified; and his recorded opinions show that his general judgments rested on knowledge of the book and the writer, not on vague impressions. We find everywhere in his letters and the reports of his conversations, the impress of a strong, original, and cultivated intellect, warped neither by caprice nor sentiment; the independent, and at times exaggerated, expression of a solid opinion; strong likes and dislikes, but no weakness of judgment, unless it be in his preference of Blake and Chatterton to Wordsworth, to whom

whom he 'grudged every vote'; and in setting up Dumas as the 'sole descendant of Shakespeare.'

'We read a vast deal of Shakespear aloud in the evenings here,' he says, writing from Kelmscott in 1871, 'and I also declaimed Browning's new poem "Balaustion's Adventure" one day on the lawn outside the house from first to last (of course with book),—a process lasting about an hour and a half . . . . Of course it has its beauties; but it consists chiefly of a translation of Euripides' "Alcestis," interlarded with Browningian analysis to an extent beyond all reason or relation to things by any possibility Greek in any way.

'I am reading also Walter Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," which I had never read, but which Morris had often recommended to me as one of his best; which indeed I think it is so far as I have gone, —quite out of his usual way, more like a simple study of actual life, and with much more individual passion in the hero and heroine than that class of personage generally has with him. . . . We read Plutarch too; so at any rate our studies are not of an ephemeral order.' *

'*3rd January*, 1873.

'["Salambbô"] is a phenomenal book, and could only have emanated from a nation on the brink of a catastrophe. The line of demarcation between this and "Notre Dame de Paris," published some thirty years before, is very singular to remark. Hugo's book astounds one with horrors, but they seem called up more for the purpose of evoking the extremes of human pity, and for the author's own luxury in that passion, than for any other aim. Flaubert, on the contrary, is not only destitute of pity, but one could not judge from his book, teeming as it does with inconceivable horrors, that such an element existed or ever had existed in human nature. . . . It seems the work of a nation from which mercy had been cast out, and which was destined soon to find none.' †

His conversation, as we learn from more than one witness, had a charm like that of his letters. He did not monopolise talk, nor hold forth; he had more felicity than wit, more dramatic power than humour; he used naturally the right word in the right place; he listened and replied; he encouraged youth; he spoke freely and willingly on all subjects except science and politics. The word 'magnetic,' which has been used to describe his whole personality, was no doubt applicable to the talk to which his friends listened from hour to hour, as midnight crept on to dawn.

'To a circle drawn round the fire in the studio, while the greater portion of the room remained in twilight, Rossetti would read with

* Vol. ii. p. 241. † Vol. ii. p. 273.

his unequalled voice and delivery some passage from a favourite author, and would make this an excuse to draw from some young and but half-reluctant poet his latest sonnet. The interest Rossetti took in these compositions did not cease with the words of encouragement he was ready to utter. If the poem commended itself to him, and any flaw in its perfection seemed capable of removal, letter after letter with suggestions for alteration would come to the writer at his house. . . . How rare is friendliness such as this, and how rarer is the sacrifice of personal vanity, must be at once obvious.' *

Rossetti's love story is the only incident in his life. He is described by a friend at Paris in 1855 as being 'every day with his sweetheart, of whom he is more foolishly fond than I ever saw lover.' No one explains why his marriage was delayed for nearly ten years. When it came, it gave him a few months' great happiness. Miss Siddal was a beautiful creature, with fine powers and sweet character, and an extraordinary gift of imitating or working in the spirit of her husband's painting. But she was already stricken with consumption; and probably her death, which was caused by misadventure, could not have been long delayed. The tenderness and depth of the husband's love for his wife is told in the 'House of Life.' If this is not a picture of sincere feeling, we may call 'In Memoriam' and Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' insincere. It is said indeed, and it may be true, that even during his married life Rossetti was not incapable of wandering loves; but it is not improbable that self-accusation and remorse were exaggerated by overstrained sensibility; and that, like Carlyle, he made too much of his faults and the effect they had upon his wife's happiness. We wish the episode of the disentombing of the poems, with all the painful details dwelt upon by Mr. Rossetti, had not taken place. But it may be forgotten, or at least excused; and no infidelity to his wife's memory can justly be laid to Rossetti's charge.

Rossetti's life was in his art and in the society of his family and his friends,—Morris, Burne Jones, Swinburne, Bell Scott, Ruskin, Hall Caine, Theodore Watts, and many others. No man was ever more blessed with friends or gave more of himself to them—in his own way and at his own pleasure—than Rossetti, and we cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting a few of the letters, an abundance of which he poured out throughout his life. There is no better indication of capacity for friendship than that given by letters, when the wish to speak is accompanied by the gift of expression. Some

* Knight, p. 143.

people

people write about themselves, some about subjects and persons, some have chiefly in view the person addressed; and these last are or should be the best writers of friendship-letters; for genuine letter-writing arises from a want, not a habit. Rossetti's most attractive letters are those in which he is most conscious of the person to whom he is writing. Many of his letters—too many for the general reader—are taken up with criticism and alteration of his own poems and those of his correspondents. His own personality was so strong that he was unconscious of it. He does not write about himself, but we feel him in every line. They are letters of the best sort in the familiar style; but though full of slang and familiar allusions, the language often rises to dignity, and that clearness and truth of expression which makes part of the perfection of style.

'I lie often on the cliffs which are lazy themselves, all grown with grass and herbage, not athletic, as at Dover, nor gaunt, as at North Shields. Through the summer mists the sea and the sky are one, and, if you half shut your eyes, as of course you do, there is no swearing to the distant sail as boat or bird, while just under one's feet the near boats stand together immoveable, as if their shadows clogged them, and they would not come in after all, but loved to see the land. So one may lie, and symbolize till one goes to sleep, and that be a symbol too, perhaps.' *

'This house' (Kelmscott near Lechlade, where he spent much time with Mr. Morris and his family) 'and its surroundings are the loveliest "haunt of ancient peace" that can well be imagined—the house purely Elizabethan in character, though it may probably not be so old as that; but in this dozy neighbourhood that style of building seems to have obtained for long after changes in fashion had occurred elsewhere. It has a quantity of farm-buildings of the thatched squatted order, which look settled down into a purring state of comfort. . . .

'My studio here is a delightful room, all hung round with old tapestry, which I suppose has been here since the date of its making. It gives in grim sequence the history of Samson, and is certainly not the liveliest of company. Indeed, the speculation as to the meaning of incredible passages of drawing and detail becomes after a time so wearisome, and is so unavoidable whatever one's train of thought, that I should cover it all up if I knew how. To take it down would not do, as it might go to pieces or get moth-eaten. . . .

'This place needs no Sunday to quiet it, so that I only identify the day by the trouble of having to send to the town for letters and papers. I am getting used a little now to the tapestry; though still the questions, Why a Philistine leader should have a panther's tail, or Delilah a spike sticking out of her head, or what Samson, standing

* Letter to J. Knight, p. 80 (1854).

over a heap of slain, has done with the ass's jawbone, will obtrude themselves at times between more abstract speculations.' *

We said that Rossetti had more wit than humour. He had the readiness of fit speech which is essential to wit: the choice of the right word in the right place, given only to those who have ideas. But humour he had too, abundantly, and fun, which is one element of humour, as sympathy is another. His 'nonsense verses,' poured out impromptu on every occasion, are only inferior to Lear's, because they are not pure nonsense, and rather witty than grotesque; and for humorous observation and expression what can exceed these descriptions of the dog 'Dizzy'?

'Dizzy has seemed somewhat disconsolate in the absence of protective draperies. However, yesterday at dinner he made a discovery—that of toasted shrimps—and emitted a shout which the cry of Columbus at first sighting land could alone parallel.

'He has been very funny in various ways. On one occasion we got a musical instrument—a dulcimer, which lies flat on the ground—and put a bit of sugar on the strings. Then, as Dizzy approached to take it, the strings were immediately struck with the plectrum, and the contest of terror and appetite in Dizzy's bosom was delicious. On one occasion an attempt was made, in his interest, to reduce him to a diet of dog-biscuit. He became gradually more and more dejected, until one morning he ate a stone instead, which, reappearing on the hearthrug, convinced his master that he must not be reduced to despair again. Whenever he wants to be petted, his plan is to eat a bit of crab-apple, or something he obviously would not eat if he could help it. An outcry of compassion is the immediate result, followed by successive courses of kidneys, maccaroni, &c.' †

He is always delightful in writing of his animals, the woodchuck, the wombat, the hedgehog, the peacocks, the owls, the dangerous zebu, the roving armadillo. 'The wombat is a Joy, a Triumph, a Delight, a Madness,' he writes to his brother.

Of the wombat's lamented death he writes—

> 'Oh, how the family affections combat
> Within this heart, and each hour flings a bomb at
> My burning soul; neither from owl nor from bat
> Can peace be to me now I've lost my wombat!' ‡

The sentiment which governed Rossetti's life, his views on art and literature, his manner of working both in poetry and painting, his relations to his family and friends, and in short

* Memoir, &c., vols. ii. p. 234 and i. p. 292. † Vol. ii. p. 298.
‡ Letter to W. B. Scott, vol. ii. p. 163.

all

all that he was, may be read in the collections of letters from which we have quoted, but cannot be summarised here. Everything is to be found there, for he had no reserve in the confidence which he gave to his friends.

The question of religion can never be left out when we try to form a true conception of a character. If it is absent, we deduct it from the sum. And to many it appeared that Rossetti had no religion. He professed no form of religion, and conformed to none. But he called himself a Christian, and he had a strong belief in an immortality. His works, he said, showed that he was a Christian; and he believed himself to have had intercourse with the spirits of the dead, both by direct visions and through 'spiritualistic' divinations. A few months before his death he expressed a wish to have absolution from a priest. A Protestant he certainly was not; and whatever religious affinities he had, beyond those conceptions which are common to all creeds, were with the Roman communion. We cannot frame a creed for the man who would have none.

'I cannot suppose,' he says, writing of the 'Cloud Confines,'* 'that any particle of life is *extinguished*, though its permanent individuality may be more than questionable. Absorption is not annihilation; and it is even a real retributive future for the special atom of life to be re-embodied (if so it were) in a world which its own former ideality had helped to fashion for pain or pleasure. Such is the theory conjectured here.'

The refrain of this beautiful lyric is—

> 'Still we say as we go,
> "Strange to think by the way,
> Whatever there is to know
> That shall we know one day"';

and it contains a hope which is not bred of Atheism, nor of that colder dogma which calls itself Agnosticism.

We would say, in conclusion, that Rossetti seems to us to be a man not to be tried by common standards of morality, intention in art, or work achieved. He was above all a *rara avis;* sympathetic to all influences of literature and beauty, and at the same time as full of antipathies as sympathies, and as original as he was reflective. His moral nature was strangely mixed. His 'innocent adolescence' gave place to a manhood disturbed by passion, and guided by an imperious love of beauty. His aim in art was at first sincerity, then beauty, and lastly beauty in female form. He sought this ideal in experience of all

* Letter to W. B. Scott, vol. ii. pp. 134–5.

kinds,

kinds, higher or lower, without regard to its effect upon his own character. Self-culture he contemned as the destruction of self-sacrifice; and yet for self-sacrifice, except in devotion to art, he had no taste.

'I am reading "Wilhelm Meister," where the hero's self-culture is a great process, amusing and amazing one. On one page he is in despair about some girl he has been the death of; in the next you are delighted with his enlarged views of Hamlet. Nothing, plainly, is so fatal to the duty of self-culture as self-sacrifice, even to the measure of a grain of mustard-seed. The only other book I have read for more than a year is St. Augustine's "Confessions," and here you have it again.' *

His will, when exerted on others, was strong and masterful; but he had little mastery over himself. His moral ideal was to feel keenly and sincerely. As for the work he accomplished, it fell short of his ideal, partly from technical imperfection, partly because his ideal constantly shifted, as new forms of perfection occurred to him in the progress of his work. In almost all his pictures, and in most of his poetry, we have a sense of incompleteness, beauty aimed at and not fully reached; a defect which is also a merit, for it enhances the interest which we feel in his works, and suggests the idea of infinity, a series continually approaching but never attaining its sum. As a human being, his commanding and attractive personality, his wit and humour, his dramatic and oratorical power, his marvellous memory, his reach of speculation and versatility of thought, his voice, countenance, and gesture, his originality and caprice, his strength and weakness, his self-assertion and dependence on friendship, made him an endearing and engrossing object of the love lavished upon him by his friends. Great as his genius was, it was incurably diseased: and this morbid side of his nature was in part the secret of the fascination, the *βασκανία*, which he never failed to exercise.

He will not have his place at the side of the greatest, Keats, Browning, Reynolds, Turner; but he will always remain one of the most interesting and perplexing of English poets and painters; 'honoured' (as his epitaph reads) 'among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet,' and in his double genius unique in the history of art.

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* W. B. Scott, vol. i. p. 294.

ART.

ART. X.—*The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology.* By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London, 1896.

IT has often been our intention to write a work upon the beneficent influence of Hobbies. We have been impressed by their value. To cull a sentence from the literature of the pavement, we say that no busy man should be without one. In hobbies we find a refuge from melancholia, and we forget our anger with the world. If men have misunderstood us, our hobbies meet us with a smile: they are always amiable; they are not like recalcitrant majorities and wayward constituents; they do not force our unwary hand or stultify our most carefully considered plans. They are what we make them. We find in them alike shelter and repose. If we slumber over them, they will not blame us. When we work at them, they are works of pleasure and choice, and not of compulsion. Coleridge thought that poetry flourished best when it was a man's hobby and not his life's work. The hobby is in modern life what the beech-tree was to the classic poet—there we may meet repose and not contradiction. Under its shelter we escape the fierce beams which beat upon our public life.

It is one of the happy features of English parliamentary life that so many of our statesmen pursue such worthy hobbies. We could part more readily with some of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary measures than we could with his translations. He has often found repose in classic shades. To use the words of his own version of the Horatian lines:—

> 'Me the cool grove, the bounding choir
> Of nymphs, with satyrs grouped, inspire,
> Far off the vulgar; if the lyre
> Of Polyhymnia be not mute,
> And if Euterpé grants the flute.'

Sir John Lubbock finds his hobby in interesting researches among bees and ants and the hundred best books. Mr. Balfour finds it in golf and philosophic doubt. The Duke of Argyll finds it in observing the facts and laws which suggest the unity of nature and the foundations of religion.

Hobbies so pursued are doubly blessed. They bring their reward to him who cultivates them; and they often prove to be of national advantage.

English life has reaped much fruit in this way. No legislative assembly in the world, we believe, possesses so many statesmen who have devoted the hours not demanded by politics to

to the cultivation of some useful hobby. It is a happy thing when those who are labouring for the good of the State find time to bestow labour upon those questions of philosophy and faith which touch the well-being of races. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that the possession of moral ideals is an important factor in national life. We are yet more old-fashioned: we believe that the vital power of such moral ideals is largely dependent upon the purity of current religious conceptions and the reverence with which they are handled. It is, in our judgment, a healthful sign when questions which touch the roots of moral and spiritual life occupy the minds of those who are justly reckoned as leaders of national life and movement; and we therefore welcome a work like the Duke of Argyll's, which deals with problems of vital interest to faith and conduct. We can hardly over-estimate the importance of such works. It may be true that a book which comes from the pen of some political leader receives a greater amount of public attention than falls to the lot of abler works from less prominent men. This is only human nature. But it still remains true that the attention so awakened is of great national value; and, if sometimes out of proportion to the intrinsic value of the work, is usually strictly proportional to the public services and worth of the distinguished statesman. It only means that the man whose voice carries furthest is heard at the greatest distance; and who will murmur at this if the message which the voice conveys is one of hope and wholesomeness? It is well, moreover, that a healthy intercourse should be maintained between different spheres of life. Politics do not lose, literature does not lose, because statesmen are writers, and because those who have to solve questions connected with national well-being can also face deep questions of never-failing human interest.

The Duke of Argyll's political life now ranges over nearly fifty years. He has been a member of several Cabinets. He served under Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone. He has held important offices. He has been Lord Privy Seal, Postmaster-General, and Secretary for India. He has been one of the most frequent, as he is certainly one of the foremost, debaters in the House of Lords. He has taken a deep and earnest interest in ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, and during the agitations of the Secession of fifty years ago he pleaded for peace and moderation. In the midst of this life of varied and anxious duties he has found leisure to deal with questions of science and faith. His works—the 'Reign of Law,' the 'Unity of Nature,' and the 'Unseen Foundations of Society'—

Society'—are well known; and now once more he enters the lists with a volume of five hundred pages in which he champions with skill and unabated vigour the cause of reasonable faith.

Our first duty is with the book; but we cannot pass forward to this task without expressing our conviction that the delightful autobiographical introduction will be to many readers the most attractive part of the work. We do not disparage the work in saying this—we merely yield to the wand of the enchanter. All men are interesting when they speak of themselves; and the Duke's preface shows us a man of rich and cultivated endowments in his most interesting attitude.

The book is the third of a series, connected in general idea, but independent in treatment. The first of the series, the 'Reign of Law,' had an enormous circulation. It dealt with the question whether physical laws are sufficient to account for Nature as we know it, or whether 'Mind and Will are seated on the universal throne.' The 'Reign of Law' was followed by the 'Unity of Nature,' in which the competency of our human faculties to give us adequate and trustworthy knowledge of Nature was investigated. The present volume, which closes the series, extends the reasonings and conclusions of the two previous works, and examines the relation in which this great conception of Natural Law, when properly understood, stands to religion in general and to Christian Theology in particular.

But though the present volume thus crowns a series, it can well stand alone. Reference to the previous works will enhance the interest of the reader, but is not necessary for understanding the argument, which is set forth with an eloquent and almost superfluous fulness. The work consists of two parts. The first treats of Natural Theology, which, however, our author prefers to describe as Intuitive Theology. The second part deals with the Theology of the Old and New Testaments. We shall in the first place set before our readers a summary of the work, following as closely as we can the Duke's order and employing as far as possible his language.

We begin with definitions. The word Nature must be defined at the outset, for misleading and limited ideas of Nature are current. Nature properly is the sum of all existences, visible and invisible. This was the ancient view, and it is the view which in modern times receives the endorsement of J. S. Mill and Professor Huxley. But Nature so regarded is no accumulation of dead material. A Divine reason breathes through her. The intuitions of mankind have recognised the universal agency which lies behind phenomena; and to this agency mental characteristics were habitually ascribed. Witness of

of this tendency is found in the wide-spread habit of personifying Nature or Nature's processes.

The idea of a superintending and designing Mind has been thought to convey an unworthy idea of a Supreme Being. It lowers the Creator to the level of an artificer. But whether the idea be unworthy or not, it is fair to remember that, if Supreme Mind works in Nature, it can only be through such mental characteristics as are recognisable by men that such a Mind could disclose itself. The objection demands a loftiness of method which would serve to conceal its intelligence from the intelligent creatures of its hand. But, further, the Divine working is not wholly like the human: it is loftier; it is not the process of the mere artificer. Man produces manufactures; the Divine Mind produces growth and development. It thus works in a fashion more majestic than man's. This conception of the difference between Divine and human working does not dissipate the impression that Mind works in Nature. There is a distinction in man's workmanship between the mental conception and the mechanical execution. This is a real and constant distinction. In Nature this distinction disappears; but the important question here is: Is the conceiving Mind lost in the mechanical artificer? This is precisely what does not happen. In the slow, orderly, and well-directed processes of Nature, it is the lower—the artificer—action which vanishes: the evidence of the ruling Mind remains unimpaired. 'The objection therefore rests on an incomplete analysis. It confounds the high functions of a conceiving Mind with the far lower functions of a mere executive mechanic.'

The witness for the idea of Mind in Nature, which cannot be set aside by the objection thus considered, receives support from etymology. The very structure of the word commonly used conveys the idea. An organ or apparatus expresses purposiveness. The difference between the process of Nature and the process of man cannot get rid of the common feature which exhibits a contriving mind.

The distinction, indeed, between Nature's work and man's work is very clear: man stands outside his work; the operating power in Nature is within. This distinction points out the difference between natural and revealed religion, *i.e.* it tells what may be known and how much yet remains to be known of the Mind which governs all things. It is clear in the indications it gives of Mind; but it leaves much yet to be known of the nature and character of that mind. To trace out these is the purpose of religion; and it is no unworthy purpose. One result of this distinction, therefore, gives the foundation of religion

religion and its justification: the fact of Mind in Nature is its foundation; the mysteries which surround it are its justification.

But this distinction leads further. It points to the fact that man has affinities with Nature and that Nature must be intelligible to man. Man in a sense looks down on Nature as an observer; in another and deeper sense he is within Nature, a part of her life. In himself he is conscious of the mysteries which he sees also in Nature; in himself he finds some clue to their unlocking. The antithesis between mind and matter in Nature he finds in himself; the immanence of Mind in Nature he finds reflected in his own experience. He is a fragment of the universal Mind, capable by the possession of rational powers of understanding, though not of comprehending, Nature. For it must never be forgotten that limitations of power do not invalidate conclusions arrived at within those limits.

The structure of language is next called to give evidence that mankind recognised mental characteristics in Nature. Language is a treasury and a witness—a treasury of past processes and a witness of man's modes of thought. Words express impressions, as sensitised paper receives and records 'the faintest scintillations of light.' What words express is that which men have seen and felt; they are evidences of what, invisible to us now through familiarity, was clear enough to those who went before us. They are charged with a message: they are charged also with a sacredness: they may be amended or their use may be discontinued; but if used, they should be allowed to carry their native force, and be permitted to express the fulness of their message. To allow this is sound science. The word 'life' has been used to express something which all men have recognised as one, just as with men of science, whether physiologist, morphologist, or histologist, life runs up into ultimate phenomena which look as if they were identical. Thus modern science tells no more with regard to this than men knew and recognised of old. Details may have been added; but essential conceptions remain unchanged.

But yet, in dealing with this word 'life,' men are tempted, through inadvertence or prepossession, to denude it of its full and true significance. This is exemplified in Cuvier, who reduces the definition of life to a mere 'explanatory image,' for he defines life as a whirlwind more or less rapid. This is no definition at all; or if a definition, it is only the definition of some fragment of the idea expressed in the word; and even out of the selected fragment the 'heart and soul' have been

'washed'

'washed' away. The essential elements of growth and assimilation are forgotten; and as we follow out all that is suggested by these words, we discover that we cannot define life without having resort to the word itself. 'The organic structure is the living structure, and a living structure is that kind of structure which alone is at once the visible seat and result of life.' Cuvier, however, though thus defective in his definition of life, is driven to the use of teleological language. He may use the words 'form' and 'structure' in vague and misleading senses; but when he comes to deal with the work and purpose of living bodies, he gives natural expression to the idea of purpose. Living bodies must have solid parts, '*in order to* secure for them the necessary form, and also have some fluid *in order to* maintain the movement.' This teleological language is the only language capable of describing what his mind actually saw. The same idea of purposive apparatus is found in his description of organization. 'This kind of structure,' he explains, 'with all its tissues, adapted and co-operative, is, or constitutes, what we call organization.' He moreover realizes, as Hunter did, that life is the cause and not the consequence of organization. We may trace similar principles when we dwell on the significance of the word 'function.' It emerges again when we meet with the word 'plan' as applied to animal structure; for plan implies more than mere beauty of form. Crystallization shows beauty of form, but no plan. The idea of voluntary action clings to the word 'plan.' Owen uses, however, the word 'type' rather than 'plan'; but the mind of Owen, just like the mind of Cuvier, arrives by another route at 'the recognition of the same ultimate explanation which was the only one conceivable to the great French naturalist.' He recognises the subordination of pattern to special adaptation, in the case of the arm, and generally 'the fitness of parts for their appropriate functions.'

The method of growth shows the tool-mark of the physical forces employed, but these are not independent of life, and they do under its guidance what they never do in any other service. This may be seen in the case of the Echini or Sea Urchins, and of Sponges. Haeckel's language, when closely examined, admits the formative power of vital activity; and Professor Schulze boldly declares that any attempt to refer the skeleton of sponges to the mere crystallizing tendencies of lime or silica must be vain. The formative forces in them are not different from those at work in every living organism. And Professor Schulze goes back to the principle of basing all explanation of organic structure upon the recognition of organic functions. When

When this is done, the appearance of the form and disposition of the skeleton has been rationalised. In other words, we come back to simple teleological language.

The recognition of Mind in Nature is evidenced no less in descriptive science than it is in the structure of language. When men of science seek to describe processes in Nature, they fall irresistibly into the language of teleology. It is with no view of convicting eminent men of personal inconsistency that examples of this are brought forward. The value of these examples lies in the simple fact that when men allow the natural play of thought and words, their language becomes charged with the recognition of purpose in Nature. Thus Huxley speaks of physiological apparatus and of the 'plan' of organic structures. He confesses that the only part of his professional course which really interested him was 'physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines, . . . the working out the wonderful unity of plan in thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends.' Mr. Herbert Spencer sets out to interpret all phenomena in terms of matter, motion, and force. He wishes to forego all more complex symbols; he frankly avows his desire to avoid any teleological implication; but he cannot proceed far without falling into the language of purpose. His first definition of life is lame and impotent, and, by his own confession, inadequate: he seeks to supplement it. The response in all organic reactions is characterised by fitness: the fitness is for producing changes which have manifest relations to future external events. There is 'adaptation of living changes to changes in surrounding circumstances.' In the inorganic world changes have no seeming reference to the future. In the organic world the changes have manifest relations to future external events. Still more striking is it to find the same writer driven, like Cuvier, to the reason WHY of successive changes, and describing organic structures to be such as they are in order to effect certain ends. 'That a protozoon may continue to exist, the assimilation (of external matter) must keep pace with, or exceed, the oxidation.' 'That a creature of this sort may continue to live, it is necessary,' &c. &c. Thus there is a looking forward, a perpetual anticipation of future work, recognised in the impartial contemplation of these natural facts. Adjustments are recognised. '*In order that* food may be digested, some solvent fluid must be applied. In order that the blood should circulate, some ramifying vessels must be laid down.' Such statements are 'conclusive arguments,' 'addressed to our own reasoning intelligence as explaining the operations

operations of another intelligence' (p. 138). In defining function, special adaptations are admitted.

'Physiology, in its concrete interpretations, recognises special functions as the ends of special organs; regards the teeth as having the office of mastication; the heart as an apparatus to propel blood; this gland as fitted to produce one requisite secretion, and that to produce another; each muscle as the agent of a particular motion; each nerve as the vehicle of a special sensation, or a special motor impulse.' ('Principles of Biology,' pp. 155, 156.)

'Here,' says the Duke of Argyll, 'at last we have the language of Nature, the language of common sense, because it is the language of direct and immediate perception.' It would be easy to fill a volume with similar teleological language, unconsciously or unintentionally used. Modern days and modern writings still exhibit the necessity of using the terms of purpose in describing Nature.

The theory of development does not diminish this idea of purpose. Development may be slow or quick; it may be effected in various ways by outward building or by inward growth; but its one essential characteristic remains unchanged —direction from the past towards some future end, the 'direction being of that nature which we instinctively and accurately call an aim.'

It is, however, needful to distinguish between the realization of design in Nature and any arguments and inferences from design. Consequences no doubt flow from design as from any observed fact in Nature; but these consequences must be strictly limited by logical and scientific considerations. Purpose may be read in Nature; but we may yet know nothing of the Mind or Being from whom purpose proceeds. The place which contrivances occupy in Nature may be unknown; the extent of the contriving may be unknown; the contriver may be unknown. These difficulties do not vanish because we have seen design in Nature; but the difficulties do not lodge in the fact of design, but in the inferences and presumptions which arise out of it. No early race doubted that Mind was in the world; but no early race thought of any argument for design. The development of human thought on the subject has been plain enough. Men recognised a Supreme Mind; but they allowed imagination to carry them away: they evolved mythologies, and an intellectual and moral degradation followed. The conception of gods soon revolted the minds of intelligent men. Lucretius is witness of this fact. His revolt was against the gods which popular fancy expected him to worship. His poem witnesses a genuine enthusiasm 'inspired by the conception of some personal

personal Mind as the ultimate agency in things.' The Epicurean poet was far from denying all spiritual agencies, or the trustworthiness of human understanding. On the contrary, he relied on 'the innate power of the human spirit itself in the exercise of its own reason,' and 'on the help afforded to that spirit by close communion with that other and supreme Personality, which was thinly veiled under the great name of Nature.' In that Nature he saw the whole universe, and he saw that universal Nature craving happiness for men. He caught glimpses of that settled order which now we call 'law'; he sees a power which guides the development of things from stage to stage; he sees the perishing and the survival of creatures; he sees, not indeed the immortality of man, but the glory of man's soul and reason, as endowed with a personality resembling the Divine. The beauteous order and purpose in nature is to him like the upbuilding of a poem, so full is it of harmony and expression. He stumbles indeed into inconsistencies of language; but nothing can blot out the clear recognition of Mind in Nature which his language conveys. Nature is purposive to him, as it is to the candid modern mind. He sees what the modern can see more clearly, the correspondences and adaptations which bring purpose into view.

The lower ranges of life exist for the higher: 'Without sheep and oxen, and without the horse, we could not enjoy life as we do now. Yet we know that all of these were introduced very recently, and in a special correlation, as to time, with the introduction of our own species. Fortuity is indeed, as Professor Osborne says, inconceivable in such a case as this.' The preparations in the inorganic world to meet the needs of man—such as the storage of coal—preclude the possibility of fortuity.

The full force of purposive adaptation in Nature is lost sight of when it is assumed, quite needlessly, that purpose cannot be seen, unless seen exhaustively. But this notion is quite unsound. Reflection should lead us, on the contrary, to realize that in so complicated a system we cannot possibly perceive all the ends in view: it is enough if we can understand some. Even in human machines there are parts which have more than one function. If Nature of her fifty seeds often brings but one to bear, it is to be remembered that the larger number of the seeds go for sustenance, and the smaller only for reproduction. Diverse and even contradictory purposes may exist in Nature. The system under which we live is saturated with the power of Mind, and we cannot fully understand it all. We can realize power and purpose. We cannot read its character

racter or reach 'its relations with our heart, intellect, and will.' This is the final result of all close enquiry into natural religion, but which can hardly be said to be a religion at all, and is perhaps more fitly called 'intuitive theology.' This is not reached by inference or anxious reasoning. Mind in Nature 'is a fact apprehended by direct, immediate, and self-evident perception; so much so that the perpetual acknowledgment and expression of it cannot be escaped in describing natural phenomena, even by those who are most desirous of avoiding or suppressing it.'

It is a mere assumption that the Mind which is in Nature must be absolutely different from the mind in man. Phrases may be invented which conceal this conception, but the dogma represents no verifiable fact. Differing schools have fallen into some such snare—those who tell us that in religion we must believe anything told by external authority, and those who say that nothing can be believed at all. Our reason rejects these spurious conclusions. It is not true that we can know nothing about a thing unless we can know all about it. We must rely on the guidings of reason. We must assume, as all science does, the intelligibility of Nature. We cannot say on *a priori* grounds how far our intuitions may be carried when our mental apparatus is educated and developed; but we can at least be sure that all true Theology must be brought into contact with Nature, 'so that congruities and incongruities must be liable to gradual discovery.' The genuine agnosticism which the recognition of the reality and limitations of intuitive theology indicates may enable us to settle many questions. It can throw light on the origin of religion. Religion is found to be the result of man's instinctive endeavours to fill up what is wanting in our knowledge of the presiding Mind in Nature. It arises from the wish to know more of the realities about us. The power of the foolish imaginations exercised on this matter is tremendous. It has led to fierce and cruel customs. But, on the other hand, the negation of all belief in any spiritual power is the parent of unrestrained ferocity. We are face to face then with knowledge which is of supreme importance and facts and principles which are beyond our reach. Real fact and limitation of knowledge meet us. But in being placed thus with regard to religion we are not placed differently than science is placed. Here, too, real facts and stern limitations meet men. Gravity—chemical affinity—light set before us indubitable facts mingled with limitations and contradictions. Of ether it has been said by Dr. Thomas Young that we must think of it as permeating all matters as freely as the air passes through a grove

a grove of trees, and none the less we are to conceive of it as more rigid than steel. Thus no truth, whether physical or spiritual, stands alone. Points of contact arise in all directions: they lend mutual support to one another. This is in harmony with reason. The unity of Nature depends upon the Supreme Mind. Any conceptions of that mind must be confirmed by its observed conformity with other conceptions derivable from every part of the system in which we live.

Such is an epitome, rough and crude, of the first portion of the Duke's book. The Duke, it will be seen, is a vigorous and courageous teleologist. The witness of the Divine Mind in Nature is clear, immediate, and universal. This is the broad foundation stone upon which all true religion can rest. Not all that is built upon this foundation is good work. Men followed their vain imaginations, and degraded faiths bear witness to their presumption. The structure which was erected was incongruous. It was as straw-built huts erected upon majestic rock. But other structures have been reared. These come to us in the Old and New Testaments—in the Hebrew and Christian faith. These must evidence their worth by their congruity with what we know to be true. They may outstrip our knowledge; but they must not confound it. They may lead us to heights far out of our sight and power to reach, but they must be broad-based upon truths which Nature and experience have made clear to us. When the messages which come from the spiritual and physical world speak with the same voice, they attest one another. But it is better to let the Duke speak for himself.

'Profound as are the differences between every purely physical, and every purely spiritual conception, there is yet this one common property which belongs to all conceptions, whether of one kind or another, namely this, that no truth stands alone, solitary, unrelated to other truths in the same region of thought. Every true conception has, and must have, many points of contact with other truths, which may, or may not, be seen. The consequence of this is, that deep-seated relations between truths which outwardly may seem to be wholly separate, are perpetually coming out, and, as it were, betraying themselves in the progress of discovery or of speculation. And in proportion as they emerge into the light of our recognition, they build up a structure of mutual support and corroboration which, more than anything else, gives a sense of certainty to our knowledge. This accords with our experience in all departments of investigation, and it must be especially characteristic of any true conceptions of our relations to that Mind which we see and know to be so all-pervading. It is upon that Mind that the obvious unity of Nature must depend, and any conception concerning its character,

 which

which is true at all, must have its truth continually tested and confirmed by its observed conformity with other conceptions derivable from every part of the system in which we live. A true theology, like a true cosmology, must therefore shine by its own internal light. It cannot be expected, indeed, to solve all mysteries, or to make plain to our very limited understandings, things which may well be inconceivable to us. But, so far as it goes, it ought to be found fitting in with all that we can discover or conceive of the co-ordinated laws which we see prevailing in ourselves and in the world around us.' (Pp. 202, 203.)

This passage conveys with clearness the Duke's position. It tells us what to expect and what not to expect in the examination of Hebrew and Christian theology which follows. The range of Divine Truth must of necessity reach far beyond our power to follow it; but that truth as it comes into contact with our life will be found 'fitting in' with our own knowledge and experience derived elsewhere. The revelation in the sacred books may transcend our experiences, but it will not contradict them; nay more, it will be found in such real and striking harmony with our knowledge and experience that it will create in us a confidence of faith amounting to certainty.

We are thus brought to the second part of the book, which is occupied with a survey of the leading theological conceptions of the Old and New Testaments. The conception of the Godhead is the first selected topic. Here the Duke points out that the Hebrew conception avoided those defective views which have proved their ineffectiveness by their disappearance. The Hebrew idea of God was not mere Theism, nor mere Monotheism; still less was it Pantheism. It avoided the baldness of the former two; it avoided the materialism of the last. God, according to the Hebrew, was knowable—not indeed in His essence, but in His relations to men. He was the Author of Nature, but Nature was not thought of as constituting God. He was Father of our spirits, but above our weaknesses. His rule was a reign of law. His sceptre swayed the universe. He works always and works through the laws which He has made.

The conception here formed is 'strictly scientific in its spirit.' 'It takes the system of Nature'; 'it sits at its feet'; it pretends to no 'abstract or *a priori* knowledge.' It assumes that Nature is intelligible to us and exhibits the adjustments of means to ends. This thought of means and purpose is carried into the history. If Abraham is called, he is called for a purpose; and that purpose is wide as the world itself. All agencies were at the bidding of the Divine; all purely physical forces were servants of the one Supreme Mind. This Divine Mind,

Mind, which makes Nature intelligible to man, is represented as appealing to man's reason, and recognising man as a free agent. Man is appealed to as one who can realize that he lives under a law, natural, rational, and Divine. The religion which is inculcated is founded not on 'sentiment or speculation,' but 'on the perception of certain objective truths which are the great realities of the spiritual world.' The Divine law, however, is no dead or naked power. It is a living and even a transforming force. Man is not asked for mere submission or mere conformity, but transfiguration. Thus the idea of God presented by Hebrew Theology offered an adequate object to the religious instincts and affections; it supplied the thought of the universal reign of law; while it represented the desire of knowledge of all kinds, spiritual and physical, as having its explanations and justification in reasonable grounds of hope. Such an idea was calculated to awaken confidence and humility. The sense of ignorance and the confidence of truth were alike called forth.

This unique and lofty idea of God is found existing in a rude age amid a half-barbarous people; and men have wondered whence such a people derived their splendid and obvious spiritual insight. The Prophet answers, and answers in the only way in which it can be explained according to natural law. 'The Lord,' says Amos, 'revealeth His secrets unto His servants, the Prophets.' All that is claimed is the lifted eyelid and the seeing that which was invisible to minds too idle or too corrupt to see. 'This is a rational belief. It rests on the continuity and consistency between facts which are familiarly known, and other facts which lie beyond them.' Everywhere as the Hebrew assumed the intelligibility of Nature, he held also that there was an inherent correspondence between man's mind and the mind of the Supreme. This conception cannot be called anthropomorphic. It is rather anthropopsychic. 'It is not the form of man, but the spirit and mind of man that casts light upon the constitution of the universe. It is in the correlations of that mind and spirit with the whole constitution of things, that the intelligibility of Nature consists.'

We are thus prepared for the next topic which the Duke introduces—the Theology of the Hebrews as it touches the nature of man. Man is made in the image of God; but the image has been defaced. Man is capable therefore of responding to the Divine. These capacities are parts, and indestructible parts, of his organic constitution. God is the rock out of which man is hewn. Theopsychism is the true theory of human nature, and the real explanation of what is called

the anthropomorphism of the Old Testament. 'The laws of Mind governing human action were, in a measure, applied to the Divine Will, only because those laws were conceived to be the representatives or expressions of a Divine original.' This was true of all the human family; the brotherhood of man followed the Fatherhood of God. Human intellects, though variously developed, are the same at root; and ultimate recognition of higher aspects of life was possible to all.

But no less than the resemblance of man to God is the fall of man recognised. This Fall we are so accustomed to regard as a theological dogma, that we fail to note its coincidence with observation. 'The universal law which otherwise prevails in Nature, is that every living creature has instincts fully corresponding to its structure, and guiding it in the due discharge of its inherited functions. In man alone this perfect co-ordination fails.' This lack of co-ordination was not, however, a necessity. It was due to the fact that man was made free. The story of man's fall was presented in a form full of allegory; but the doctrine set forth gives a rational and consistent explanation of some of the strange contrasts of experience. It enabled singers and prophets to face all the facts of life. Man had the inborn capacity for truth. It needed, however, to be presented to him. The law possessed thus a self-revealing capacity. The contemplation of the Divine Being had a transforming influence.

The two most important ideas connected with religion—the idea of God and the idea of man—have thus been considered as they are presented in Hebrew Theology. The Duke holds strongly the inseparable links which bind together Hebrew and Christian thought.

'The perfect continuity which exists between the fundamental conceptions of Hebrew Theology and those of Christian doctrine, has never been, and cannot be, denied. The differences which now separate the Synagogue from the Church, wide and deep as these differences are in some points of view, are all contained within a common and well-defined boundary of beliefs.' (P. 324.)

The belief in a Messiah is, for example, a common bond, although Jew and Christian may differ as to the interpretation of the idea. We are thus introduced into the domain of Christian thought; and the subjects—Christ as the Messiah, the nature of sacrifice, of faith, inspiration, and regeneration—are considered. In the highest regions of Christian doctrine we meet with statements which carry us into the region of an unalterable law to which we must conform. What happened even in the death and suffering of our Lord belonged to the class

class of things necessary. The existence of such necessities may cause us wonder; but 'this very difficulty assumes and recognises the doctrine as a fact to be so, and therefore carries into the very heart's centre of Christian theology, the idea of laws unchangeable and supreme.' We may not penetrate into the full mystery of the Divine side of these necessities, but we can see on the human side the enormous influence which as a fact the life and death of Christ has wrought in the world. The effect has been no less perfectly natural than undoubtedly deep and wide. Natural attractions thus operate in the spiritual world.

'We have brought,' says the Duke, 'a large part of the Christian system under the domain of Law when we have recognised as necessary or natural such conceptions as those we have now referred to—that the human mind is, in some real measure and degree, an image of the Mind which is supreme in Nature; that a fuller and higher incarnation of it cannot be regarded as difficult of belief; that inspiration, in an infinite variety of degrees, is quite according to the existing constitution and course of things; that the nature and efficacy of sacrifice admits of some reasonable explanation; that love, properly so called, must have a personal object; that this affection is an essential element in belief as distinguished from mere intellectual conviction; and that, through the operation of it, the renewal of a lost, or a damaged, intercourse between individual souls and the Divine Spirit, is in perfect harmony with the observed facts of human life.' (P. 384.)

The subject of Christian Ethics follows. These are claimed to be an inseparable part of Christian theology, and as such are in conformity with known laws. They were not treated by our Lord as wholly new. Rather our Lord sought to 'embrace and amalgamate' all the 'spiritual material' which floated 'on the river of human life.' These were brought into system. All were brought under the great motive force of love. The high spiritual powers which worked in Christian life were never treated as contrary to known laws. 'True faith is the highest exercise of reason.' Prayer is not against nature. It is in the nature of man to pray, and it is in the nature of God to hear. The Almighty is not the servant, but the Author and Master of natural laws. The unchangeableness of His character is not a discouragement, but an encouragement to prayer. Difficulties connected with the subject of prayer are dealt with. And the concluding chapter treats of the relation of Christian belief to philosophy.

We have not been able to follow the Duke into the many interesting and tempting issues which are raised in the course of

of his argument. We have been desirous of setting before our readers, without comment, the general outline of this interesting and valuable work. The aim of the book is clear and simple. Commencing with the great question of purpose in Nature, the Duke finds in it a sure foundation upon which religion may build. But the certainty of the existence of Mind in Nature, while it gives a foundation to further theology, supplies also a test of theological conceptions. There must be harmony between Theology and Nature. Both must come within the domain of law. Where brought to this test, Pagan systems are found wanting, while the theology of the Old and New Testaments shows a constant harmony with experience and a consistency with the idea of law. Holding thus a harmonious position in the realm of Nature, 'the theology and philosophy of Christ have no rival now in the field of thought. There is no other name under heaven whereby we may be saved from the blankness of universal scepticism.'

It will be seen from the summary which we have given how great and varied is the range of subjects which the Duke of Argyll's work touches. It is not to be expected that all the topics introduced can be handled with an equally strong grasp. It is quite impossible that a work of such range should be wholly free from inaccuracies, over-hasty generalizations, misconceptions and omissions. Some of these will have struck the reader who has followed our brief summary. But we do not understand that it is any part of the reviewer's duty to go with peddling and microscopic minuteness over a work, seeking and cataloguing every error, loose statement, or inadvertent expression. There are indeed writers who delight in this scavenging class of criticism. They usually belong to that class who have no inclination, and perhaps no capacity, for understanding the drift of a book. They find it no part of their work to observe the writer's end. They know nothing of the city through which they pass; they know nothing of its manufactures, arts, or industries; they have raked the mud-heaps of the street, and they think themselves entitled to discourse upon the architecture of the city. We understand our duty differently. The reviewer's duty, as it appears to us, is to give as clear and succinct an account as he can of the drift and tenor of the work he reviews. His first aim should be to do justice alike to the author and to the public by setting forth as candidly as he can the purport of the work. He should call attention to the position which the writer occupies upon the field of investigation. He should discuss the principles which are advanced, and endeavour, according to his ability, to show how

how far they are helpful or harmful, exaggerated or defective. He is entitled finally to put forward his own views upon the principles under discussion. In this fashion we propose to deal with the work before us.

We have given our readers a summary of the work. We propose to comment upon some of the leading positions. Three points arising out of the work under review seem to demand our attention: (i.) the question of Mind in Nature or teleology; (ii.) the Relation between the natural and the supernatural; and (iii.) the Development of the religious consciousness as seen in the history of religion.

Upon these questions we shall comment briefly.

The bold teleology of the Duke of Argyll will perhaps surprise those people who have been told that teleology is obsolete, and that Paley is played out.

There are certain historical misconceptions on this matter which ought to be corrected. To hear some people speak one would imagine that teleology had been invented by Paley; but the conceptions which it expresses are more than two thousand years old.

Socrates expressed his disappointment with the philosophy of Anaxagoras, precisely because he forsook the principle *ὡς ἄρα νοῦς ἐστὶν ὁ διακοσμῶν τε καὶ πάντων αἴτιος.*

'As I proceeded I found my philosopher altogether forsaking mind or any other principle of order, but having recourse to air, and ether, and water, and other eccentricities.' ('Phædo': Jowett, vol. ii. p. 244.)

Again, in the 'Timæus,' we read—

'Was the world always in existence and without beginning? or created, and had it a beginning? Created, I reply, being visible, and tangible, and having a body, and therefore sensible; and all sensible things are apprehended by opinion and sense, and are in a process of creation and created. Now that which is created must, as we affirm, of necessity be created by a cause. But the father and maker of all this Universe is past finding out.' ('Timæus': Jowett, vol. iii. p. 448.)

Similarly in the 'Republic,' while illustrating the principle of creation by the making of a bed, he says:—

'There is another artist—I should like to know what you would say of him. "Who is he?" (asks Glaucon). "One who is the maker of all the works of all other workmen."' ('Republic': Jowett, vol. iii. p. 308.)

Epictetus noticed adaptations in Nature, and argued from them to God:—

'Who

'Who is it then,' he asked, 'who has fitted this to that and that to this? And who is it that has fitted the knife to the case and the case to the knife? Is it no one? And indeed from the very structure of things which have attained their completion, we are accustomed to show that the work is certainly the act of some artificer, and that it has not been constructed without a purpose. Does then each of these things demonstrate the workman, and do not visible things, and the faculty of seeing and light, demonstrate Him?' ('Epictetus,' Disc. vi.: Long's Translation, p. 19.)

Another historical mistake is concerning the scientific status of the men whose names during the last two hundred years have been associated with teleological arguments. They are spoken of as though they were credulous and unscientific men. Apart, therefore, from the question of the solid value of the design-argument, we wish to recall their historical position and the relations they bore to the science of their day.

The Royal Society was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1662. Five years later the Society elected as one of its Fellows John Ray, the naturalist, whose works were considered by Cuvier as the foundation of modern zoology. It was this John Ray who produced the work entitled 'The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation.' Nehemiah Grew, also a member of the Royal Society, wrote a work called 'Cosmologia Sacra,' in which he dwelt on the evidence of design in Nature. In more recent times the authors of the 'Bridgewater Treatises' were among the most eminent men of their day. In no sense were any of these writers desirous of retarding science. The contrary was the case. They were by some suspected of too great an adhesion to nature and science. In the seventeenth century, at any rate, the method of explaining Nature by some *a priori* theological views had not wholly passed away. There were still those who were content to believe that all noxious weeds and harmful creatures, according to some, were sufficiently explained by the doctrine of Sin. The advocates of the design-argument advanced a higher idea of the Divine Wisdom, when they saw a gain in apparently hurtful things. If the bramble hurts man, it makes a better hedge. Hurtful animals induce us to watchfulness, thistles and moles to good husbandry; lice oblige us to cleanliness in our bodies, spiders in our homes, and the moth in our clothes. Naïve and boylike as this sounds, it was an advance on what had gone before. They believed that Nature had her own message; and they were ready to hear and to tell it.

They reported what they believed they saw—marks of Mind in Nature. Their conclusions were based on grounds which satisfied

satisfied the most sceptical men of their own times. Men who assailed the faith of the Church acknowledged the argument. Two examples will suffice—Hume in England and Voltaire in France. Hume wrote, 'The whole frame of Nature bespeaks an intelligent maker.' Voltaire wrote, 'Rien n'ébranle en moi cet axiome, tout ouvrage démontre un ouvrier.' It is necessary to remind ourselves of these facts, that we may fairly and justly estimate the *historical* position of the advocates of the design-argument. They were not the advocates of retrogression: they were in the advance line of scientific investigation.

It is perhaps needful, before we ask what modifications of the statement of the argument are required by modern knowledge, that we should understand what the design-argument is. And this is the more necessary, inasmuch as there are many who reason about it who evidently have never understood its purport and scope. The real significance of the design-argument is, perhaps, less understood than Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, and that is saying a great deal.

The argument amounts to this, that the facts which we observe in Nature suggest Mind.

Professor Knight declares that we must prove the existence of God before we can infer the existence of God from any design-argument. But the design-argument never set before itself so ambitious an object. To put this in a very simple form, we may say that certain adaptations and combinations suggest a designer. But the argument does not compel us to add, this designer is omnipotent and good—or God; all that the argument means is that the phenomena in question indicate mind. It is no part of our duty to define the nature or attributes of this mind. It is not within the scope of the argument to declare whether the mind so indicated is infinite or omnipotent mind or not.

And yet the argument is assailed in confused and contradictory fashion as if it ought to have included these things. These facts, we say, point to mind. The opponent demurs. They cannot indicate mind, because the facts are inconsistent with omnipotence. But have we said omnipotence? We said 'mind,' neither less nor more. 'Oh, but the facts are inconsistent with the conception of an infinite mind.' Yet we have not spoken of the Infinite. The definition of the Infinite or the consideration of what is or is not consistent with the Infinite has not come within our purpose. The objector who dislikes the argument may know more of the Infinite than we do. He may therefore be able to say what is or is not inconsistent with Infinite Mind. For our part, we are only concerned with

with the facts before us. These indicate not the work of chance, but the work of mind. This is the one point and the only point to which the design-argument directs itself. It declares that where facts present themselves in a certain fashion we are compelled by the very nature of our own mental constitution to see in them something more than matter and chance —we see mind.

An illustration which throws light upon the conflicting prepossessions of different classes of mind, will make this point clear. When the flint arrow-headed instruments and weapons were first discovered, there was considerable controversy concerning them. The religious world, curiously and inconsistently, was anxious to deny the human origin of these weapons. They were the work of Nature. The action of water or earth had given them these arrow-like heads. Any accident or chance movement might have shaped them so. But the men of science held to their own view. They saw in these significantly shaped instruments the marks of mind. Their opponents were ready enough to pose them with difficult questions. What sort of men were they who made these instruments? Men such as now exist on the earth they cannot have been, since man has been but a few thousand years on the globe. The answer was plain enough. It is not our business to describe the persons who fashioned these weapons, but we are perfectly convinced that those who so fashioned them were creatures possessed of minds resembling our own. We are not called upon to define or to describe. We are only concerned with certain facts; and concerning these we have no doubt. We know something of what mind means; and as long as language serves to convey ideas, we shall be prepared to say that these instruments indicate mind.

In the larger question of the universe, the contention of the design-argument is similar. The facts and phenomena show mind. Here, too, we are not bound to define or to describe. As long as language is used to convey ideas, mind, intelligence, something more than blind force, can be recognised in the concurrence and recurrence of certain facts and adaptations; and according to the design-argument such a concurrence and recurrence of facts and adaptations is visible in the universe; and mind therefore must be inferred.

We have nothing to do with the nature of this mind or the limits of its power. The facts and adaptations are sufficient for us. 'The construction,' as Professor Mozley said, 'adheres to the facts.' It is like the footmark in the sand. Robinson Crusoe could not describe the man who had made it. To have

have attempted this would have been beyond his power; but he was justified when, on seeing the footmark, he said, 'Man.' The advocate of the design-argument should go no farther, but he claims the right to go thus far; and when he sees the facts, to say, 'Here is the sign of mind.'

This is the extent of the design-argument.

But the modern thinker reminds us that matters have changed. In Paley's day we might argue thus concerning mind in Nature, because we had no force at hand ready to account for the wonderful phenomena presented to us. Now, however, we have such a force. We have a law which explains everything —the law of the survival of the fittest.

Two remarks on this remain, we believe, unanswered. First, law explains nothing. Law is not a force, but the method in which force acts; law answers the question How, but not the question that man continues to ask—Why. The force which acts through law may, for all we know, be a Will-force, as Mr. Wallace has thought at least to be possible; and according to a recent writer (Mr. C. S. Minot) 'it is perfectly thinkable that the universe could come to rest, were not the balance of the forms of energy disturbed by the life-power.'

Secondly, even granting certain powers or law, which cannot be granted, it has yet to be proved that the law of the survival of the fittest covers the whole ground. Certain sturdy evolutionists declare that it cannot. Mr. Wallace has shown that the law cannot account for the development of artistic or musical powers in man.

But setting aside these remarks, we have still to learn that the intervention of law destroys the idea of Mind in Nature. If Mind in Nature means anything analogous to what we know of mind, *i.e.* if mind mean something akin to man's mind, we do not get rid of it by pointing to the law by which something or other is done. On the contrary, the highest classes of mind we know act by law: only the lower sort disregard it. To work by law shows a measure of progress in mental development.

For illustration we may revert to the flint instrument again. It has been shown that when force is rightly applied to the flint stone, it splits readily and yields certain forms. The cleavage indicates the law of the stone-formation. It is this law which determines, so to speak, the form. Doubtless it took years before the flint-workers discovered this simple principle. But once it was understood, it became a mark of their intelligence and their improved intelligence to avail themselves of this useful law. The evidence of mind is not lessened

lessened by the discovery of this stone-law. It is the same in Nature. If God 'thunder by law, the thunder is still His voice.' Law, according to Theism, is only the expression of the method of Divine action.

But this is bondage, we are told. It is supposing or imposing limitation which is inconsistent with the idea of a Supreme Being. The answer is, that two things are equally impossible and yet equally true. We cannot conceive of the finite apart from the Infinite; neither can we conceive of finite free-will without some limitation upon Infinite Will. If there be a Supreme Intelligence, He can only make Himself intelligible to His creatures by some self-imposed limitation. Indeed, no mind makes itself intelligible to a kindred mind except through limitation. The musician accepts the limitation of musical notes. The poet accepts the limitation of rhythm or rhyme. We never mark these as humiliating limitations; for it does not occur to us that freedom means the boundless capacity of doing incomprehensible things. There is a service which is perfect freedom. Such is the law of verse to the poet, the law of harmony to the musician, and the law of love to the heart. Unless we conceive of mind as something which in the Supreme is not measurelessly greater but wholly unlike all that we call mind in man, we cannot view such limitation as bondage. But to consider mind in the Supreme wholly unlike mind in man is to make all reasoning impossible by emptying the word 'mind' of all true significance. If, however, the Supreme is to speak to His children, He must speak in a fashion which their intelligence can follow. So to speak is no bondage to Him. To have something to say, and to be able to say it nobly, is the highest function of the poet. Some poets, like Browning, have the gift of thought in excess of the gift of expression; others, like Swinburne, possess powers of expression which outrun thought. But these are not ideal poets. The ideal poet has the double gift of a message and the power to give it. And the Supreme Mind is, if we may say so, even more the ποιητής than the Architect of the Universe.

And this brings us more directly to the modifications of the teleological argument which modern thought demands. It is not now, as it was in Paley's time, the bare contemplation of a certain instrument, the eye or the ear, which most appeals to us. We are conscious that what we behold is not a completed structure. What we behold is a process and not a finished work. We are as those who visit a great cathedral. We are shown the organ. The evidence of intelligence which would appeal to the man of last century would be the arrangements and

and adaptations of pipes and levers and notes. We do not think that this witness has lost its power; but there is a witness of mind which is more emphatic. We ramble about the cathedral; we observe the pillars which uphold the massive roof, the sheaves of stone-wrought curves above us, and the quaint stories chronicled upon the windows. Presently the low notes of the organ are heard: the music diffuses itself throughout the building. The notes unroll sweet harmonies; the changing melodies possess our souls: we follow the wordless music as it unfolds its meaning; we are cheered, softened, awed, and elevated. Do we ask whether intelligence presides over the keys? We need not to ask. We know that whoever is pouring forth music which thus lays hold upon heart and spirit has the power of a heart which can feel with our heart, and a spirit which can appeal to ours. In the process we find mind. 'Science,' wrote the late Professor Huxley, in a letter to a friend, 'is as clear as the Bible about an Eternal of whose infinite process of Evolution the visible universe is a fragment. The sweeping away of Genesis makes no more difference to that doctrine than it does to gravitation.'

Such is the teleology of our own day. We hear God in the great music to which the universe is built. As the slow processes lead on from lower forms of life to higher, from inanimate life to man; as the music changes, and the evolution is that of man's mental powers or religious consciousness, we enter into its spirit. We cannot set down in fixed terms all that it signifies; but it sings to us of the wondrous, unseen Power which, through all changes, is lifting life and man from stage to stage, which bids man climb and climbs with man as he climbs, and keeps ever before our hopes the glad consummation—the

'one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.'

We thus reach a point where it is necessary to speak of the relation between the natural and the supernatural.

The distinction between these the Duke seems disposed to sweep away. Nature he defines as the sum total of all existences, visible and invisible. 'It is obviously impossible to say of any agency that it is outside of, or above, Nature, unless we know all that what we call Nature does actually include.'

There is a sense in which this is true. We cannot declare any phenomena to be supernatural unless we are acquainted with all natural laws. Many things which appear supernatural may be, after all, quite natural. This has been perceived by acute minds in the past. It did not escape St. Augustine.

'God,'

'God,' he said, 'does nothing against Nature. When we say that He does so, we mean that He does something against Nature as we know it—in its familiar and ordinary way; but against the highest laws of Nature He no more acts than He acts against Himself.' ('Contra Faustum,' xxvi. 3.)

The same thought was expressed by Bishop Butler:—

'Persons' notions of what is natural will be enlarged in proportion to their greater knowledge of the works of God and the dispensations of His providence; nor is there any absurdity in supposing that there may be beings in the universe whose capacities and knowledge and views may be so extensive as that the whole Christian dispensation may to them appear natural, *i.e.* analogous or conformable to God's dealing with other parts of His creation.' ('Analogy,' i. 1.)

Thus it is that the boundary-line between the natural and the supernatural is ever receding. Knowledge pushes it back, and shuts up the supernatural within narrower borders. The inference is, that to know all would be to annihilate the supernatural.

But the distinction between the natural and the supernatural cannot be set aside as valueless. The distinction expresses a fact in human consciousness. What man understood he called natural; what he did not understand he called supernatural. It arose from some power greater than he knew. There was a Divine force at work. When such a force displayed itself, he felt himself in the Divine presence. Wonders became in a special sense the works of God (John vi.). Thus that which spoke directly of God was supernatural, while ordinary events were natural.

> 'It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
> When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
> Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.'

Mistaken ideas arose. God was banished from the ordinary field of Nature. The Nemesis came when knowledge increased and the borders of the supernatural were thrust back. Then devout minds took alarm. God was being pushed from His throne. Antagonism to knowledge awoke. How could faith survive, if the supernatural disappeared? But the fear was due to a mistake. There was no rivalry between the natural and the supernatural. Nature was the realm of God. The force which gave to man corn and wine and oil was as Divine as that which fed the multitudes in the wilderness, or turned the water into wine. The miraculous, as Carlyle said, did not cease to be miraculous because it was repeated. In the natural there was the Divine element which men saw in the supernatural; and from

from the standpoint of God's throne the supernatural would be seen to belong to the Divine order of Nature. The supernatural was no less natural than the natural was supernatural. The same thing from one point of view might be natural; and from another point of view might be supernatural. Dr. Martineau has reminded us that the same curve which from below is concave is, when seen from above, convex. The same event is natural when we consider it as due to ordinary processes: it is supernatural when we consider it as the work of God. In the one case we are thinking of the sequence of phenomena; in the other we are thinking of their source. We describe them as we regard them.

Are we then reducing this matter to a mere question of standpoint? Is the distinction a subjective one altogether? By no means. The differing consciousness arises from a deep and real certitude, viz. that while we can recognise Nature in God, we cannot recognise Nature as God. The Divine Spirit may pervade Nature and we may recognise it in Nature. Of this the Duke of Argyll reminds us. We may realize the immanence of God in Nature, but we are driven to realize His transcendence also. That God is in Nature is not all the truth: that Nature is in God is even more true. Certainly the Apostle approved the description—'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Nature therefore cannot wholly swallow up the supernatural. Nature is not the sum of all existences, seen and unseen. If it were, Nature would include God. As long, therefore, as we speak of God, we can speak of the supernatural. Practically the Duke of Argyll admits this, though in another and an intelligible sense there can be nothing above Nature.

And this brings us to our third question, the development of the religious consciousness of man.

There is a science, if we may use the expression, which has not occupied the Duke of Argyll's mind so completely as the science of natural history; and that is the science of comparative religions. It is always a churlish act to find fault with a book for what it does not contain, and we are not going to play the churl now. The Duke has given us such a rare and varied banquet that we are too grateful to complain because our favourite brand finds no place on his table. But we cannot trace the growth of the religious consciousness without reference to the science which deals with the characteristic resemblances and differences of various religions. In doing so, moreover, we are persuaded that we shall prove friends, not foes, to the Duke's work.

We have long been of opinion that the key of our present theological

theological and speculative difficulties lies nearer at hand than we know. That which we are seeking far and wide may be found in our own bosom. The crowning science of our day is anthropology; and the last and most pregnant chapter of that science is that which treats of the growth of the religious consciousness of man as seen in the comparative study of religions. These disclose to us with clearness that the same law of evolution which we see in physical matters finds expression in spiritual matters. Whatever reversions to type and catastrophes mark the growth of religious history, the progress has been from ideas which are crude and materialistic to those which are ethical and spiritual. That which was unfit fell down upon the road of life. That which has been noblest and purest has survived.

But this is not all. The history of religion is the history of man's religious needs. Written in characters which none can mistake, the progress of religious thought bears witness to the fundamental wants of man's spiritual nature. Man's spiritual nature is thus open to examination; and we can test the value of religions by their capacity to meet his wants. The religion which can satisfy while it elevates and elevate while it satisfies mankind is the religion which holds the future. Man's cry as witnessed by history has been threefold. 'Give me that on which I may rest. Give me that with which I may commune. Give me that by which I can aspire.' It is a demand for the Infinite in which alone his finite can find meaning; for the eternal righteousness in which conscience becomes a reality; for the life in which he can realize his life. It is a demand for strength, sympathy, hope. And only when Christ comes into the world does the religion appear which can satisfy this cry and lift man upward towards the realization of all that his spiritual nature is capable of. From the lowest form to the highest man struggles upward into light. Christianity is the flower of the religious consciousness of mankind.

'Is then Religion from beneath?' it will be asked. 'We thought that she came from above. We cannot rest in Religion if she is made of the same earth as ourselves. Natural religion stands over against revealed religion. Natural religion can only give us opinions; revealed religion can give us divinely attested truths. In these alone we can rest. If you give us a religion which is only the climax guess of human guesses, we have no sure foundation and no Divine authentication of our faith. If Christianity is the flower of such religions, it is still of the earth, earthy.'

But here again the principles which have governed our thoughts

thoughts concerning the natural and the supernatural will help us. The evolved religion is natural, it is said; the revealed religion is supernatural. But if the words express different aspects of the same fact, it may still be true that religion is both natural and supernatural. It may from one standpoint be from beneath, and from another standpoint it may be from above. If a Divine Spirit wrought slowly in the formation of the physical order, is it revolting to our spiritual sense to think that a similar method shows itself in the spiritual order? It was startling to be told of our kinship with the monkey and the tadpole; and it may be difficult also to realize the connexion between the loftiest aspirations of the religious soul and the crude prayers of the Fetish worshipper. But as in the one case the magnificent conception of growing order eclipsed this idea of grotesque kinship, so in the latter case the sense of incongruity disappears when we realize the educating patience which has been leading man from lower to ever-heightening thoughts of the spiritual order in which he lives. It is with the race as with the individual. The first years are touched with earthliness. The joy of the child is the joy of physical existence, just as the rude stage of religion is the fear of physical evil, the hope for physical good. Later the intellectual and moral forces take possession of the field. These supply in the one case new sources of joy, in the other new aspects of religion. We pass through the stage material to the stage intellectual, moral, and spiritual. We follow the apostolic order—'afterward that which is spiritual.' The religious consciousness of mankind has followed this order. The most orthodox Christian believer need not stumble at the thought. He admits a light which shone first dimly among the chosen people, and grew in intensity till it burst forth in splendour in Him who was the Light of the world. This is growth—order—evolution. Are we forbidden by any reason of judgment or orthodoxy to enlarge this idea? Is God the God of the Jews only? Did He leave Himself without witness? Was not the Light of the world the light also of every man? The progressive order may show itself more distinctly in one place than another, but, broadly viewed, it is a world-wide process.

Now in this process, as in the physical evolution, there is an earthly side and a Divine. On the earthly side we see effort, failure, recovery, difficulty, gradual progress. On the heavenly side we see the supply of continuous energy and increasing light. Viewed from one standpoint, it is a series of feeble efforts, miserable failures, splendid mistakes, and unexpected successes. Viewed from another standpoint, it is the manifesta-

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tion of a Divine care, leading stumbling humanity up the steep. On the human side it is discipline and development; on the Divine side it is education. Religion is in one sense the gift of God; in another it is man's painful appropriation of the gift. The light was not continuous; it did not grow upon men in regular increments; it was given as men were able to bear it. Their progress in Divine knowledge was through a Divine help, but dependent upon their use of previous gifts. Thus to the student the growth of the religious consciousness may present features of development and evolution, while to the mind thinking religiously the same phenomena are charged with a Divine life, and show glimpses of a heavenly light which shines more and more unto the perfect day.

Is there contradiction then in the thought that, as the natural may be charged with the supernatural and the supernatural display itself in the natural, so also the Divine may show itself in the earthly, and the earthly realize itself in the Divine? It is the parable of the convex and concave curve again. It is Browning's spark:—

> 'Fire is in the flint: true, once a spark escapes,
> Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
> Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—
> Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
> Splendours recognised as perfect in the star!
> In our flint their home was, housed as now they are.'

The fire in the flint had heavenly birth and found a heavenly home. The round of true life is a circle. We come from God; we go to God. The ladder between earth and heaven is a ladder up which men may climb, and down which angels may descend; but it is one ladder. Men reach the topmost round with labour and difficulty; angels traverse the ladder with ease. The religious life, which is this ladder, is on the human side—effort, failure, prayer, effort. Man adds to his faith, virtue, and to virtue, prudence, and to prudence, temperance; and only at the last he reaches the final round, whose name is love. On the Divine side, religion is an inspiration which begins with the inbreathing of love into the soul. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering. The last step in the evolution of the religious consciousness is pure, unfeigned love; it is the first step on the heavenly side. God so loved the world. We reach the first last. The first is the last and the last first. The poem in the poet's heart is first, but its perfected form is the last. The statue is in the sculptor's mind before it is drawn forth from the marble. The Divine is in the human progress

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as in the physical progress. God's revelation responds to man's search; man's search is prompted by God's revelation. We cannot draw a hard and fast line between natural and revealed religion any more than we can between the natural and supernatural; but nevertheless the distinction expresses a reality. The prismatic colours shade insensibly into one another, but we can distinguish the blue ray from the red. The natural element mingles with the revealed as it does with the supernatural; the treasure is in earthly vessels. But we know the treasure when we see it. We cannot distinguish the natural from the supernatural, but we can distinguish God from Nature; and we can distinguish the Divine message from the human messenger. We can discriminate between the natural and the spiritual; we know the difference between the witness of God in Nature and the witness of God in the Spirit. The witness of Nature is indirect; the witness of the Spirit is direct. This is the supreme wonder and standing miracle of the Christian faith that, wherever Christ is made known, the soul recognises her Lord. He has become the conscience of humanity as He is its flower. His Divinity shines through His humanity. He is, to use Maurice's profound words, Son of God, because Son of man. He is God in man and man in God. He is perfectly natural yet Divine. He is so completely normal that we recognise Him to be above Nature. The religious consciousness of mankind finds in Him its highest expression, and recognises in Him its eternal Source.

And thus the reconciliation which is most needed is found. Religion must be from above if we are to have confidence in it; it must be on earth if we are to get near to it. We ask power; we ask sympathy. Religion must have Divine strength to hold us fast; it must have human hands if it is to get hold of us at all.

We have treated of teleology, of the relation of the natural to the supernatural, of the growth of man's religious consciousness. We have vindicated the teleological principle; and yet we are free to admit that in the present day the teleological argument largely fails to appeal to men. The reason is simple. Our thoughts have grown. The design-argument is still valid, perhaps more valid now than ever, to show mind in the universe; but this is not the problem of our day. Mind is recognised. We are asking rather reconciliation between the highest religious conceptions and the facts of the universe; we are seeking the Divine principle which lies at the root alike of our religious consciousness and of the things we see. We must think of all things as one. We want to see all that the

intellectual consciousness perceives embraced in that which the religious consciousness demands; and all that the religious consciousness demands witnessed in all that the intellectual consciousness perceives. 'Such a religion must see God at once without and within us, yet it must be able to discriminate the higher sense in which He is within and not without.'* The God of the universe must be the God of our religious consciousness; and the God of our religious consciousness must be the God of the universe. We are persuaded that this reconciliation is found in Christianity.

Too often Christianity has been treated as a faith apart from Nature. Devotees and sceptics have delighted to denaturalize it. On the contrary, our belief is, that the teaching of Christ expressed the law of human life as it was from eternity. It was no new commandment, no novel faith. What He came to give was not a new invention, but a new discovery. It was a revelation, because men had not perceived it before; but it was a revelation of what was as old as gravity and as the everlasting mountains. The law of Sacrifice which Christ proclaimed was not then first set forth. The law existed from the beginning; the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world. In Christianity we are going back to the everlasting sources of being, and we are also going forward to the perfecting of all things. Christ accepted the order of Nature: He would not by escaping it tempt God. He realized the law of progress. He did not expect men to understand all things at once. 'Ye cannot bear them now.' He taught the law of the survival of the fittest. He bade men be perfect as their Father was perfect, and foretold the power of survival possessed by such a character, for in the hour of trial he would be as one who had built upon a rock. He taught no less the law of self-sacrifice. He that loseth his life shall find it. But, unlike some among ourselves, He found this law of sacrifice in the universe. The power of life was dependent upon death. Of the seed He said: 'If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' He saw no contradiction between the spiritual and the physical order. All things were of God. Man had the key in his own bosom; for the man who once entered into the life of God and became His friend would gain a power to understand. On this relation much knowledge depended; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. But in entering into God's life, we enter into the life of the universe. We are no longer aliens, but sons.

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* 'Evolution of Religion,' by Dr. E. Caird, vol. ii. p. 64.

'Till

'Till this truth thou knowest,
Die to live again,
Stranger-like thou goest
In a world of pain.'

The Duke of Argyll closes his book by reminding us of the unexhausted reserve of power which is possessed by Christianity. It is most true. Men are begining to realize this increasingly. They see in the applications of its principles hope for the social and national life of the world; they see in the character of Christ the true exemplar life of humanity. But its greatest advance will come when all men of all classes realize the one supreme law of Christ, and make the law of self-sacrifice the law of their life, and learn by love to serve one another. When the churches cease from their vain endeavours to change men's thoughts and seek the higher end of changing their characters; when they no longer wrangle about opinions, but strive to lead men to fulfil the law of Christ,—then there will no longer be any questioning about the foundations of faith; for religion and life will be seen to rest upon that Everlasting Love which is alike the source of life and the inspiration of knowledge.

ART. XI.—1. *Madagascar before the Conquest.* By the Rev. James Sibree. London, 1896.

2. *Madagascar in War Time.* 'The Times' Special Correspondent's Experiences amongst the Hovas during the French Invasion of 1895. By E. F. Knight. London, 1896.

3. *Étude de Politique Contemporaine: Madagascar en* 1894. Par A. Martineau. Paris, 1894.

4. *Copies et Traductions françaises des Documents et Correspondances échangés entre Son Excellence Rainilaiarivony, Premier Ministre et Commandant-en-chef de Madagascar, et M. Le Myre de Vilers, Plénipotentiaire de la République Française.* Antananarivo, 1894.

5. *Affaires de Madagascar*, 1885–1895. Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. Paris, 1895.

6. *Le Commerce et la Colonisation à Madagascar.* Par Georges Foucart. Paris, 1894.

7. *Voyage à Madagascar*, 1889–1890. Par Docteur Louis Catat. Paris, 1895.

8. *Two Campaigns: Madagascar and Ashantee*, 1895–6. By Bennet Burleigh, War Correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' London, 1896.

MANY

MANY months have elapsed since the slender column of General Duchesne dispersed the vast armed mob of Hovas arrayed against it outside the city of Antananarivo; and it is now some time since that commander returned to France in triumph; whilst his less fortunate antagonist, for thirty years the despotic ruler of Madagascar, has been deported to Algeria, leaving Queen Ranavalona III. to govern the Malagasy under the orders of a French Resident-General. The time seems therefore to have arrived when we can review dispassionately the series of events which led up to the invasion of the island as well as the conduct of the arduous campaign which barely escaped imminent disaster, and was only brought to a successful issue by the sternest determination of the French leaders. It will be next our somewhat difficult task to discuss under what sort of political and administrative *régime* the French Republic proposes to place its new possession, which in size and extent exceeds the total area of the great European State to which it has been practically if not formally annexed. A comparison between France and Madagascar in respect of area may be represented thus:—

France, like Great Britain, has concluded several treaties with sovereigns of the Hova dynasty; but, whereas our earliest convention with the great Radama was negotiated as early as 1817,* the first treaty made by the French was not signed by the second Radama until nearly half-a-century afterwards, in 1862,† only to be torn in pieces within a few months, when the

* Treaty of Tamatave, October 23rd, 1817.
† Treaty of Antananarivo, September 12th, 1862.

unfortunate

unfortunate king was assassinated by his minister because this treaty threatened the independence of Malagasy territory. A heavy indemnity was exacted by the French commodore upon this occasion, but the next treaty was not signed until August 1868,* when Ranavalona II. came to the throne, the first Christian sovereign who had ruled over the Malagasy—'Un traité, assez banal,' writes M. Henry d'Escamps, 'plagiat à peine déguisé du traité Anglais, dicté en 1865 par M. Packenham.' †

The terms of this treaty were, however, only observed by the Hova Government, more or less evasively, until the death of M. Laborde, the French Consul, whom the experience of a lifetime spent in Imerina had taught how to deal with Malagasy officials. In fact it was the want of tact and a more aggressive attitude on the part of the Consuls who succeeded Laborde which caused such irritation at Antananarivo, that it culminated in bringing about the Franco-Hova War of 1883. At first Rainilaiarivony, trusting in the traditional impregnability of his fastnesses, so well protected by steep mountains, forest and fever, defied the demands of the French naval officers and laughed at their bombardments of distant seaports. But even the obstinacy of the Hovas in the interior had to give way before the protracted blockade of their coasts, which seriously impaired their revenues. In spite of the successful defence of the Hova lines outside Tamatave, Rainilaiarivony found himself forced to submit to onerous terms, including the payment of another heavy indemnity—this time amounting to ten million francs—to subject his relations with Foreign Powers to the supervision of France, and to cede to the Republic certain territory around Diego Suarez Bay. The treaty‡ embodying these and other clauses was ratified at Antananarivo by the Queen's signature, in January 1886, on the express understanding that an 'Interpretative Letter,' signed by the French plenipotentiaries, should form an actual portion of the instrument; but, unfortunately, it was presented to both Chambers of Parliament in Paris by M. de Freycinet for ratification, without any reference to the existence of this all-important appendix.

Thus the treaty ratified by the French President in March 1886 in no way satisfied the claims which had been put forward by the Republic at the beginning of the war. On this subject M. Martineau states:—

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* Treaty of Antananarivo, August 8th, 1868.

† *Vide* 'Histoire Politique de Madagascar,' p. 284.

‡ The Treaty of Tamatave, concluded on the 17th of December, 1885, in Paris on the 7th of March, 1886.

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'The treaty did not grant us the right of holding property in Madagascar, nor did it confer the possession or even the direct Protectorate over the territories of the North-West coast. We did not even succeed in getting the word *Protectorate*, which had been so hotly contested for, inserted in the diplomatic instrument. Considered from this point of view, the treaty was certainly a blow to our self-esteem; it was even a disaster if we recall to mind certain declarations of Admiral Miot. But for the cool observer, who only weighs words by their relative value, it is not doubtful that this treaty, after all our indecision and all our mistakes, was still a success; only all depended on the usage to be made of it. The right of presiding over the foreign relations of Madagascar, or, following the Malagasy text, of "superintending" these relations, was equivalent to a Protectorate; what did it matter that the word had been sacrificed since the fact remained? The exercise of this right in the hands of an energetic Resident-General, above all well supported, might have the most happy consequence; it might and ought to enable us by the necessary thread, which in all countries in the world unites external and internal affairs, to interfere, little by little, in the interior policy of the Malagasy Government, whilst still respecting the fundamental institutions of the kingdom.'

Of the events during the following years M. Martineau's 'Étude de Politique Contemporaine' gives us a fairly impartial account. He tells us how the payment of the indemnity occupied the attention of the first Resident-General, M. Le Myre de Vilers, who, shortly after his arrival at Antananarivo, in May 1886, secured for the Comptoir National d'Escompte the negotiation of a Madagascar loan of fifteen millions of francs, at 6 per cent., secured on the customs of the seaports and to be repaid by half-yearly contributions within twenty-five years. He relates how, when the boundary question of the Diego Suarez territory arose, M. de Vilers at once declared that the Republic refused to recognise the stipulations of the above-mentioned 'Interpretative Letter,' which had hitherto been kept secret on both sides; in consequence of which declaration, this hitherto suppressed document was now first published in Malagasy, French, and English. The effect of which was to set aside the settlement of the boundary question *sine die*.

The first serious difficulty, however, between Rainilaiarivony and the Resident occurred in 1887, when the *exequatur* for the American Consul was applied for through the French officials. The dispute went so far that M. de Vilers hauled down his flag and retired to a short distance from the capital, but even this quarrel was settled by an arrangement that all *exequaturs* should be endorsed with an acknowledgment of the Resident's right

right to superintend all foreign affairs,—a vague formula which for a time answered the purpose of both parties.

Before M. de Vilers left Madagascar a scientific mission was dispatched from France under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, headed by Dr. Catat, who, assisted by MM. Foucart and Maistre, accumulated a quantity of reliable information regarding the geography, natural history, and economical resources of the country in several valuable reports which deserve attention. M. de Vilers' tour of duty as Resident-General, however, was chiefly remarkable for the magnificence of his expenditure. He sought to gain popularity for French officials by a lavish outlay of dollars. None of his staff of officials or of the soldiers of his escort were permitted to appear in public on foot: even the meanest little bugler must needs have his palanquin with four slaves to carry it; but popularity could not be achieved by this method, the only effect being the rise of price in the markets of everything sold to Frenchmen. M. Martineau says: 'M. Le Myre de Vilers pensait ainsi s'imposer par la vertu toujours puissante de l'argent: les Hovas ont bénéficié de ses largesses; ils ne les ont jamais comprises.' On the contrary, the contemptuous arrogance exhibited by the marines of the Residency towards the native population in the streets increased the dislike of the foreigners, already more or less felt, but generally concealed by the Hovas. M. de Vilers quitted his post, leaving the prestige of the French lower than when he had first tried to gather up the reins of an unavowed Protectorate.

On the other hand, M. Bompard, the next Resident who succeeded to M. de Vilers, a younger man, and perhaps of a more genial temperament, or endued with more common sense, became at once far more popular, and stood on far more cordial terms with Queen Ranavalona's Minister. Subjects of dispute were mutually avoided, and the word 'Protectorate' was not mentioned by either of the diplomatists. At this time Rainilaiarivony was occupied in trying to reduce the unruly tribes of Sakalava on the West coast to submission.

All was going on quietly until September 1890, when a sudden telegram, wholly unforeseen either by the Resident or the Prime Minister, brought the news that Great Britain had recognised the Protectorate of France over Madagascar. It was regarded as equivalent to a tacit declaration of war. At Tamatave commercial transactions at once stopped, whilst Rainandrianampandry, the officer who had so stedfastly held the lines of Farafatra against the French squadron in 1883–85, instantly evacuated the old fort at Tamatave and withdrew his garrison,

garrison, arms, and ammunition to his former strong position behind the morasses of the Ranomainty, where he set to work throwing up fresh earthworks and casemated batteries.

At the capital, when M. Bompard was forced to bring the Anglo-French agreement to the notice of the Hova Government, the indignation of the Minister was much excited. It was of little importance to him, he said, that the English had acknowledged to France a Protectorate which that country did not possess, and he invoked the terms of the Treaty. He well knew, during the five years which had elapsed since the signing of the convention, that throughout this period the shadow of a Protectorate had been impending, but he had not been prepared for its being so suddenly sprung upon him from the hands of his supposed allies, the English, who had, up to that time, rather applauded his show of independence.

From this time forward M. Bompard had to face all kinds of difficulties, which were considerably increased by the arrival of another Consul from the United States, a gentleman of colour, who obtained his *exequatur* direct from the hands of Rainilaiarivony, by way of an American protest against the Anglo-French agreement. Affairs were not improved by the recall of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Pickersgill, who had always proved himself an amiable colleague of the Residents-General; and, in fact, the position of M. Bompard soon became so intolerable that he was glad to be permitted to resign his post, being succeeded by M. Lacoste, whose principal object was to prevent any actual collision with the Hovas as long as he might be able by soft words and suave diplomacy.

'Où M. Le Myre de Vilers avait échoué par la brutalité, et M. Bompard par la fermeté, M. Lacoste échouait à son tour par la douceur, faisant par là l'expérience suprême que la diplomatie ne pouvait pas à elle seule triompher de la mauvaise foi et de la force d'inertie des Malgaches.'

M. Lacoste was recalled to France in 1892, and M. Ribot, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, selected M. Larrouy to be his successor; during whose tenure of office the Hovas were busily occupied in making preparations for defence. M. Larrouy was instructed to notify to the Hova Minister that the French Government would no longer tolerate the importation of arms and ammunition into the island, and that the Commandant of the Indian Ocean Naval Division had orders to put a stop to such proceedings. Rainilaiarivony's mode of procedure at this period was thoroughly Oriental: for months at a time he was seized by an illness which wholly prevented him

him from business and from meeting the Resident-General; although it did not prevent him from sending Colonel Shervinton to Europe to purchase large consignments of warlike stores, which were easily landed at various ports which could not be always patrolled by the French cruisers.

At last the patience of the French was worn out. After the assassination of President Carnot, fortified by the support of M. Casimir Perier and backed by a strong Colonial party, M. Hanotaux—the Minister for Foreign Affairs in M. Dupuy's second administration—determined to bring matters to a crisis and to enforce an *effective* Protectorate over the African island, by arms if necessary. With this end in view, M. Le Myre de Vilers was dispatched to the island armed with an ultimatum and full powers as a plenipotentiary; whilst General Mercier concerted the plan of campaign with General Duchesne and Colonel de Torcy, the officers who were selected to carry it out.

The French War Office had taken precautions to have the ground between the Hova capital and the coast well surveyed by military experts. Already a small detachment of the Resident's infantry escort had marched on foot from Tamatave to Antananarivo during the hot season; and it was now determined to effect the retreat of the whole escort by the longer route, down the valley of the Ikopa river, to Majunga, the more commodious port on the North-West coast.

The result of M. de Vilers' mission was a foregone conclusion. The chief object of the plenipotentiary was to enable the French non-combatant subjects—priests, nuns, women and children—to retire to Tamatave without danger. This withdrawal of the small French community was carried out safely, for the Hovas were not as yet greatly excited against the French, whilst their experiences of war were confined to remembrances of the former operations during 1883–85, when Imerina had remained altogether intact, the coast-line alone having suffered from the common enemy.

After the presentation of the ultimatum and the withdrawal of all French subjects from Imerina, M. de Vilers, having awaited for a specified number of days at Tamatave the submission demanded in his ultimatum, hauled down his flag and embarked on the mail steamer for Europe. At the same time Commodore Bienaimé, who had a force of marine infantry ready for the event in the islands of Ste. Marie and Réunion, landed without experiencing any resistance, took possession of Tamatave, and quickly put the peninsula on which it stands in a state of defence. Thus active hostilities commenced on the 12th of December, 1894. A month later, on the 14th of January,

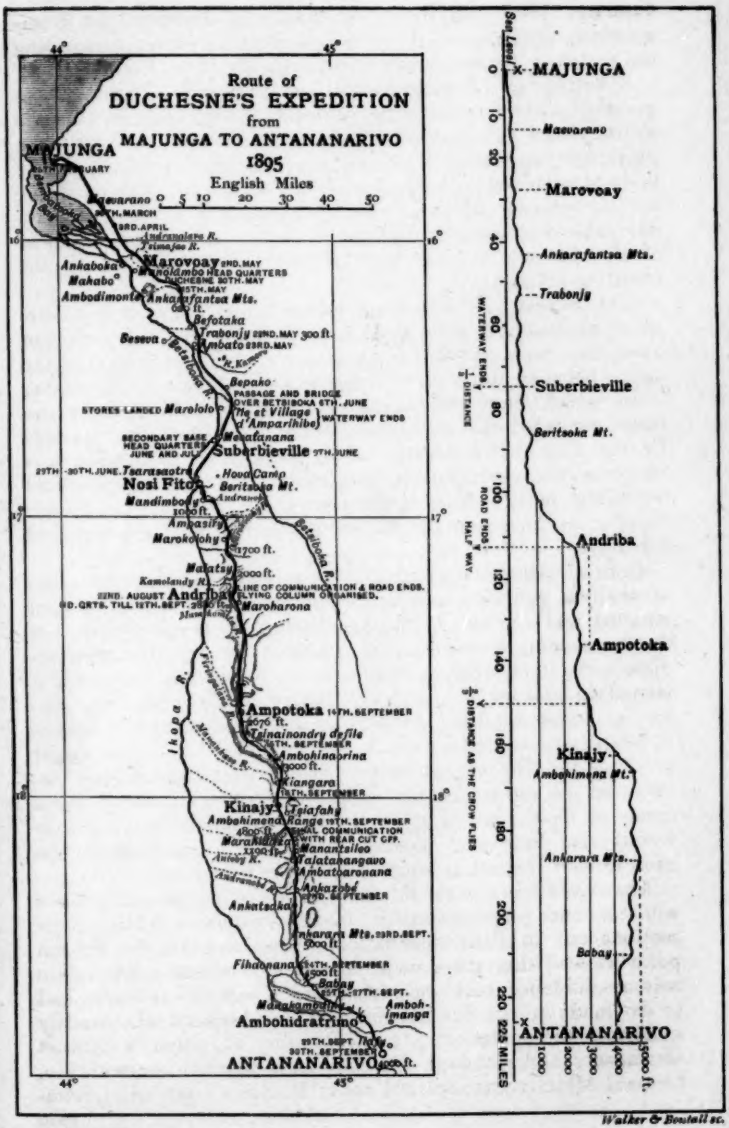
January, 1895, Majunga was similarly occupied by Commandant Denis, and the two principal seaports commanding the routes to the capital were in the hands of the French navy.

Meantime M. Hanotaux had obtained from Parliament a grant of sixty-five millions of francs, forty millions for the military and twenty-five millions for the naval portion of the projected expedition, which General Mercier had decided was to be dispatched against the Hova stronghold in the interior of Madagascar by way of the Betsiboka river,—a stream navigable with boats of shallow draught upwards of one-third of the distance to the objective point to be reached by the invading column.

The retreat of the marine escort under Captain Lamolle, accompanied by horses, asses, bearers laden with baggage and oxen, had been effected in good order, at a late period of the year—between the 27th of October and the 14th of November—on which date the infantry reached Suberbieville, where boats conveyed the party, after three days' delay, to Majunga by the 21st of November. The journey of 277 miles was thus easily accomplished in twenty-two days, eighteen by land including halts, whilst the transit down stream from Suberbieville to the seaport at the mouth of the Betsiboka occupied four days.

General Mercier's council of war proposed that a flotilla of shallow gunboats and flat-bottomed barges should be constructed and sent out to Majunga before the commencement of the dry season, in readiness to transport the expedition immediately on its arrival up the river to Suberbieville, where a secondary base for the accumulation of provisions, stores, &c., was to be established. Ample hospital accommodation was to be especially provided, and thence a month's marching ought to bring the leading columns on to the highlands of Imerina. Promises of assistance had been received from many Hova chiefs of repute, and it was understood that even Queen Ranavalona had expressed herself as anxious to accomplish the overthrow of Rainilaiarivony's oppressive thraldom.

The river-boats were in due course built, but difficulties were at once experienced in finding means of taking their sections out to their destination. Enquiries at the French ports showed that there were no steamers whose construction was available for such purposes; and eventually recourse had to be made to an English firm of ship-brokers, who readily undertook the operation. At this juncture M. Dupuy's Cabinet was upset; and, although M. Hanotaux retained his portfolio, General Mercier was replaced under M. Ribot's new administration



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tion by General Zurlinden, who was at once called to account in the Chamber of Deputies for his predecessor's act in giving the above contract to a British firm.

General Metzinger with the advance-guard of the expedition landed at Majunga on the last day of February 1895; his object being to clear the Hova garrisons away from the banks of the river as far as Suberbieville, to enable the stores and the main body of General Duchesne's army to be landed at that stage without delay or difficulty. If the river-boats, with the steam launches to tow them, had been on the spot and in readiness, all might have gone well. But many unforeseen delays occurred. Owing to various mishaps *en route*, the sections of the river-boats arrived late, and when they had arrived it was found they could not be landed or put together easily, because the piers and unloading wharves had not been constructed, owing to miscalculations as to the depths and formation of the shore for which the naval officers were responsible.

It was said that considerable friction between the naval and military services at Majunga caused a vast deal of unnecessary transhipment and inconvenience in disembarking the troops at Majunga, and in forwarding stores up the river. No difficulty whatever was experienced in driving the Hova garrisons from the camps and slightly fortified villages within range of the shells from the gunboats on both banks of the Betsiboka. The resistance encountered was practically *nil;* and after the first experience of the effects caused by the explosion of a *mélinite* projectile, the mere act of placing a gun in action was sufficient to cause the Hova rabble to evacute any position they had taken up. General Metzinger, however, soon found that, in the absence of boats to take the stores to Suberbieville, it was imperative to transport them by land; and for this purpose his men had to cut a road along the right bank of the river over very broken country intersected by innumerable streams, gullies, and morasses, which entailed numbers of bridges, for which all the material had to be carried from the primary base. The military train was furnished with numbers of peculiar vehicles—the famous Lefebvre carts—which were in fact light iron tanks, open and closed, on two wheels, each constructed to carry a load which could be drawn by a single mule. To admit of their usage a track 5½ yards in breadth was required, and the extra labour thus entailed on the combatants was extreme, for the soldiers had to perform the work of navvies, work severe enough for unaccustomed hands in any climate; whilst under the climatic influence of 18° south of the Equator it was cruel, and, as it proved, unbearable.

On the 12th of April General Duchesne, accompanied by his Head-quarter

Head-quarter Staff and by M. Ranchot, his Assistant Political Officer, embarked at Marseilles for the scene of action. The intentions of the French Government at this time are plainly expressed in the Foreign Minister's letter to his Agent, M. Ranchot, as follows:—

'En décidant l'envoi d'une expédition à Madagascar, le Gouvernement de la République s'est proposé de mettre fin à la situation intolérable créée par le Gouvernement malgache, qui, malgré nos protestations réitérées, se refusait obstinément à exécuter les traités conclus par lui avec la France, de nous procurer des garanties efficaces contre le retour des difficultés qui se sont produites, et de nous permettre, par le contrôle que nous exercerons désormais sur le Gouvernement malgache, de faire cesser les abus ainsi que de provoquer les réformes destinées à faire entrer définitivement Madagascar dans la voie du progrès et de la civilisation.' *

At the same time the instructions furnished to the Commander-in-chief of the Expedition by M. Hanotaux plainly define the simple objects of the campaign, now on the eve of opening, in these words:—

'Nous n'avons d'autre intention que d'assurer d'une manière incontestée à Madagascar la situation d'État protecteur qui appartient à la France. Il nous a paru que ce résultat ne pouvait être obtenu que par une action militaire directe au siège de la puissance du Gouvernement malgache. C'est cette action militaire que vous avez pour mission d'accomplir, en installant une garnison à Tananarive et un détachement à Fianarantsoa.' †

The General reached Majunga on the 6th of May, where he found half of his forces had safely arrived in the fourteen transports which had preceded him, whilst the other half was following in close succession—in fact faster than the arrangements for landing could be provided for them—so that by the end of the month the whole of the expedition had been put ashore in the enemy's country. It ought to have been possible, with the active co-operation of the Navy, to transport the main body straight to the secondary base by water without delay; but meantime General Metzinger's pioneering column pushing forward past Marovoay, which important post had fallen on the 2nd of May, had not progressed beyond Trabonjy and Beseva, on the left bank of the Betsiboka river, and the head-quarters of General Duchesne could only be moved forward to Marolambo, with the advanced posts at Ambato. It was not until the 6th of June that the passage of the Betsiboka river, at its confluence with the Ikopa, was effected, and three days subsequently the Hova fort at Mevatanana overlooking the large establishment

* 'Livre jaune,' 1885–1895. Dispatch of March 29, 1895, No. 61.
† Ibid., No. 60.

and

and works at Suberbieville was easily taken possession of, the Malagasy retreating southwards towards Andriba, where a mass of fresh troops from Imerina had been concentrated.

Here it is necessary to give a brief explanation as to the origin of this large foreign settlement at Suberbieville. It will be remembered that, after the conclusion of the Franco-Hova war of 1883-5, numerous applications had been made by syndicates of all nationalities for concessions of land, for mining and other industrial purposes. Of these the most important was a French company which was formed to work the auriferous deposits on the Ikopa river under M. Léon Suberbie, who had long been associated with the former enterprises of MM. Laborde and Lambert in Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. A concession over lands about Ampasiria was granted by the Hova Minister to M. Suberbie for five years, from 1887 to 1892, on certain conditions. M. Suberbie engaged to furnish all machinery for working the ore, paying the European engineers and artisans, whilst Rainilaiarivony undertook to supply a large number of native labourers as well as guards to keep them to their work. In return for this, 10 per cent. of the gold extracted was first to be paid over to Rainilaiarivony, and next the profits from the remaining gold were to be divided equally between M. Suberbie and the Minister.* Under these conditions gold-washing was commenced by about a thousand of these natives in 1888; whilst many of them were employed in the construction of workshops and dwellings for the Europeans without pay, although a small dole was allowed to each labourer in proportion to the amount of gold dust collected. Mining operations were commenced, a tramway laid down, and by 1894 a settlement with a considerable population had been formed on the banks of the Ikopa at this spot, a short distance from Mevatanana, the principal Hova garrison town of the district.

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* A Joint Stock Company was floated by M. Léon Suberbie, under the auspices of the Comptoir National d'Escompte, on the 20th of June, 1895, entitled 'La Compagnie Coloniale des Mines d'Or de Suberbieville et de l'Ouest de Madagascar.'

In reference to the gold-workings in the Ikopa Valley, an official letter published in the Hova 'Red Book' of October 1894, p. 11, will be found interesting:—

'In May 1894 a French employé of M. Suberbie, by name M. Schupp, shot at and killed with his revolver a Malagasy soldier. M. Schupp attempted to justify his action by the plea that the soldier had stolen some gold; but all enquiries failed to elicit any evidence in support of the accusation. M. L. Suberbie and his Company owe to the Malagasy Government, in conformity with the agreement made for the exploitation of gold at Mevatanana, a sum of $1,370,008 (6,850,040 francs), against which debt they have only paid but a very minute amount. The business of the works has been carried on in a way to discourage the labourers. The salaries were insufficient even for the purchase of their daily food.'

General

General Duchesne's head-quarters were established in the large and convenient houses at Suberbieville, on the 10th of June; but notwithstanding the total absence of any serious resistance on the part of the enemy, no general forward movement was possible until a sufficiency of stores could be collected at this secondary base. The bridging of the Betsiboka—a feat of military engineering—was not completed before the 13th of July, nor was the regular service of the river-boats in full working order until some time after this date.* By the middle of June, however, the whole of the first section, *i.e.* one-third of the route to Antananarivo, had been secured, including the command of the river channel and the line of communication by land all the way from Majunga.

While the stores were being carried up by water, the troops were being marched up overland, along the road through the jungle, constructed under terrible disadvantages by the Engineers under Colonel Marmier. As might have been foreseen, the battalions of the newly-formed composite regiment, the 200th, and the Chasseurs à pied, especially suffered severely from malarial fever; whilst the Algerian troops and the Foreign Legion, inured to rough work in Africa, proved better able to withstand the fatigues of the road.

Of the fighting up to this point not much can be said; for, in fact, it was the least conspicuous feature during this portion of the campaign.† The Hovas, like the Malay race from which

* Four small steamers and three schooners were engaged in transporting the stores from the freight ships at Majunga for a distance of 35 miles along the estuary of Bembatooka Bay to Ankaboka, in the delta of the Betsiboka river, beyond which point these vessels could not proceed. From this station the stores, transferred to barges, were towed by the newly constructed river gunboats (whose armament proved a useless encumbrance) for about 45 miles to Ambato, above which stage single iron cargo-boats were towed by steam launches to Marololo, above the confluence of the Ikopa with the Betsiboka. The stores were here landed, and taken either in carts, on the backs of mules, or carried by coolies to Suberbieville by road. By such means it was calculated that some 10,000 tons of stores were brought up to the depôt every month.

† The principal engagements during this early period of the campaign include the following affairs, viz.:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	
27th March: Capture of Fort of Mahabo ..	0	0	
30th March–4th April: Skirmishes north of Marovoay	1	5	
14th April: Capture of Ambohimarina (near Diego Suarez)	0	1	
2nd May: Capture of Marovoay	0	0	
15th May: Affair of Ambodimonte	0	7	
9th June: Capture of Mevatanana	0	2	
29th–30th June: Affairs of Tsarasaotra and Beritsoka	4	20	
Total	5	35	Officers and men.

Total casualties, 40.

they

they have sprung, have never exhibited any aptitude whatever for military organization. Their martial deeds in former wars have consisted in overawing and subduing the ill-armed tribes around them by their possession of firearms, and generally by the advice and assistance of Europeans. Few, if any, Hova chiefs have ever been found capable of intelligently directing even the simplest manœuvre. Once only during the whole war did the Hova officers venture on taking the initiative against the French. On the 29th of June a night surprise was somewhat feebly attempted, in order to cut off an advanced post at Tsarasaotra at some distance from General Metzinger's main column. A strong reinforcement, however, not only repulsed the Hovas, but opened the way for an assault on the large Malagasy camps, then first discovered on the heights of Beritsoka mountain. The Hova army there encamped, without waiting for the attack, fled precipitately, leaving tents, war material, and supplies of all kinds behind them.

It was now found that the Hova General had caused a series of extensive earthworks to be thrown up to defend the steep approaches to the passes over Andriba mountain. In digging trenches and erecting ramparts all Malagasy are great adepts, and, did they only defend them with obstinacy, their field-works would present serious obstacles to any invader. At Andriba a number of guns had been placed in position, and Major Graves with two other Europeans were reported to have come down from the capital to direct the operations. But the Hova soldiers, although numerous enough, were ill-fed, uncared for, and possessed little confidence in themselves or their leaders, many of whom were strongly suspected of being in communication with the French. We now know that a large proportion of them was disloyal to Rainilaiarivony.

Although General Duchesne had been established on the Ikopa from the beginning of June, his attack on the defences of Andriba was not delivered until the 21st of August, on which day the destructive *mélinite* shells thrown by General Voyron's mountain guns caused the crowded trenches to be speedily vacated by the enemy, whose batteries and other works, as well as the camps beyond, were immediately occupied by the French.* The scattered forces of the Hovas fled far to the south, over the mountain ridges, and the French General's head-quarters were transferred from Suberbieville to Andriba—one-half of the way from Majunga to Antananarivo. The road-making was pushed

* Casualties at Andriba included 1 Malagasy and 2 legionaries badly wounded. Total, 3. Grand total of campaign up to this date, 5 killed, 38 wounded. Total, 43.

on; but it required a delay of three weeks at Andriba before the depôt there became stocked sufficiently to allow of another forward move—the final march into Imerina.

Beyond accumulating quantities of arms and ammunition at the capital, the Prime Minister had not taken any measures or devised any coherent scheme of defence. Whether it was that he trusted too entirely to the deadly malaria and the difficulties of the way to believe in the possibility of any French force arriving in the vicinity of Antananarivo, or whether he fancied that he could always obtain good terms for himself should the enemy really approach Imerina, it is impossible to say. Rainilaiarivony had, in reality, estranged nearly all the great chiefs of the island. The most capable of them had been exiled or made away with, and even his own sons and grandchildren were plotting against him. The Queen herself was said to have been won over to the French side; and, although her Minister kept her closely watched under his own eye, he knew that a number of her courtiers were ready to carry out a *coup d'état* by a Palace revolution, whenever an opportunity might be given them of doing so without danger to themselves.

Colonel Shervinton, by whose agency the machine-guns, small arms, and ammunition had been imported, on finding that he would not be entrusted with the supreme direction of the entire Hova army, at once resigned his post as European military adviser and left the island; whilst Colonel Graves, whose pupils, the artillery cadets, were the only soldiers who stood to their guns and worked them steadily under fire, was with difficulty able to obtain permission to go down to the front and direct the defence of the Ikopa valley,—a piece of work which he soon found to be impracticable, inasmuch as both officers and men were totally demoralised, and he could get no one to second or carry out his orders.

The word was given to burn and destroy all in front of the enemy's advance, to increase the difficulty the French already experienced in obtaining provision and forage on their road through the rugged and bare mountainous wilderness before them. Beyond this everything seems to have been left to chance. Had Rainilaiarivony been twenty years younger, perhaps things might have turned out differently. He seems to have been impressed with the idea that Antananarivo would prove a second Moscow to the French; but Russian patriotism, Muscovian courage, and Tartar military capacity are not to be looked for among the Malayan inhabitants of Imerina.

The dry season was now drawing to a close. Four months of it had been occupied by the expedition in penetrating one half

half the way to the point aimed at; and moreover this was the easier half of the journey. But another month remained before the advent of the rainy season might be expected, when the track across the mountainous region would become well-nigh impracticable for the passage of troops. Every day's delay in the lower country decreased the efficiency and numbers of combatants in the ranks, for every man was affected by the fever, whilst but a small proportion recovered sufficiently to bear the fatigues of a long march. It was necessary for General Duchesne to act with promptitude if he hoped for success. He had not been popular with his men, for he never courted a cheap popularity by familiar speech and gesture among the lower ranks of his army.

'"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'tis done:
"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few enquire his will.'

He was essentially a man of action and determination, and had made up his mind how to act before the taking of Andriba. His plans at this period may be gathered from his letter to General Zurlinden of the 18th of August:—

'From Andriba I intend to start with a light column in order to move upon Antananarivo, where I calculate upon arriving in fifteen or sixteen days' march. With this object I shall have to accumulate supplies for at least twenty days at Andriba, and I fear that collecting these stores may take some time, as the country is so difficult and the gradients so steep that transport circulates with difficulty, and already mules and drivers begin to feel fatigue. . . . I hope to reach Antananarivo by the end of September—as I have always hoped to do. I shall get there with provisions for very few days, and shall have to live on the resources of the place. On account of the distance it will be so difficult to supply us that we shall content ourselves with rice and fresh meat.'

The strength of this flying column was not to exceed 4,500 combatants—officers and men—but there was a large following convoy of mules, conductors, and a small body of cavalry and mounted gendarmerie. In all a slender column with which to march 125 miles through an enemy's country; to strike at the heart of a metropolitan province, estimated to contain a hostile population of at least 1,000,000 souls; and to seize and hold possession of the capital city of the island, known to be occupied by 43,000 inhabitants.

It was a bold adventure which deserved success, and Duchesne's programme was steadily carried out in its entirety.

The march was accomplished in eighteen days. The men carried their first day's ration. The first convoy of mules, carrying provisions for the five following days, was sent back to the depôt at Andriba, as the rations were consumed, carrying to the rear the sick and other casualties. After the sixth day's march from Andriba, all communication with the base was cut off, and the last reserve convoy of mules, with supplies for fifteen days, accompanied the onward march of the column. The previous conduct of the enemy during the earlier phases of the campaign justified the calculation of the commander that no serious opposition was to be expected before reaching the very outskirts of the great city. Information as to any movements contemplated by the Hova authorities was regularly transmitted to the French staff.

Even without any opposing enemy to bar the way, the rude tracks and paths over rocky mountain passes and ridges, attaining nearly 5,000 feet of elevation above the sea, were sufficiently formidable; the transport of the guns on the backs of mules and the passage of the cavalry horses could only be accomplished by strenuous exertions and with many losses; whilst an ever-increasing number of sick cases, contracted in the lower country, seriously diminished the number of efficient men in the ranks available for the decisive struggle which must take place outside the city of the Hovas.

A slight pretence of resistance certainly was exhibited by a force of Malagasy encamped on the heights overlooking the Tsinainondry defile, with nine guns in position and numerous supporting earthworks; but the Foreign Legion and Algerians, well seconded by the Sakalava tirailleurs effecting a turning movement on the flank of the position, sent the Hovas flying pell-mell over the ridges beyond, so that the forward march of the column was hardly delayed for an instant. Again, the passes leading up to the crest of the great Ambohimena range, past the military station of Kinajy, were found to be strongly fortified and occupied by the enemy; but these, too, on the first appearance of the French skirmishers, melted away beyond the line of the Ankarara mountains, some miles to the rear, closely followed by the pursuing Zouaves, who occupied Babay on the 25th of September. Here Duchesne halted his small army for two days' well-earned rest after their 100 miles' march from Andriba, to allow the lengthy and attenuated line of mules with their escort and rear-guard to close up with the main body; for they had arrived in the cultivated province of Imerina, and were but twenty miles from the Royal Palaces, whose towers were now visible in the distance.

Some

Some idea of the sort of country through which the flying column was to operate during the last three days of their eventful campaign can be gathered from Mr. Sibree's description of the locality, as viewed from the highest point in Antananarivo—'the Hill of Regarding,' at 700 feet above the general level of the rice plains around:—

'Due west and north-west is a considerable extent of level country, beyond which the mountain Ambohimiangara, sixty miles away, is seen on the horizon as well as many other hills. In the foreground is the great rice-plain of Betsimitatatra, from which numbers of low red hills, most of them with villages, rise like islands out of a green sea when the rice is growing; along the plain the river Ikopa can be seen, winding its way north-westwards to join the Betsiboka, the united streams with many tributaries flowing into the sea at the Bay of Bembatoka. This great plain—the granary of Antananarivo—was formerly an immense marsh, and earlier still a lake; but since the embankment of the river by some of the early kings of Imerina, it has become the finest rice-plain in the island, and, with its connected valleys, furnishes the bulk of the food of the people of the central province.'

According to 'The Times' correspondent, the greatest excitement prevailed in the city when it was known that the French had advanced so close and were about to attack them. On the 27th of September the word went round the town that there was to be no surrender, and that all men must die fighting; but Mr. Knight was of opinion that, although they durst not confess to the sentiment, the Hova citizens would have felt much relieved if the Government had ordered them to lay down their arms and welcome the French. He declares that the Queen herself was surrounded by members of the native French party:—

'These treacherous advisers, who had succeeded in gaining her confidence and poisoning her mind against her loyal friends, were bent on bringing about her destruction, their ultimate object being to place a young woman of their own clique on the throne as her successor. This party acquired supreme influence when the Prime Minister conferred sixteen honours on his nephew, the arch-traitor Ratelifera, who was thus virtually placed in command of the capital. Ratelifera and his associates devised such a scheme as one would expect from Hova brains. . . . But they played a double game. For some weeks before the entry of the French the Queen had realized the hopelessness of further resistance, and was anxious to save the lives of her people by coming to terms with the French. This did not at all fit in with her advisers' plans, so they kept her in durance in her palace, compelled her to continue the resistance to the end, and even intimidated her into holding *Kabarys*, at which she declared openly that she would never surrender. . . . She contrived to communicate

municate with friends outside the palace, and it was arranged that she should escape in disguise on the night of September 28, when the French were close by, walk to the French camp, and deliver herself up to General Duchesne. But she was so closely watched that she was unable to effect this design, and the poor terrified woman had to wait in her palace through the bombardment, surrounded by those of her own countrymen who were her cruelest and bitterest foes.'

On the 28th of September the slender column under General Duchesne moved onwards from Babay. The main body of the defending force seems to have been posted on the banks of the Ikopa, south of Ambohidratrimo, on the direct and usual road to the capital; Bazanakombana, one of the few loyal officers retaining the confidence of Rainitaiarivony, having the command at Andriantany. The French commander, however, had wisely decided to execute a flank march, and directed his column on Ilafy, one of the so-called royal towns, five miles north-east of Antananarivo, where he fixed his camp prior to the final assault on the Hova seat of government. His plan was to make a feint of attacking the northern suburb whilst one of his brigades, making a detour behind the hills, where their line of march could not be observed from the Great Palace, should seize the Observatory hill directly east of the royal stronghold, from which point all the Government buildings of the great town would be at the mercy of his guns.

The programme was carried out effectually; for although his men were much fatigued by their troublesome and long march across the mountains, and by the harassing if desultory skirmishing on their flanks during the last three days and nights, they answered to the spur and carried hill beyond hill, position after position, with great dash, until at last the buildings of the Jesuit observatory, which had been wrecked by the mob, were occupied, and the guns placed in position outside them within an easy range for destructive and incendiary purposes.*

The signal of surrender fluttered at the top of the Palace after three rounds of common shell had been fired, in time to save the building from the imminent destruction which threatened it when the *mélinite* projectiles were about to be used, and perhaps also just in time to save the French column from a scarcely less terrible disaster.

'Quelques heures de résistance de plus de la part des Hovas et nous perdions la partie; nos hommes épuisés de fatigue manquaient

* Casualties during the operations:—On the 15th of September, at Tsinainondry, *nil*; from the 26th to 30th of September, outside Antananarivo, included 2 killed, 13 mortally wounded (since died), and 20 wounded. Grand total of casualties during the campaign: killed, 20; wounded, 94; total, 114.

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de munitions, et comme l'a dit, paraît-il, le général Voyron, *c'est bien par la grâce de Dieu que nous avons pu prendre Tananarive.*'

Ratafalifera,* a grandson, and Razanamabery, a nephew of the Prime Minister, who afterwards visited Paris, have given a graphic description of the scene enacted at the Palace :—

'On the 29th September it became known at the Palace that the troops of General Duchesne had left their camp at daybreak, and in fact they could be seen crossing the hills of Ankatso about ten o'clock in the morning. All the troops which still remained in Antananarivo were assembled, under the orders of Ramahatra, around the precincts of the Rova, the Great Palace yard; the Prince posted himself near the Armstrong gun, mounted on the north side of the Tomb of Radama I., from whence he commanded a view of the whole country, whilst the Queen, surrounded by all the members of the family of Rainilaiarivony, took refuge within the interior of the chapel.

'The first shell fired by the French artillery in action near the Observatory fell on the small platform just north of the Queen's private residence, wounding about seventeen persons. Disorder immediately arose in the detachment of soldiers which occupied it; a second shell set fire to another of the Queen's houses, and the third next fell to the west near the entrance gate of the Rova, where a great number of soldiers and officers were grouped.

'The stampede was complete; without chiefs to hold them together, the Hovas fled down the cliffs to the south to hide themselves in the rice-fields of the Betsimitatatra plain.

'The Queen was at this moment in the interior of the Manjakamiadara; and when she learnt of the rout of her soldiers, she threw her arms around the neck of Mark Rabibisoa, secretary to the Prime Minister, crying out, "Save me, Mark! save me!"

'Mark Rabibisoa left the hall, where the Prime Minister, his family, and the secretaries were collected; he ascended the staircase of the north-east tower, pulled down the Queen's flag, from which he tore off the red portion, and hoisted it afresh as a sign of peace.

'A short time after, Mark opened the door of the enclosure of the Rova, accompanied by a slave, and proceeded towards the Ankatso hill, where already the French parlementaires were awaiting him.'

The Prime Minister tacitly acquiesced in the movements of his secretary, taking no steps to prevent the capitulation and preserving a truly Oriental and apathetic attitude of dignified composure, in the midst of the excitement around him. Considering that he was one of the few who were aware that beneath the Palace there were stowed several hundred tons of powder, it must be allowed that his dignity was put to a severe test.

The surrender was unconditional; and guards having been

* Ratafalifera, a son of the Ratelifera before mentioned by Mr. Knight.

placed

placed over the Royal Palace, the many sick and the few wounded among the French ranks were conveyed to the Hospital of the London Missionary Society, at Soavinandriana.*

On the following day, the 1st of October, the victorious general entered the city at the head of his troops and occupied the Residency. He had achieved the purely military operation confided to him by the Republic, and he had now to carry out the diplomatic and perhaps more difficult part of his task, viz.: to obtain from the Malagasy Government their signature of the Convention and Protocol which had been furnished to him on starting, by M. Hanotaux; the first and most important clause of which Treaty stated that 'the Government of H.M. the Queen of Madagascar recognises and accepts the Protectorate of France with all its consequences.' Razanakombana and Rasanjy, the Malagasy plenipotentiaries, having signed the document in the first instance, Ranavalona readily affixed her name to the ratification, and the first act of the protected sovereign was to depose her Prime Minister and to appoint a respectable and altogether innocuous Hova nobleman to fill his place.

Meantime some agitation had arisen in Paris, where a section of the Colonial party, headed by M. de Mahy and M. Le Myre de Vilers, clamoured for the annexation of the conquered island in place of a protectorate so loudly, that M. Hanotaux was driven, against his better judgment, to send a telegraphic dispatch to General Duchesne, instructing him to withhold his signature from the instrument putting an end to hostilities. The new deed was to be signed by the Queen alone, and would therefore be no longer a bilateral convention, but rather a simple declaration of submission by her subjects to the French Protectorate.

This telegram, however, did not reach General Duchesne until the 7th of October, six days after he had signed the original treaty concluded with the Queen. Greatly to his honour, the gallant soldier telegraphed back to Paris: '*Il me semble impossible de revenir sur le Traité signé et ratifié le* 1er *de ce mois.*' M. Ranchot loyally supported his military chief, and the conduct of these two gentlemen of France contrasts nobly

* The Hospital of the London Missionary Society had been established at Soavinandriana, a short distance to the N.N.W. of the capital, ever since 1889–90. Every preparation had been made for the accommodation of the sick and wounded French soldiers, and sixty beds were placed at the disposal of the medical staff of the flying column.

The French officers have warmly acknowledged the services so kindly afforded by the English ladies who attended to the sick and dying with great devotion.

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with the behaviour of the two French plenipotentiaries who so shabbily disavowed their signatures on the interpretative letter affixed to the Franco-Hova Treaty of 1885.

Rainilaiarivony, the veteran Minister, who had upset one king and had placed three queens, in succession, on the throne of Madagascar during his thirty years' iron rule over the island, was interned at a short distance from the capital, and his place was filled by Rainitsimbazafy, one of the few Hova nobles who, as far as known, had not been implicated in the many treacheries and intrigues surrounding the Malagasy Court. Had Rainandrianampandry been present at this juncture, he might have been appointed; but, unfortunately for himself, he had stayed away, prolonging to the latest moment the defence of the lines at Farafatra.

The Madagascar Expedition had been initiated, as we have seen, by M. Dupuy's Government, and had been carried on and brought to a successful termination under M. Ribot's administration; but, before Parliament could deal with its new acquisition, another Ministry was, for a time, master of the situation. The successor of M. Hanotaux, M. Berthelot, on behalf of M. Bourgeois, whose duty it was to announce to the Chamber of Deputies the occupation of the Island, intimated that his colleagues were not satisfied with the Treaty concluded by General Duchesne, and would introduce certain modifications into some of its clauses before it was submitted to ratification by the Chambers.

As a preliminary step the conduct of Malagasy affairs was removed from the Foreign Office and placed under the Minister of Colonies. Madagascar in fact became a French Colony on the 11th of December, 1895, when a Presidential decree was issued, regulating the powers of the Resident-General who was to rule over the newly-acquired territory. M. Hippolyte Laroche, a well-known Protestant gentleman from La Charente, Préfet of La Haute-Garonne, was selected as the first Resident-General; and immediately after his arrival he had no difficulty in obtaining the signature of Ranavalona III. to a 'Declaration' headed by a preamble, thus:—

'Her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar, having acknowledged the Declaration of the taking possession of the Island of Madagascar by the French Government, declares her acceptation of the following conditions.'* The

* 'ART. 1. The Government of the Republic will be represented about the Queen of Madagascar by a Resident-General.

'ART. 2. The Government of the Republic will represent Madagascar in all her foreign relations. The Resident-General will take charge of all correspondence with the Agents of foreign Powers; all questions concerning foreigners in Madagascar

The military occupation and the act of taking definite possession of the Island was formally notified to the Great Powers on the 11th of February, 1896; but the full difficulties to be encountered in dealing with this vast 'colony' were only beginning to become apparent to the rank and file of the French nation. First, as to the costliness of the expedition itself. The original credit of sixty-five millions of francs, voted in December 1894, had been added to in December 1895, when it amounted to eighty millions; and now again, in April 1896, the Chambers were asked to grant an additional thirteen millions, bringing up the total amount of the military portion of the expenditure to ninety-three million francs (3,700,000*l.*). The Radical Cabinet of M. Bourgeois had evaded their promise to bring the 'modified' Treaty before the Deputies for ratification, by cleverly substituting a 'Declaration,' which they declared did not require such sanction, although it recorded an annexation of territory. In like manner, when the debate on the last grant for the expenses of the expedition came before the Lower Chamber, all discussion was avoided by the introduction of an exciting interlude relating to Egypt. Later, the Senate refused to grant the vote to such a Ministry, which, after much bluster and with ill grace, was forced to acknowledge its defeat.

The Minister of War during the *régime* of M. Bourgeois was M. Cavaignac, an administrator of some capacity, who employed his term of office in organizing a Colonial army, the need of which had become apparent to all Frenchmen interested in the subject of 'Colonial expansion.' To M. Cavaignac we owe the publication of some statistics which assist us towards obtaining a glimpse of the dreadful ravages caused by malarial fever in the ranks of the expedition. Such statistics would never have been published by the Minister who had initiated the organization and dispatch of the force; but it was partly M. Cavaignac's object to point out the bad management of his military predecessors, partly to indicate how much better things could have been managed by a Colonial army directed by a civilian head of a department.

Madagascar will be dealt with through his intervention. The diplomatic and consular Agents of France in foreign countries will have charge of the protection of Malagasy subjects and interests.

'ART. 3. The Government of the Republic reserves to itself the maintenance in Madagascar of the military forces necessary for the exercise of its authority.

'ART. 4. The Resident-General will control the interior administration of the Island. The Queen engages to introduce whatever reforms the French Government may judge useful for the economical development of the Island and for the progress of civilization.

'ART. 5. The Queen's Government is prohibited from contracting any loan without authorization by the French Government. (January 18th, 1896.)'

At

At the commencement the number of combatants had been fixed at 15,000 men, of which 14,000 were regular troops from France and Algeria; to which number may be added 2,000 additional men sent from the Mediterranean, as reinforcements, during the course of the operations, besides 8,000 coolies, Kabyles and Sénégalais; in all 24,000 men. Hospital and infirmary accommodation was allowed for 12 per cent. of the force. The bulk of this army landed during March, April, and May. On the 21st of July, General Duchesne reported, 'L'état sanitaire est bon'; the proportion of sick on that date being 10 per cent. By the 25th of September, *i.e.* on the eve of the taking of Antananarivo, within seven months after the disembarkation of the first detachments, upwards of 3,000 sick and moribund had been transported back to their own countries. On that date the number of cases in hospital in Madagascar amounted to 5,470, *plus* about 1500 Kabyles, scattered at all points along the line of communications. So Dr. Lemure informs us;* and the same authority gives the following calculation of the daily death-rate.† March commences with

* 'Madagascar—L'Expédition au point de vue médicale et hygiénique,' par le Docteur Jean Lemure. Paris, 1896.

Sanatorium de Nossi Comba	450
Hôpital de Nossi-Bé	100
Vinh-Long (Hôpital flottant), Majunga	350
Hôpital de Majunga, No. 1 de campagne	890
Dépôt des convalescents	400
Dépôts des isolés des 1re et 2e brigades	480
Hôpital de Mevarana	200
Hôpital de Ankaboka, No. 2 de campagne	900
Hôpital d'Ambato	250
Hôpital de Marololo	500
Hôpital de Suberbieville	650
Hôpital d'Andriba	300
	5,470

† *Death-rates.*

	Days.	Deaths.
March	31	31
April	30	60
May	31	124
June	30	240
July	31	372
August (beginning)	10	240
" (middle)	10	300
" (end)	11	440
September	30	1,350
October	31	1,395
		4,552
November	1 (?)	48
		4,600

one

one man *per diem;* in April the rate was doubled, and it was quadrupled in May; in June eight men were dying every day, in July twelve. At the beginning of August the rate had risen to twenty-four a day, and in the middle of the month increased to thirty, whilst by the end of the same month the cases had reached forty. Throughout the whole of September, Duchesne was losing forty-five men each day, and this rate was continued for October, when the record ends, although the deaths did not cease; but the worst places had been 'evacuated' by that time and the convalescents were being shipped home.

The march from Andriba to Antananarivo cost the lives of 600 men out of the ranks of the flying column alone from sickness, which was curiously attended by suicidal mania.

By the side of the above figures, the numbers of killed and wounded in action appear ridiculously insignificant. During the various skirmishes of the campaign the casualties amounted to twenty men and officers killed, and ninety-four wounded. Total casualties in action, 114. Of these it may be remarked that a large proportion was from the Sakalava battalions.

The return, lately issued by the French War Office, gives the total number of deaths from all sources during the war, as far as can be ascertained; but it is acknowledged that many deaths have occurred among all classes subsequent to their discharge to their own homes, of which no account can be taken. From this it appears that the number of Europeans who died from the effects of the campaign during and since the war amounted to 4,189. Of Europeans and non-Europeans 4,600 bodies were left in Madagascar, 554 were buried at sea, whilst the grand total gives the figures 5,592 as the expenditure of life during the war. Over one-quarter of the 24,000 men who embarked on this expedition were thus lost to France, whilst the health of at least double that proportion has been irretrievably ruined. The Republic has paid dearly for the declaration of the Queen acknowledging its possession of Madagascar. The cemeteries at Majunga, Ankaboka, and Suberbieville remain as monuments of the victory; for, as we are told by M. Lemure: 'Ainsi, *cinq mille cadavres* au moins sont restés dans la terre de Madagascar; dont *trois mille* soldats et *deux mille* auxiliaires.'

M. Hanotaux, who had sent out General Duchesne to enforce the Protectorate of France, during the time that he was out of office published a pamphlet, in which he pointed out the grave inconveniences to which the Republic has laid herself open by taking definite possession of the Island instead of contenting herself with the exercise of a more rigid form of Protectorate:—

'Le

'Le système du Protectorat n'engage que le pays soumis, dégage la mère-patrie, et, en assurant nos droits, limite nos devoirs et nos responsabilités. . . . Une terre devenue Française doit, *hic* et *nunc*, faire figure de pays civilisé . . . il reste beaucoup à faire, mais aussi il en coûtera beaucoup : l'île est grande.

'Il saute aux yeux que, pour une œuvre aussi haute et aussi vaste, il ne suffit pas de recourir aux services du personnel indigène. Seuls des fonctionnaires Français peuvent la mener à bien. Ils sont partis déjà en grand nombre. D'autres suivront. La Résidence générale doit en imposer par la multiplicité de ses dignitaires, leur fonctions, leurs appointements, leurs titres, leurs uniformes, la belle ordonnance des "services" et des "bureaux." Nous aurons donc des ministres, des directeurs, des sous-directeurs et le reste. Ces emplois sont déjà occupés. Ils se multiplieront encore.' ('L'Affaire de Madagascar.' 1896.)

Indeed M. Lebon, the present Minister for the Colonies, on taking office, found that his predecessor, M. Guieysse, had lately appointed, in addition to the already numerous staff of the Residencies, eighteen magistrates and nine greffiers for the Courts of Justice in Madagascar, at salaries amounting to 271,500 francs. M. Hanotaux enumerates a few of the officials who will be found necessary. 'Les douaniers seront innombrables : l'île est grande.'

Then again, whilst *bonâ-fide* French colonists are conspicuous by their absence, an army of outside adventurers is already invading the different ports along the extensive coast-line of the great island. Prospecting miners from the Cape, Australia, and America, Banians and Parsees from Bombay, Arabs, Comoro Islanders, Zanzibarites—all greedy for gain and wholly regardless of native rights—are crowding in, clamouring for concessions in the auriferous and forest regions. The Governments of these unwelcome foreigners have already addressed representations to the French Ministry concerning their former treaty rights in Madagascar. But, although M. Hanotaux has been able to obtain the assent of Parliament to a formal declaration that Madagascar and her dependencies form a French colony,* some time is likely to elapse before any reply to this important subject is received by the Great Powers. If France herself is doubtful as to how to deal with her conquest, it is manifestly impossible for us to judge how the Republic will govern the vast Island of Madagascar. *Nous verrons!*

* The following 'Projet de Loi' was voted by the Chamber on the 20th of June :—'*Article unique.*—Est déclarée colonie française l'île de Madagascar avec les îles qui en dépendent.'

ART. XII.—1. *Sybil; or, The Two Nations.* By Benjamin Disraeli. First Edition, 1845. New Edition, with an Introduction by H. D. Traill. London, 1895.
2. *Democracy and Liberty.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. London, 1896.
3. *The Poor in Great Cities.* London, 1896.
4. *The Universities and the Social Problem.* London, 1895.

HALF a century has passed since the genius of Benjamin Disraeli, in its essence Oriental, yet Western enough to make him leader successively of both Houses of the British Parliament, threw into the form of fiction the most impressive instalment of his early reflections on the society and institutions of the country in which his grandfather had settled. All readers of 'Sybil' must agree with Mr. Traill in his Introduction to the new edition of that romance, that in it the note of sincerity is conspicuous. The author clearly felt the pressure of the Condition of England Question 'with a sympathy which went far deeper down than his mere artistic instincts, and revealed indeed a side of his character which both then and afterwards it was his habit to conceal.'

From that depth of feeling for the misery of the masses of the people, in the presence of rapidly accumulating wealth and of the external forms of political liberty, there sprang an appeal full of genuine eloquence. It was addressed to the aristocracy of England, and it asked them to take up their birthright of leadership. The writer, it is true, poured scorn upon the origins of many noble houses. His sketch of the rise of the Earldom of Marney on the foundation laid in sacrilege by the 'domestic of a favourite of Henry VIII.' is merciless enough to meet the fiercest craving of an English Roman Catholic for literary vengeance on the plunderers of monasteries. And yet it is the plain meaning of the author of 'Sybil' that, however unworthy may have been the deeds by which the positions of many great families were built up, the way is open to their present representatives to purge their escutcheons from stain by comprehending and fulfilling the true obligations of the stations they occupy. Not ruinous restitution for past wrongs, but frank recognition of present opportunities and calls, is all that is demanded from the hereditary possessors of great rank and wealth. To live for a good part of each year among their tenants and dependents; to maintain cordial relations, not of equality but of common humanity, with them and their neighbours of all classes; to understand them and their needs;

needs; to relieve the distress of the poor, and to help them to help themselves; to take an influential share in the administration of local affairs; by the careful first-hand study of social problems, in detail, to acquire fitness for dealing with such problems in Parliament, and stedfastly to refuse to look at them from a personal or partisan point of view—these are features of the part which, alike by satirical delineation of the lives of great personages who ignore such duties and by sympathetic indication of the careers of those who fulfil them, is held up as the standard of conduct for men born in high places.

The standard had always secured the adhesion of a section of the English aristocracy. That as a class they had, in respect of their sense of public duty, compared most favourably with the French *noblesse*, is a fact on which Tocqueville lays great stress in his analysis of the causes accounting for the pacific development of the British Constitution, during the last two hundred years, as contrasted with the course of events in France. There can, however, be no doubt that in the early part of the present century there had been a lamentable growth of estrangement among the classes of which the nation is composed. This was in large measure due to the diffusion of some of the harsher influences of the commercial spirit among the landed proprietary, at a time when the average degree of well-being among the masses was in glaring contrast with the immense expansion of wealth enjoyed by the territorial as well as by the mercantile and manufacturing classes. The condition of the people, packed together, as great numbers of them had become, in towns hurriedly built or enlarged without the slightest regard to considerations of taste or of health, demanded more sympathy, more serious attention, from the upper classes than in earlier and simpler days, and seemed for a time to get much less. The administration of the new Poor Law brought this deficiency into distressing prominence. Some reform of the kind was certainly required, but it was of paramount necessity that the new principles in regard to poor relief should be applied with sympathy as well as with firmness, and that the hardships inevitably occasioned by the change in the law should be tempered by abundant and wisely directed personal charity. Unfortunately there were too many cases in which the new Poor Law was welcomed by proprietors mainly as a means of reducing as far as possible the burdens laid upon the land by the existence of the poor.

'"We have nothing to complain of," said Lord Marney; "we continue reducing the rates, and as long as we do that the country must improve. The workhouse test tells."'

Administered

Administered in the spirit of this inheritor of Abbey lands, the workhouse test was likely to tell in other ways than those Lord Marney had in view. It is indeed difficult to conceive a creature more provocative of the worst passions of the less fortunate of his fellow-countrymen than the great landlord who, living in princely luxury, on the estates and amid the ruins of institutions which, whatever other charge may be brought against them, were ever God's almoners to the poor, is not ashamed to confess that he pulls down cottages in his parishes whenever opportunity offers, and that, in the reduction of the rate for poor relief, under the stimulus of the workhouse test, he finds unfailing assurance of the improving condition of those parishes. With or without the aggravation afforded by the origin of the Marney wealth, there were at the same period many landlords of greater or less degree with consciences equally seared on the side of public duty. Moreover, while the growth of their own wealth and the competition of the *nouveaux riches* had increased the habits, not only of lavish personal expenditure, but of costly display among the upper classes, the surrender of the House of Lords on the Reform Bill, under the menace of a wholesale creation of new Peers, had lowered the self-respect of the aristocracy as a whole. They felt, though it was by no means the fact, that all effective power had passed out of their hands into those of the middle classes who, under the new franchise, controlled the composition of the House of Commons. And with an exaggerated sense of loss of power there came inevitably a serious blow to their sense of responsibility. Thus it came about that England was at the same period overshadowed by a problem of portentous and unprecedented gravity, in the physical and moral deterioration of great masses of her people, and weakened in power for the treatment of that problem by a falling off in the mental and moral equipment for treating it on the part of the classes who, down to 1832, had governed the country. Their confidence in themselves as leaders of the nation was shaken, if not destroyed; their sympathy with the sufferings of their poorer fellow-countrymen had diminished in volume and intensity, and their belief in the possibility of ameliorating those sufferings was paralysed or crippled by the fatalistic interpretations to which the writings of the older economists lent themselves on the part of hasty and superficial students.

At this crisis was formed, largely under Disraeli's inspiration, the Young England party. He was on terms of close friendship with its leading members, who were young men of the highest rank and distinction. It was at their wish, not less than in pursuance

pursuance of his own impulse, that Disraeli gave literary expression to their common views and aspirations in the trilogy of political romances of which, though 'Tancred' is said to have been the most highly esteemed by the author, the teaching of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' is by far the more direct and impressive. Its purport has already been indicated. It was to recall the English aristocracy to a realization of the true splendour of their position and the immensity of their responsibilities. It was to imbue them with a passion of pity for the wretchedness and degradation in which multitudes of their fellow-countrymen were plunged, and to convince them that their power, as the natural leaders of the people, to discover and apply remedies for the prevailing evils had not been lost, had not indeed been essentially impaired, either by the Reform Bill or by the circumstances of its ultimate passage into law. It would be quite inaccurate to say that these books sketched out a policy. They endeavoured to create, or rather to revive, a temper. And they conveyed the confident belief that, if that temper were revived and took worthy manifestations in the lives of the aristocracy, it would awaken grateful recognition and secure all needful forms of practical support on the part of the masses of the people.

A subject for extremely interesting enquiry would be the range of diffusion and the depth of penetration of the teaching, enforced by the example, of the Young England party. It is not our purpose to enter at length upon that enquiry here. That there was a strongly marked improvement in the temper of the upper classes and particularly of their younger members, within the two decades ensuing upon the formation of the Young England party and the delivery of its message, cannot be doubted. In his Preface, bearing date February 1859, to the fourth edition of 'Yeast,' Charles Kingsley recognised the fact of the improvement in emphatic terms. While attributing it in part to the triumph of Liberal principles and sound natural philosophy, he frankly acknowledged that the moral earnestness which was one of its chief notes had sprung in great measure from that Anglican revival which he still considered 'radically un-English' as an ecclesiastical or theological system. The Young Englanders, of course, were powerfully influenced by the Oxford movement, and in their turn doubtless they must have served to reinforce and give shape to the impulse towards lives of local and national patriotism, which it had administered to the generations who passed through the Universities into the world in the Forties and early Fifties.

In this connexion the writer is permitted to quote the following

lowing passages from a very interesting letter lately written by the Duke of Rutland, who, as Lord John Manners, was one of the most distinguished leaders of the Young England party:—

'That Lord Beaconsfield's speeches and writings, and—in a far less degree—those of his friends and followers, did produce a certain effect on the influential classes is, I think, undoubted.

'At the end of one of Lord Tennyson's poems—I forget which—is a strong appeal to the landed gentry to throw open their parks once a year to the public.

'The number of large domains, picture galleries, &c., which are now open, not once a year, but habitually, is too large to be enumerated; and although some of them were so open before the days of Young England, a great many were not.

'The Allotment system made a great advance at the same time, and both in the House of Commons and out of it the influence of Young England was full in its favour.

'That the Ten Hours Bill was violently opposed by the Manchester School and the political economists, headed by Sir Robert Peel, is well known. It is, I think, doubtful whether Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Fielden would have carried it had it not been for the help of Lord Beaconsfield and Young England. A curious circumstance connected with that measure may be worth recalling.

'As the measure was passed it was, as its name implied, a Ten Hours Bill, but there were found technical difficulties in working some of its provisions (relating, I think, to the Saturday half-holiday). The Whig Government were applied to, and asked to introduce an explanatory measure: this they refused to do unless the working hours were raised to ten and a half; this was coupled with an improvement in the Saturday regulations.

'After debates and divisions in both Houses this Bill was carried, and the Ten Hours Bill remained a Ten and a half Hours Bill, till Lord Beaconsfield's Government, with Lord Cross as Home Secretary, took the whole subject in hand; many other manufactures and trades were brought under the Factory legislation, and the original ten hours' limit was restored.

'I had the satisfaction of being the Chairman of the Select Committee to which that Bill was referred; and so great was the change of feeling in the quarter of a century which had elapsed since 1847, that one of the leading political economists of the day, the late Professor Fawcett, took an active and leading part in inducing the Committee to sanction that sweeping extension of Factory legislation.

'In the country districts not only is the extension of allotments remarkable, but the improvement in the number and condition of the cottages. In this, too, the influence of Lord Beaconsfield's writings may be detected.'

The above is a characteristically modest estimate of the part played by the Young England movement in improving the relations

relations between classes and ameliorating the condition of the poor, both by influencing the private action of landlords and by co-operation with Lord Shaftesbury and the early fathers of Factory legislation. The complete change, to which the Duke of Rutland refers, as having been effected in the attitude of political economists by five-and-twenty years' experience of Factory legislation, was one of the most significant fruits of the labours in which he took so active a share.

The disappearance of the crisis which seemed so threatening to all thoughtful observers of the condition of England during the earlier part of the fifth decade of the century was, indeed, probably due far less to any improvement in the moral tone or the intellectual attitude of any class of society than to the rapid amelioration of the material condition of the masses brought about through the discovery of gold, Free Trade, and the development of railways. But the fact that, in passing away, it left behind it little if any legacy of envenomed feeling between the working classes and those high up in the social scale, was very largely due to that revival of the sense of responsibility among the nobility and gentry in which the Young England party led the way. Nor is it at all unreasonable to assume that the persisting influence of the same revival has had much to do with events of great interest and significance that have marked English history at a distance of half a century from the period of intense anxiety of which we have been speaking. In the interval the direct control over the composition of the House of Commons has passed, at two great instalments, from the hands of the middle into those of the working classes. The magnitude of one of those vast extensions of the Suffrage was mainly due, as must always be remembered, to the statesman who in the most earnest of his early political romances had uttered the prayer that he might live to see 'a privileged' as well as a 'prosperous People.' Three years after his death the great enfranchisement was made complete by the admission of the county householders to the parliamentary register.

We must confess to some surprise that the distinguished historian, some features of whose new work are discussed in another part of our present issue, has failed to derive any substantial encouragement in his anticipations for England and other democratic States from the manner in which the recently enfranchised British voters have used their power. No electorate, surely, was ever put through severer trials than those which were destined to befall the voters of this country, new and old, in the decade following upon the last Reform Act. A band of politicians who had climbed into office on a

resolution directed towards an improvement in the condition of the agricultural labourer proceeded to bring forward a measure for the parliamentary disintegration of the United Kingdom. When this fatal policy was repudiated by the greater part of the most cultivated and thoughtful section of the Liberal party, the head of that party, with a recklessness that would have been astonishing in a young politician just entering upon public life, endeavoured to represent the cause into which he had flung himself as an issue naturally dividing 'the masses' from 'the classes.' The employment of such a suggestion by a statesman whose exalted character and distinguished public services gave him a position of unique influence, was an event fraught with the gravest menace to the pacific political development of the country. It might have done immediate mischief on a large scale. Nor indeed can anyone with confidence aver that it has not sown seeds which may yet bear pernicious fruit. To that possibility we shall recur. For the moment we desire to point out the signal failure of the incendiary appeal made by the head of the Radical party. The new Irish policy which he had set forth as commending itself to all whose sympathies were not warped by exclusive class traditions and interests was emphatically condemned by the popular voice at the polls in 1886.

A still more striking manifestation of the soundness of popular instincts in England has been afforded by the result of the General Election of 1895. For nine years desperate efforts had been made to enlist support for Irish Home Rule by linking its advocacy with that of measures appealing to the feelings, prejudices, or material interests of various sections of the British voters, and not without some temporary appearance of success. In 1892 Mr. Gladstone returned to office with a majority, the dimensions of which, in normal circumstances, would have been regarded as a not inadequate indication of the intention of the country to support the main features of the policy which he and his colleagues had previously expounded. Acting, in the first instance at any rate, in accordance with precedent, they brought forward their second Home Rule Bill; and notwithstanding the searching and scathing exposure of the essentially unjust and unpractical character of the policy it embodied, which was afforded by the prolonged debates in Committee, they succeeded in carrying it through the House of Commons by almost the full force of their majority. The House of Lords, after a few nights' debate, threw out by an enormous majority on its second reading the great measure which had given the House of Commons many weeks of continuous labour. It is hardly

necessary

necessary to say how complete in our opinion was the justification for the action thus taken by the House of Lords. None the less, however, do we feel bound to recognise that the situation so created was one that lent itself in a very dangerous degree to the advancement of all those influences tending towards political and social disintegration, on which a powerful writer—no longer, alas! alive to serve his country with pen or voice—dwelt with prophetic insight in these pages in 1883. A very plausible case was capable of being made out of the refusal of the hereditary House to give anything but a point-blank negative to proposals for constitutional reconstruction, which had been elaborated at great expense of time and thought, and sent up by a substantial majority of a House of Commons freshly returned from the constituencies. It is pretty generally understood that the case against the House of Lords afforded by these facts appeared to Mr. Gladstone so strong that it was his earnest desire to dissolve Parliament in the autumn of 1893. He was overruled by the majority of his colleagues, but only in order to make assurance doubly sure by 'filling up the cup' of the provocations offered by the non-elective Chamber to the majesty of the people.

It is needless to go into the details of the ignominious game, clumsily played but not unskilfully planned. The net was thrown wide. The inconsiderable modifications introduced, not always be it admitted under the happiest inspiration, into the Parish Councils Bill, were made to do duty as illustrations of the desire of the Peers to keep down within the narrowest limits the powers of local self-government to be conferred upon their neighbours and dependents in the rural districts. The insistence of the Upper House on a contracting-out clause in the Employers' Liability Bill afforded a flimsy excuse for withdrawing that measure, in which the artisan and labouring classes were largely interested, and for representing that their security was deemed by the Lords as of slight moment, if its preservation clashed with the convenience of the capitalists. So the game went on, while during parliamentary recesses speeches were made by leaders and resolutions were passed by caucus-meetings, setting forth in language of portentous gravity the need which had become paramount to all others of crippling for good and all the grotesquely anomalous power which interposed chronically between the people and the realization of their will. And when the moment of Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the arena of parliamentary conflict arrived, his last speech, as leader of the House of Commons, was a legacy of menace to the stability of that arrangement of constitutional powers

powers in the working of which he had played so long and so distinguished a part.

Let the future historian make what allowance he will for the blunders, many of them doubtless glaring enough, committed in the execution of the Radical policy of Mr. Gladstone's third Government, yet he will have to admit that it was so broad and vigorous in its general conception that it would have had a very good prospect of success, if only one condition had been present. That condition was a widely-spread disposition among the working-classes to believe that the nobility were animated by a spirit of aristocratic dislike to democratic power, and by a patrician indifference to the welfare of the masses. If that disposition had to any considerable extent prevailed, there can be no reasonable doubt that the tactics adopted by the Radical party in 1892–5 would have resulted in the return at the General Election in the latter year of a majority pledged to precipitate between the two branches of the Legislature a struggle which, being avowedly begun with a view to the maiming of one of them, would not and could not have ended without some serious injury to the body politic of which they both are essential parts. Instead of a majority elected for a purpose charged with such disastrous issues, there sits, as we all know, on the right hand of the Speaker's chair a party holding an overwhelming preponderance, who were chosen by the voters on the double programme of preservation of the ancient institutions of the country and steady endeavour to seek, and, when found, to legislate upon, the lines best fitted to mitigate the hardships of those classes on whom present economic conditions press most heavily. The election of a House of Commons thus composed may fairly be taken to signify the non-existence of any such wide-spread readiness to think evil of the House of Lords and the classes which it specially represents as would have been adequate, on the view just set forth, to afford recent Radical strategy a practical assurance of success. An even more favourable inference may, we think, be reasonably drawn from the issue of the General Election of last year. The decisive rejection by a popular vote of the party which had adopted what was in effect a revolutionary propaganda may be legitimately regarded as giving evidence, not merely of the absence of a general readiness to think evil of the members of the order which was particularly menaced, but of the presence of a wide-spread readiness to think well of them.

Is, then, all for the best in the best of all possible Englands? May the upper classes of this country rest and be thankful for the

the large measure of discernment with which their humbler fellow-countrymen happily appear to be endowed? Nothing could possibly be more unfortunate than any tendency to the adoption of such conclusions. Danger has not passed away with a huge majority of nearly 150. How could it be so, when one of the historic political parties, however reduced in effective strength for the moment, has placed in the forefront of its programme the mutilation of the Constitution, and can point to the most powerful and intellectually distinguished leader it has ever had as having given his parting benediction to that enterprise? How could it be so, when over against the conspicuous splendour and elaborate luxury of life in the town and country palaces of the high nobility, maintained somehow despite agricultural depression and Harcourtian budgets, is to be set the world of suffering and of struggle conveyed by Mr. Charles Booth's careful estimate that 30 per cent. of the population of London are under the 'poverty-line'? In casting the horoscope of England's future, regard must be had to both of the two forms of danger just indicated. They have always been and are perhaps increasingly apt to combine. The distinct adoption by the present Radical party of a policy subversive of the foundations of the Constitution is the manifestation, we may be only too sure, of a progressive tendency. Politicians, or the successors of politicians, who have so lightly advocated the removal of existing checks upon democratic impatience, will be tempted, with a view to the acquisition of power, into the prosecution of that and even more sweeping changes in our polity through the aid of passions stimulated, it may be, in some season of deep public distress by wildly predatory projects of legislation. Let it be remembered that perhaps the most remarkable thing about all General Elections is the number of voters who do not vote, and that it is at least conceivable that a moment might come when a sufficient number of those voters would be induced by the prospect of some material advantage to give a decisive preponderance to politicians who bid high for their support. Towards such action, moreover, it is more than possible that encouragement might be afforded by the recollection of the fact that the greatest Liberal statesman of the nineteenth century endeavoured to advance the policy of the last decade of his public life by drawing a distinction between the political conscience of the masses and that of the classes, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

No one who reflects upon such considerations as these, as well as on the undoubted liability of large electorates to tidal movements

movements of feeling, can suppose for a moment that the path of peaceful and orderly progress has been made straight or sure for England by the General Election of 1895. So far we are entirely with Mr. Lecky. But what we miss in his always learned and lucid, and often acute, dissertations on 'Democracy and Liberty,' is a recognition of the fact, which seems to us patent, that British political history since the last Reform Bill affords abundant ground for the belief that, if the classes possessing culture and leisure will play their part worthily, the electorate generally will welcome and follow their lead. Democracy does not mean mob-government. Nor does it at all necessarily, as Mr. Lecky seems inclined to fear, mean government by the American 'machine.' But it may mean one or the other or both of those most evil things, if the natural leaders of the people abandon or neglect their trust.

The more thought is given to the subject, the clearer will it appear that, if our polity is to retain that reputation which it has enjoyed for a combination of sobriety and equity with liberty, there must be steady effort on the part of all those classes whose members enjoy special opportunities for qualifying themselves for the administration of public affairs. If so, it follows that the lead in such effort should be taken and kept by the aristocracy. They have the largest leisure, the most obvious superiority to personal pre-occupation in connexion with the conduct of public affairs, whether national or local, and the largest endowment of *savoir faire*. The actual amount of clear leisure possessed by persons occupying great hereditary positions may indeed be easily exaggerated. A nobleman or country gentleman with large estates is compelled, if he wishes to do his duty to his tenants and dependents and to preserve his heritage from impoverishment, to give up a large amount of his time to its supervision. Only so can he maintain those personal links which ought to bind together the classes living on the land in a real sense of unity. Only so is it possible that English landlords should play the part open to them in stimulating that application of science and scientific methods to farming operations which is needed to give English agriculture an opportunity of rising from its present depression. Even so, the enlightened patrician conscience will acknowledge that ample time remains for the discharge of public responsibilities.

Large and practical recognition is given to this fact by many of those whom it concerns. The administration of county affairs by the Court of Quarter Sessions was by common consent honourable and efficient, and the democratic suffrage on which the County Councils rest has called the most active and capable

capable of the members of the old nominated authority to continue their management of local business in conjunction with representatives of other classes. To the Councils so composed Parliament has entrusted the very important responsibility of dispensing the funds provided under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act of 1890 for the development of technical instruction. And so well has this new trust been fulfilled, that the Secondary Education Commission, in their Report issued last autumn, confidently recommended that the local authority which they desired to see established for the ascertainment and the supply of local needs in regard to Secondary Education, should be constituted, with expert reinforcement, out of a Committee formed for that purpose from the County Council. The Education Bill, introduced and withdrawn by the Government this year, not only went a long way towards the practical adoption of that recommendation, but proposed to devolve upon similar Committees an important part of the functions of the Education Office in regard to the control of primary instruction. Whether or not the latter proposal be revived—and in our judgment there is a great deal to be said in its favour—we may reasonably anticipate that the former will before long be carried into effect. The increase of range which will thus be given to the responsibilities of County Councillors should serve as a stimulus to the most cultivated as well as the ablest of the younger generation of the territorial class to aspire to a share of those responsibilities.

As we have said, the most active and influential of the county magistrates have been chosen to the County Councils, but it is not by any means certain that the younger generation of the landed aristocracy, titled or untitled, recognise the duty incumbent upon them to take up the succession of such work. It is of great importance that they should do so. The work is eminently worthy of the intellectual, moral, and even æsthetic sympathies of all patriotic citizens. Yet, as the experience of many great towns under the democratic municipal franchise shows, it is very easy for local government to slip out of the hands of the best citizens, and the results of such loss of power on their part are always deplorable.

Mr. Lecky's cheerful tone in writing of the self-government of the great towns of England contrasts sharply and strangely with the depression which seems to dominate his general outlook on the democratic future, and we must say that his optimism in this limited though very important field strikes us as savouring of exaggeration. On the whole, no doubt, the record of the course of corporate administration in the chief mercantile

mercantile and manufacturing communities in this country since the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 is honourable and encouraging. Their authorities have evinced a large amount of zeal and energy in the discharge of several of their functions; structurally and otherwise the towns have been extensively altered and improved; some of the prime necessaries of urban life, such as the police and water supply, have been cared for on the whole adequately and sometimes with great enterprise; and, speaking broadly, there has been very little corruption. And, apart from municipal action, the generosity and devotion of public-spirited citizens, both individual and collective, have done and are doing great things in the foundation, development, and conduct of institutions for the physical, intellectual, and æsthetic benefit of the mass of the inhabitants.

In many, however, if not in most, of the great towns, the Councils which, for a few years after the Act of 1835, comprised the natural leaders of their respective communities, were for a long subsequent period largely, sometimes exclusively, composed of citizens of inferior station and poorer calibre. The causes of this unfortunate change were various. One of the chief among them certainly was the introduction of Imperial politics into municipal elections, a practice so senseless that it is difficult to refer to it in terms of moderation. It undoubtedly has furnished citizens of culture, not indeed with a justification, but with an excuse for withdrawing from a form of public service which, while affording but few opportunities for personal distinction, involves much interruption of professional or business work, and no slight sacrifice of hard-earned leisure. In some places men eminently fitted for the discharge of high civic responsibilities were rejected at the municipal polls in favour of quite inferior persons, whose views on a number of important but totally irrelevant questions happened to be in accord with those of the majority of voting ratepayers for the time being. A little of an experience of that kind with men of sensitive self-respect is unfortunately apt to go a long way. Where this kind of degradation in the composition of municipal corporations took place, as it did in several very important places, it lasted long, and its results have been serious. Great manufacturing towns have been allowed to grow with very imperfect supervision of the sanitary conditions of multitudes of new houses run up by speculative builders for the rapidly increasing population. Far too little attempt has been made to secure the most elementary regard for dignity in the lines of streets or for seemliness in buildings for domestic or business purposes, or to prevent the production of

of those clouds of smoke which hang like a pall over our chief centres of industry.

It is difficult to conceive anything more frankly ugly than the surroundings of life in the quarters of great manufacturing towns in which the masses of the inhabitants live and work, while in some of the most important towns noisome old rookeries remain, with scarcely any redeeming traces of the picturesque. It would be unfair and ungracious to deny that great urban corporations and combinations of benevolent citizens have erected in many places buildings for municipal or charitable objects which are of very considerable architectural merit. But it may surely be believed that the extensive influence acquired and held for a long period in municipal affairs by persons of small lives, exiguous culture, and narrow views, is largely responsible for the too often mean and unworthy surroundings of fine public buildings, for the unqualified disfigurement of the most commonplace landscape which is caused by almost every extension of urban boundaries, and by the halting though genuine progress of sanitation.

Equally unfortunate, if not identical, results would ensue if the natural leaders of rural life, from any cause—distaste for the conditions of election, or for some of the colleagues with whom they might be associated in administrative work, or absorption in their own pleasures—were to relinquish the management of local business into the hands of those who from their circumstances must necessarily possess narrower views. It rests with the younger generation of the nobility and country gentry to decide whether the administration of rural and semi-rural affairs under a popular system of local government shall be worthy of the excellent beginning it has made, and shall present a record of steadily advancing enlightenment, or shall decline upon poor and unworthy standards.

Nor is it only in the counties that an important mission demands the loyal acceptance of the English aristocracy. There are many welcome signs of the spread of higher standards, æsthetic and sanitary, of municipal life in the great towns; and with this, largely causing it, partly caused by it, an increasing readiness on the part of men of education and good breeding to take an active interest in the conduct of local affairs. The improvement may be powerfully aided by the co-operation of the neighbouring territorial aristocracy. Their participation in urban municipal government has been sought by some of the greatest of the northern towns. The head of the English nobility is now Mayor of Sheffield. The Council of that city—whose magnificent new municipal palace would have been opened,

opened, but for the recent royal bereavement, by her Majesty the Queen in the course of the present year—would take no denial from the Duke of Norfolk; and his Grace, notwithstanding the arduous responsibilities which he had undertaken as Postmaster-General in the new Government, bowed with great public spirit to the urgent wishes of his northern neighbours. At Liverpool the civic chair is occupied by Lord Derby, between whose family and the great Lancashire seaport there is an ancient connexion.

When we remember that mayors are chosen by councils fresh from contact with their democratic constituencies, the election of the great peers whom we have mentioned as mayors of two of the most populous cities of the Empire, where local testimony shows that they are discharging their new duties with admirable tact and judgment, cannot fail to impress any reflecting mind with a sense of the magnitude of the fresh opportunities of public service offering themselves to the nobility. Another illustration of the same truth is furnished by the election of Lord Windsor as Mayor of the important seaport and mining-centre of Cardiff. That post was held a year or two ago by Lord Bute, and the fact that the town council invited another neighbouring territorial magnate to preside over them is good evidence that the plan had been found to work well. There is every reason why it should. The presence in the chair at municipal debates of a person above the level of local parties and disputes, but yet sufficiently connected by neighbourship to allow of his readily identifying himself with the town whose affairs he aids in governing—a person moreover bringing fine courtesy and dignity to bear upon the guidance of debate—cannot fail to elevate the atmosphere of the council chamber and of local life generally.

Further, in more ways than one, the indirect influence of such choices as have been made by Liverpool, Sheffield, and Cardiff for the chair of their Councils is likely to prove very beneficial. On the one hand, if such choices are at all frequently made, there will be an increase, not merely in the places immediately concerned, but generally throughout the country, in the consideration attaching to municipal service in towns, with the result of an increasing readiness on the part of the most important inhabitants to enter municipal life. On the other hand, the multiplication of mayors who are great landed proprietors cannot fail to promote a greater unity of feeling than now exists between town and country, and an extension of intercourse between them to the advantage of both. At present there is very little intercourse between the upper classes in the great towns

towns and the territorial families of the surrounding districts. The great country mansions in the northern counties, at which it would be thought a natural thing to find in a house-party leading merchants or manufacturers or even professional men from any of the towns within easy reach, are quite exceptional. There is no sufficient reason why this should be so. There are to be found in the towns many ladies and gentlemen with a breadth of culture and an ease and refinement of manner amply qualifying them to associate on terms of equal mutual pleasure and advantage with the families and friends of the neighbouring nobility. It is pure loss all round that such association is still quite rare, and there is an odd perversity about the habits which make it so. For there is nothing to hinder the successful merchant or manufacturer, who can take a country-house and keep up the kind of establishment and scale of entertainment usual there, from being admitted, if he has a reasonable amount of tact and enterprise and breeding, into county society. No caste feeling shuts the door of that society in his face, and still less, of course, in that of his son, who has probably been to a first-rate public school and to Oxford or Cambridge. But if the well-to-do man remains—as, speaking generally, it is much more patriotic in him to do—within the limits or immediate neighbourhood of the town in which he or his father made his wealth, living its life, taking his share either in its municipal affairs or in the support and management of its great public institutions and its benevolent societies, then, however well informed and truly cultivated and however good a gentleman he may be, the odds are that he and the owners of most of the country-houses within two hours' drive of his home will pass their lives without meeting, except, perhaps, at Quarter Sessions, or on the platform of political gatherings. The same line of remark applies to the members of the professional classes in the towns, who are frequently persons of high culture and breeding.

If this unfortunate social barrier between town and country is to be thrown down, the initiative must be taken, without doubt, from the side of the country. The leading inhabitants of the towns have a great deal too much proper pride to allow of their endeavouring to force or intrigue themselves into a society which would not welcome their presence; but they would certainly reciprocate any advances that might be made. Of course a certain amount of trouble would be required in the first instance on the part of the hosts and hostesses who set themselves to follow the excellent lead given so far by a few, but very few, owners of country-houses. It is always much easier

easier to remain in a social groove than to make excursions beyond it. It is very much easier for a great lady to fill her house from year to year with people who are sure to know one another, and who therefore need little or no looking after, than to make judicious selections of guests representing different social atmospheres and modes of life, and to exercise the tactful management required to secure that parties so composed shall run smoothly and pleasantly. But, after all, it may surely be claimed that it is precisely in the cheerful and ready and successful treatment of such difficulties as those connected with the fusion of town and country society that the inherited graces and aptitudes, which are the natural pride of an aristocracy, should find one of the fields for their happiest display. The full exercise of those graces and aptitudes ought not to be limited to the members of the aristocracy who find employment in the diplomatic service of their country. The development of relations of frank friendship and mutual understanding between sections of the cultivated classes of England, who now stand needlessly aloof from one another, is a work hardly less worthy of our old nobility than that of promoting like favourable relations between England and foreign countries.

And the fruit of such work, if well done, would be twofold. It would ensure a lasting and progressive enrichment of the interest of life to all concerned. The conversation of the drawing-room and of the smoking-room, both in the town-mansion and the country-house, would become both more extended in its range and more varied in its points of view. This is not only to say that social intercourse would become brighter, more attractive, and more refreshing, with far less of sameness and the resulting *ennui* than at present. Even for that object it would be amply worth while to make the efforts required. But greater benefits than a freshening of the social atmosphere would result. The frank interchange of ideas between educated and refined persons of varied circumstances and traditions would lead to that free play of thought about old forms of opinion which Mr. Matthew Arnold so strenuously advocated as being of the essence of true culture, and not only good in itself, but necessary as a preparation for the wise treatment of political and social problems. The need for such preparation has certainly not diminished in the quarter of a century or so which has elapsed since 'Culture and Anarchy' appeared. It certainly can be much furthered by the social action of the aristocracy, and that action would be a natural sequence or accompaniment of their participation in the municipal government of towns.

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We have only referred so far to three cases of that kind, but the roll of Mayors for the current year illustrates the widespread presence in the Peerage of a disposition to undertake such responsibilities. The civic chairs of Worcester, Ripon, Dudley, Richmond (Yorkshire), Warwick, Whitehaven, and Appleby are occupied respectively by Lords Beauchamp, Ripon, Dudley, Zetland, Warwick, Lonsdale, and Hothfield. None of these, it is true, are places of great size or importance; but that circumstance does not detract at all from the quality, though it may restrict the scope, of the public service rendered by the noblemen who have accepted the offices to which they were elected by the Councils of those places. What they are doing is to give expression, in the most practical and effective form open to them, to their belief in the high dignity of the work of local self-government in England, whatever the scale of its operation. This acknowledgment comes with singular force when it is made by peers, one of whom has governed the greatest Imperial dependency of this country, besides repeatedly holding high Cabinet office, while another has been Viceroy of Ireland. Let all honour be rendered to Lord Ripon and Lord Zetland for the special significance of the example they have thus set. Not less satisfactory, however, as symptoms of the movement of aristocratic sentiment, and possibly of even greater value as examples to the generation in whose hands the future of England so largely rests, are the acceptances by young peers like Lord Dudley and Lord Beauchamp of municipal responsibilities in the towns with which they are most intimately connected by territorial ties.

Every case of this kind carries with it promise of the re-knitting of social ties which an age of commercial competition has done much to dissolve. Every such case means also, or should mean, an enhancement of the qualifications of the aristocratic element in Parliament to play its part with full knowledge and sympathy in the discussion of questions affecting the condition of the masses of the people, and in the treatment of legislative proposals for the improvement of that condition in any of its aspects. We touch here on a vital matter. The general results of the elections of last year, as we have argued, may be fairly taken to indicate not only the absence of any widespread disposition among the democratic electorate to think evil of the Peerage and the classes connected with it, but the presence of a disposition to think well of them. The latter positive inference appears to be confirmed by the facility with which in not a few cases the heirs to peerages and other youthful members of noble families, who are necessarily

devoid

devoid of political experience, have secured election to the new House of Commons. It receives further confirmation from the facts to which we have referred in regard to the election of peers as Mayors of towns presenting a great variety of industrial and social conditions. All this is well; but if the aristocracy are to retain that confidence in their fitness for parliamentary and municipal responsibilities which the masses appear ready to repose in them, it can only be by resolute application of their energies to the duties which they undertake. A merely ornamental discharge of parliamentary or municipal functions, coupled from time to time with expressions of sympathetic interest in the welfare of the masses, will not serve and ought not to serve. The educational level of the working-classes is steadily rising. They are perfectly well able to see whether the problems which come home most nearly to them are seriously studied and firmly grasped by those of whatever class who profess an interest in them. If they see evidences that such study is given and such grasp obtained, they will listen with respectful attention to arguments in support of conclusions at variance with those at which they may themselves have arrived; but they will naturally resent a superficial and inadequate treatment of questions vitally affecting their interests by men who, as they would rightly think, unquestionably have the time, if they have the inclination and the intelligence, required for a thorough comprehension of those questions.

It is, therefore, very pleasant to have such competent and impartial testimony as that borne by Mr. John Morley, in his speech at Forfar on the 27th of June, to the 'serious attention to public business' manifested by the large number of young Members in the present House of Commons. So considerable a proportion of those young Members are scions of the titled or untitled nobility of the country, that it seems reasonable to assume that Mr. Morley's cordial commendation has extensive application to the representatives in the Lower House of the class whose duties we are considering. That is very encouraging. Readiness to pay 'serious attention to public business' is almost the most important requisite of all in an aristocratic class in a democratic country.

Nor does it seem superfluous to remark at this point that, if the upper classes desire to retain an effective influence over public affairs, they ought to see to it that their sons acquire some training in history, political philosophy, political economy, and in the art of public speaking. The public schools and Universities do, no doubt, turn out a considerable number of men able to grapple with public problems, and to speak upon them

them clearly and effectively; but it must be admitted that, in not a few cases, men of rank, who have had all the advantages of those institutions, are lamentably deficient in the mental equipment required for an adequate comprehension of national questions, whether domestic or external. They know little more of those problems than may be picked up from the newspapers, and are unable to reproduce what they do know, or such reflections on it as they may have put together, in a style appreciably superior to the average of the speeches in a second-class debating society in a manufacturing town. This is so poor a result of generations of inherited political power that, apart from all considerations of its effect on the present and future position of their class, the English aristocracy ought to regard it as a reproach to be cleared away as completely and as early as may be.

The question does not merely concern the requirements of self-respect. It is whether the People, who are now in full possession of the power to decide to what extent the House of Commons shall be composed of members of the aristocracy, and in the long run to what extent the House of Lords shall continue to be a power in the State, are to have grounds for believing that the aristocracy possess a special capacity for the conduct of State affairs. That they have not lost their old power of fighting and of leading their countrymen in battle against the enemy will be admitted on all hands. But the call to battle comes seldom, and under our military system to a limited number. The call to prove their possession of a peculiar gift for administering national and local affairs, and for legislating for the adaptation of our institutions to the changing wants of the times, comes to our aristocracy as a whole, and comes to them in one form or another every day. The people have a right to expect that, in return for the enjoyment of their inherited estates and dignities, this class should make a fine art of the conduct of public affairs, from the Parish Council to the House of Lords. And it is on their readiness to respond to that demand, to conform their lives to the exigencies of the ideals it would set up, and to infuse the spirit of such ideals into the education of their children, that the future of the English aristocracy, and in no small measure of England herself, depends. It is for them to judge whether the ransom is too heavy a one for them to pay, we do not say for the retention of their halls and lands—for we have little anxiety as to the spread of a spirit of spoliation among our fellow-countrymen—but for the continued exercise, with fresh security and vastly increased fields for their beneficent application, of those traditional powers of public service,

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without which the undisturbed enjoyment of great possessions is almost a humiliation.

Happily, with the growing need for close and thorough study of public problems by the upper classes, agencies have been developed, possessing peculiar value and efficiency as aids to their pursuit of such study in regard to many of the most pressing of those problems. We allude to the system of University and public school 'Settlements' in the poorer districts of London and other great cities. The movement which has resulted in the establishment of these agencies has already done so much to improve the relations between classes, and to throw light upon many of the most perplexing of our social questions, that it is difficult to avoid language of exaggerated confidence in speaking of the future which lies before it. It has taken root not less strongly—for though they vary somewhat, social problems are not less difficult—in the United States than in this country; and an article on the work of the Andover House in Boston, published in a volume entitled 'The Poor in Great Cities,' and written by Dr. Wm. Jewett Tucker, President of Dartmouth College, states with singular lucidity and force some of the root-ideas of what he calls the 'higher philanthropy.'

'Andover House,' he says, 'has no moneys to disburse. As far as appears to a transient visitor, the House is simply a home where a group of educated young men live, study, and work. But the House is organized upon an idea, which the group is constantly working out, each man in harmony with his fellow. Evidently the great requisite in any attempt to modify wrong social conditions is the perfect understanding of those conditions. And the knowledge of any such conditions is best gained by practically subjecting one's self to them, at least to the extent of making them the daily environment of his life. Residence is the key to the situation in any locality. It is wonderful how many things come to one, in the way of the daily intercourse with his neighbours, which would entirely evade the most careful search from without. It is the unsought information which tells best the story of a neighbourhood. And far beyond any gain in the way of knowledge is the sense of identification with others which comes through residence among them. One is conscious of breathing the same social atmosphere; and though he may retreat from the more disheartening surroundings of his work into the shelter and cheer of the group, yet the scenes in the midst of which he lives are in mind by day and by night. The constant strain upon the sympathies is the test of the real significance of living under wrong social conditions. I doubt if one person can well bear the strain. It is the group which saves the individual to his work, and supplies that fund of good cheer which is indispensable to it.'

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With this admirable statement may be associated the following few sentences from an article by Miss Mary Talbot, now Mrs. Winfrid Burrows, on St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, which is the Ladies' Branch of the Oxford House.

'The objects of the settlement,' writes this lady, 'are in many respects the same as those of the many kindred houses, the establishment of which has been so marked a feature of recent philanthropic effort. They all seek to remedy the evils which come from the isolation of workers,—the sense of loneliness which tells so much on energy and hopefulness; the want of co-operation; the necessity that each should buy his or her own experience, often at the expense of those whom they would help: and they do this by providing centres in which the experience and sympathy of many workers is available for the help of each, and from which joint work can be undertaken with the least possible difficulty of organization and co-operation. They make it possible for many to live in poor and crowded neighbourhoods who could not do so by themselves, and thereby to gain and give what all workers feel to be the inestimable advantages of daily-life intimacy with those for whom they work. And they can make use of the help of those who can only give short spaces of time to such work.'

Combining these extracts, we obtain a sufficiently comprehensive view of the *rationale* of University and other 'Settlements.' There is the constant opportunity for first-hand observation of more or less unsatisfactory social conditions, and the sense of identification with the neighbourhood suffering from those conditions; there is the opportunity of joint study with other first-hand observers and of joint ameliorative work with others of whose sympathy one is assured; and there is the reduction to a minimum of that waste, through misdirection, of the time and energy of those who desire to cheer and raise their fellows, which is the saddest waste that the world has to show. The second of the quotations above given is taken from a small volume entitled 'The Universities and the Social Problem,' which contains a number of short articles by men and women engaged in 'Settlement' work in different parts of London. Their effect is to show that that work abounds in variety and interest, and that, having regard to the shortness of the time, only some twelve years, that has elapsed since the oldest of it was set on foot, the results have been singularly full of encouragement. The ease, or at least the rapidity, with which the settlers have won their way to the confidence of their new neighbours of both sexes, and the readiness with which the latter receive and act on the counsel of those whom, though coming to them from circumstances and with habits and traditions

traditions extremely unlike their own, they yet recognise as earnest and disinterested friends, are exemplified in a remarkable degree by the firm establishment and great popularity of the men's, boys', and girls' clubs which have been established in connexion probably with all 'Settlements.'

It is not our purpose here to analyse the various forms taken by the beneficent activity of which 'Settlements' constitute at once reservoirs and diffusers. But we are concerned to point out that by their existence there is supplied, to young men and young women of culture and more or less leisure, who are touched by the contrast between their own lot and that of vast multitudes of their countrymen and countrywomen, the means of putting such time and strength as they can afford for philanthropic effort to the best use, as regards both themselves and those whom they try to help. Within a year or two they find themselves able to give real aid to poor people of whom formerly they would never have heard, and whom, if they had heard of their distresses, they would very possibly have tried to help by gifts that would have done more harm than good. Within a year or two they come, in some measure at least, to such an understanding of the inner aspects of social problems as, if blended with and qualified by adequate historical and economic knowledge, is one of the best possible equipments for administrative or legislative responsibilities. They are brought into touch with the facts of the administration or the evasion of sanitary laws, with the genuine feelings and needs of the toiling classes in great urban districts on such subjects as public entertainment and temperance, and with the working of industrial organizations.

In his prefatory note to 'Sybil,' Mr. Disraeli was careful to state that he had himself personally observed every feature of the condition of the people as indicated in that romance, in so far as authority could not be found for it in evidence received by Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees. Yet, genuine as is the feeling for the sufferings of the masses which evidently animated the author, and great as were doubtless the pains which he took to acquaint himself with the facts, there are passages in 'Sybil' which do not ring entirely true. But at the present day, by the aid of those admirable agencies to the establishment of which the lives and deaths of Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee led the way, there is no reason why any young man in the upper classes, with his heart in the right place and with a well-trained intelligence of average quality, should not obtain a clearer and firmer hold upon the conditions going to make up the principal social problems of our day, than

than that which was or could be obtained, with the resources at his command in 1845, by the intensely acute observer who was to climb to the foremost place in England.

On the educational value of 'Settlements' to the settlers themselves, great stress is laid by Sir John Gorst, in his excellent Introduction to 'The Universities and the Social Problem.'

'It is the universal testimony,' he says, 'of all "Settlements" in Great Britain and America, that, so far from the case being one in which the wise bestow knowledge upon the simple without return, the teachers themselves have in all cases learnt more than they have taught. Their own views of life have been enlarged, their own errors and prejudices have been corrected, and fresh qualities of the human character for love and admiration have been revealed to them. The class heresies, which the separation of the rich from the neighbourhood of the poor has engendered, have been to some extent removed. They are conscious that their own spiritual and intellectual faculties have been strengthened and their own lives enriched by the broadening of their social sympathies.'

And having thus gained themselves in breadth of outlook and moral and mental force, they become able both to promote sound administration and wise legislation for the treatment of social problems, and also to apply their personal influence very usefully at the heart and centre of the problems themselves. Few things can be more likely to conduce to the equitable and pacific solution of questions relating to the remuneration of labour than the existence of relations of friendship between leaders of the working-classes and men of large culture, broad sympathies, and sound judgment, drawn from the upper ranks of society. In such friendships there is nothing incongruous or unnatural. It was justly and effectively argued by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, in an address delivered at Eton about two years ago, that there is an essential kinship between the intense loyalty of Trades Unionists to their Union, and their readiness to make personal sacrifices for the preservation and advancement of its interests, and the chivalrous mutual devotion which is one of the finest flowers of the public school spirit. Small wonder is it that in the stress of industrial conflicts and under the pressure of hardships to themselves and those dearest to them, such as the average member of the upper classes can hardly realize by the most vigorous exercise of imagination, Trades Unionists have from time to time said and done things which have discredited the cause of labour. The real wonder is that, taking their rise in the appalling conditions illustrated by 'Sybil' and delineated in the darkest colours in Carlyle's 'Past and Present,' the great skilled-labour organizations

zations that we now know evolved a spirit so honourable as that by which they have in the main been guided.

That they committed mistakes in tactics from time to time, that they fought sometimes for augmentations of wages when the conditions of trade made such augmentations impossible, or resisted reductions in wages when it was economically necessary that wages should fall, may easily be admitted. But that is only to say that they had not had opportunities of surveying the whole economic situation, a knowledge of which was necessary to the formation of a sound judgment as to the course they ought to pursue. If their early leaders had been in touch with men who had enjoyed greater educational advantages, who sympathised keenly with their longings to improve their own lot and that of their comrades, but who were able to discuss with them in the light of full information the chances of success in pushing the demand for any particular improvement of the condition of the workers, or the chances that a particular improvement, if successfully enforced at a particular time, might be purchased by an injury to trade which would delay larger improvements, it may well be believed that many ill-advised and disastrous struggles would have been avoided. Such influences were not available to the early trades unionists, and they had to learn the value of caution and moderation by painful experience. For the most part, in the case of the older unions, the lesson was thoroughly learned, but even so it cannot but be a material advantage to the cause of industrial prosperity and peace that the trusted leaders of the artisans should realize that among the classes, which they not unnaturally regard as looking at everything from the employers' point of view, there is a steadily spreading desire that labour should receive its rightful reward. The tone of that daily Press which is supposed, at any rate by the 'masses,' to represent the views of the 'classes,' is still so strongly capitalist that the economic arguments against the wisdom of any particular demand made on the side of labour, however ably set forth, run the risk of being impatiently put aside, or at any rate considered with prejudice, by labour leaders as being inspired by a *parti pris*. But the situation would stand very differently, if the labour leaders were generally in regular intercourse, not official but friendly and personal, with men in whose profound desire for the advancement of the condition of the working-classes they had full faith, but who were able to put before them clearly a well-informed and independent judgment of the justice of any claim they may be inclined to make, and the possibility of pressing it with success.

These

These considerations apply, perhaps, with special force to the case of the vast multitude of unskilled labourers, among a fraction, but only a small fraction, of whom what is called the New Unionism has taken root. Individual University 'settlers' have taken a part, and in the main, we believe, a useful part in connexion with some of the efforts made by the unions of unskilled labourers to better their lot. But the influence of the Settlements has hardly been long enough at work to exercise any very decisive influence on those efforts or their issues. The problem of the elevation, we might almost say the emancipation, of unskilled male and female labour is the problem of the future. Sir John Gorst, who writes very gravely of it, says that 'the instinct of self-preservation should make society grateful to anybody who will spend his life in gaining the confidence of the masses and guiding their ideas into channels in which the common good of all is the prevailing influence.' For our part, as we have already remarked, we are not much disturbed by anxiety as to the development of predatory passions among our fellow-countrymen, even under the pressure of chronic distress. But the duty incumbent upon the upper classes of straining every nerve to secure that chronic distress shall not be the lot of any considerable number of those who are willing to work, is only the more cogent if there is little or no fear that the neglect of it might lead to consequences personally disagreeable to the culprits. It would be more than absurd to suggest that the English nobility has any monopoly of latent qualifications for grappling with this great national problem. The great spread of wealth and culture during the present century and the large share of control over public affairs which the middle classes have possessed for at least two generations have led to a considerable diffusion in their upper ranks of a temper and habits of mind practically identical, in many respects, both good and bad, with those commonly associated with aristocracies. But this at least may be said, that the call to qualify themselves to take part in righting the harsh conditions under which great multitudes of the people of England pass their lives should fall with peculiar urgency on the ears and hearts of those whose forefathers for many generations or even centuries have had the government of the country in their hands, and who themselves are still secured in the enjoyment of luxury and honours.

Like considerations occur in connexion with every aspect of that mission of the English aristocracy which it has been the purpose of this article to sketch. Those for whom and for whose families England has done most, owe most to England.

What

What noble house is there, however illustrious may be the record of its achievements through the ages, which could strike the balance and say that it did not remain immeasurably in its country's debt? We have endeavoured to indicate some of the ways in which a portion of that debt may be discharged by the present aristocracy of England, and especially by its younger members. We have done this without adverting to the difficult question of a reform in the constitution of the House of Lords. We believe that such a reform ought not to be much longer delayed, and that, if wisely conceived, it would strengthen and not weaken the genuinely conservative forces of our polity. But such reforms as we should wish to see in the House of Lords would leave it still a strong embodiment of the hereditary principle. We have, therefore, assumed that in some form or other the great trust of legislation remains hereditary in the aristocracy. We have assumed that those of them on whom that trust devolves will take a genuine and continuous interest in its discharge. This last assumption, it must be admitted, is far from being borne out by recent facts, but it is essential to any rational support of the hereditary principle. Attendance in the Upper Chamber whenever there is public business of importance under consideration must sooner or later come to be a condition, whether imposed by parliamentary rule or by the conscience of the individual legislator, of continued membership of that body. The vital matter is that the aristocracy should prove themselves generally worthy of the great responsibilities attaching to a class which being supported by law in the possession of resources placing its members far beyond the need of work for daily bread, and in constant touch with means of culture, is bound to render public service in the spheres of legislation, of administration, and of social leadership.

That the nation at large desires to see such service rendered by the aristocracy is demonstrated by its readiness to give the members of that class full opportunities of displaying and of developing their fitness for rendering it. The need for such public service as a leisured and cultivated class can best render, if its members are willing to take the trouble, is greater now in England than at any former period. The machinery of local government in the counties has been developed in every direction, and is sure to receive important further developments, and there is no part of the machine in the working of which valuable aid may not be rendered by the hereditary owners of the soil. The need for infusing higher ideals into the government of the great industrial and commercial centres of

of population is recognised by their inhabitants, and the neighbouring aristocracy are able to give very important assistance towards the spread and the realization of those ideals. The social separation of town and country is a source of needless weakness and limitation of outlook to both, and it is unquestionably in the power of the aristocracy to put an end to that separation. Problems of immense magnitude and distracting complexity weigh upon the public mind in regard to the relations between Capital and Labour, and the conditions of life among the poor; and there are many members of the aristocracy who, by throwing themselves into the work of the University and public school Settlements, may both minister directly to the sweetening and elevation of the social atmosphere of the poorest quarters of our great cities, and acquire knowledge and influence by which they will be enabled to affect beneficially the action of legislators on the one hand and labour leaders on the other. In all the spheres of action to which we have referred there is abundant evidence that the acceptance of their responsibilities by the members of the aristocracy will be welcomed by the people at large, if only they will take the trouble necessary to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of their high trust, and apply themselves as seriously to the duties involved in it as they do to the fulfilment of functions of Imperial responsibility—or to the pursuit of the field sports in which they are so admirably proficient. For our part, we will not believe that the conditions thus laid down will be deemed too severe by the inheritors of the most splendid opportunities and the most inspiring traditions which ever descended to any class in any nation in the world's history.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Das Leben F. Nietzsche's.* Von seiner Schwester. Leipzig, 1895.
2. *Die Werke F. Nietzsche's.* Eight Vols. Leipzig, 1896.
3. *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* Translated by Dr. Tille. London, 1896.
4. *The Case of Wagner, &c.* Translated by Thos. Common. London, 1896.
5. *Der Einzige und sein' Eigenthum.* Von Max Stirner. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1882.

And many other Works.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1716, so runs the story, a Polish gentleman belonging to the noble house of Nietzsky was condemned to death for having conspired as a Protestant, with other Protestants, against the Republic. He made his escape, with wife and child, into German territory. Of him nothing more is known; and even these details may be little else than a legend. But Friedrich Nietzsche, whose life and opinions we are proposing to narrate, was proud of his Polish origin; nor did his restless, brilliant, self-centred, and unmanageable character, which at last broke down into madness, belie the affinities whereby we are led to think, if not, as he would persuade us, of Copernicus, yet certainly of Chopin. He is the latest, and by no means the least significant, of those spirits that, like the too often quoted Mephistopheles, 'say No' to an entire civilization. His one veto, his *Nie pozwalam*, or 'I decline to agree,' uttered with explosive rhetoric, and flowing out into ten thousand aphorisms, has made him the hero as well as the prophet of free-thinkers. To him the Church seems an effete superstition, the State mere tyranny, metaphysics the ghost of religion sitting upon its grave, morality a bugbear,

 law

law the enemy of life, and everything permissible so long as men please themselves.

This Great Charter, drawn in outline more than half a century ago by Max Stirner,—whom Dr. Nordau brushes aside as a 'crazy Hegelian,'—finds in Nietzsche such a wealth of light and colour—it is proclaimed with so sweeping an eloquence, and, we must add, with such 'damnable iteration'—that none can marvel if the anarchists of all nations flock to his standard. What, in comparison with his laughing, singing, and dancing strophes are the pale arguments of a Max Stirner, the rants and furies of Bakunin, the geographical lectures and moral-revolutionary pleadings of Prince Kropotkin, or the halting deductions of Mr. Herbert Spencer? And in the deep gloom which hangs over Nietzsche, in his wanderings of the mind and the feet through so many high and wild landscapes, in the pathos of contrast suggested by his early and his latter years, in his present condition of insanity without hope, while his books are sumptuously edited, carefully translated, and studied from New York to St. Petersburg, all the elements of tragedy are mingled.

Those who suffer persecution for a creed will naturally be drawn to preach it; and the family of the Polish fugitive, once established on a peaceful soil, dedicated themselves to the service of the Lutheran Church. Friedrich, the grandfather of our anarchist, born at Bibra in 1756, was Pastor of Wollmirstadt in Thuringia, Doctor of Divinity, and Superintendent at Eilenburg. He published Sermons, vindicated the Second Epistle of Peter against Grotius, offered a 'Rational View of Religion, Education, Loyalty, and Benevolence' to those whom the 'present excitement in the world of theology' seemed likely to trouble; and, dying at the age of seventy, left behind him the reputation of a worthy and learned parson. He was twice married, and had ten children. His second wife, sister of Dr. Krause and widow of Superintendent Krüger, exercised no small influence over the household in which young Friedrich grew up at Naumburg on the Saale. Like all his kinsfolk, she was sincerely religious, but in the somewhat light-tempered fashion which dwelt more upon making the world happy than upon her neighbours' sinfulness. Two of her sons became clergymen, and Karl Ludwig, the father of that boy who was to bring his Lutheran ancestors so much fame and shame, not only distinguished himself in his University course at Halle, but while quite a young man was appointed as tutor of the Princesses of Sachsen-Altenburg, one of whom afterwards became Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, and a second Grand Duchess

Duchess Constantine of Russia. In 1841, when Ludwig was not yet thirty, he had gained the friendship as well as the personal acquaintance of his Sovereign, Frederick William IV., whose religious mysticism agreed in large measure with his own. The King gave him an excellent living at Röcken, a pleasant village, standing with its ivy-clad church-tower in a country of wood and water, not far from Lützen. There Friedrich was born, to his father's great joy, on the king's birthday, October 15, 1844. He received the pious monarch's name; and the event is recorded with trembling gratitude, in the pastor's baptismal register. What would have been that good man's feeling, had some unpitying genius shown him in vision the pages of 'Zarathustra,' which this child, whom he was dedicating with such solemn words, was destined one day to publish!

But he foresaw no evil and died when Friedrich was not five years old. Meeting with a bad accident, by falling down a flight of steps, he underwent an illness which lasted some eleven months and terminated in softening of the brain. It does not appear, from the minute details given of her family by Madame Förster-Nietzsche, to whom we owe our knowledge, that there was any taint of unsoundness in the blood; neither would the copious early writings in prose and verse of Nietzsche himself, or his first published compositions, lead us to suspect in him congenital derangement of intellect. Young as he was, he felt deeply both his father's death and the change from Röcken, to which he was always attached,—from a country village, with its freedom and fresh air, to the rather melancholy streets of Naumburg. And in accordance with his grandmother's theory of education, he must attend the common school, and mix with the town-children,—an ordeal which this highly-sensitive, perhaps over-refined spirit could not endure.

At first he made no friends, and was too earnest for his years. The boys called him 'little clergyman'; they took home stories of his extraordinary acquaintance with the Bible, and how he recited hymns that made them cry. Later on, his comrades made a hero of Friedrich; his sister worshipped him; and her recollections of his skill in amusements at home, his fantasies and fairy tales, his enthusiasm for the Russians during the Crimean War, his Homeric studies which infected all around, and his anxiety to understand as well as practise the religious principles taught him, furnish us with a child's biography, not very deep or philosophical, but pleasing and true. It is the old German home, with some added polish and an almost artistic clearness of feature, that charms by its combination of the

picturesque and the natural. These two were pattern children, bred in the atmosphere of Lutheran piety, spending their holidays with a clerical grandfather in his country-living of Pobles, or with a clerical uncle at Nirmsdorf, and sheltered from the world by aunts and other feminine kindred, who might sometimes read the newspapers but were zealous for converting the heathen. They heard of Berlin, and studied the shop windows in Leipzig; but they 'feared no evil, for they knew no sin.' When the grandmother passed away, they moved into a smaller house, which had its old-fashioned garden to delight these old-fashioned little people; and Fritz, enamoured of music and verse-making, spent many hours in the arbour composing stanzas, some of which betray remarkable perfection of form, and a truth of emotion that is exceedingly rare in boys of twelve or thirteen. The fragments of autobiography which have been preserved from the same period are still more striking. Not only does the lad write with judgment and sense when to write at all would have been an uncommon merit,—he looks before and after, knits up his literary enterprises into a whole, and displays a gift of introspection such as Goethe himself might have envied at that premature age.

So promising a student was not likely to be overlooked; and in 1858 the Rector of the Land-School at Pforta gave Fritz a scholarship in that famous institution. The history of Pforta would be worth telling, had we space to describe its vicissitudes. Certain monks of the Order of St. Bernard, Cistercians, driven out by the heathen Slavs in the twelfth century, had taken refuge with Udo, Bishop of Naumburg, and founded their new monastery at Pforta in 1136, 'Cœnobium Stæ Mariæ de Porta.' By and by the Reformation came; and in 1543 Maurice Duke of Saxony, putting out the old monks, made of it a public school. The lines of this change were quaintly described by Duke Maurice himself as early as 1540. 'To the devout life,' says his instruction, 'shall the lads be brought up; and in the art of speaking, in discipline, and in virtue shall they be instructed six years long'; in consideration of all which, 'they shall be provided with masters and servants, teachers, living, and other necessaries, *gratis*. If the school accept them, for six years shall they be entertained and taught, I say *gratis*, yet so that they appear apt to study.' Fritz Nietzsche was, if ever a lad of his age, 'apt to study,' and he went to Pforta, 'willing, with reluctant mind.' For he was shy, solitary, and a prey to home sickness.

Pforta had kept its walls, ten or twelve feet high, and was a vast

a vast enclosure of meadows watered by the Saale, and of buildings still severe and monastic in their grey old age. The discipline was strict, chapels frequent, and studies austere. There were two hundred students, including twenty externs. Fritz spent his six years in learning the classics, for which he felt a lifelong enthusiasm; but he could make no way with mathematics, and his one other passion was music—luckily or unluckily for the European public which has read his criticisms on Wagner with admiration, wrath, and perplexity. The passion for reserve and reverie grew in solitude; he lived on his weekly visit home; and he breathed out in verse that deep depression no anodyne for which was anywhere accessible to him. With school-friends he founded the society 'Germania,' which, short-lived enough, gave him scope for the attempts in music and literature that he was ever making. Sometimes, thinking where he should travel during his holidays, he fell into strange dreams and travelled in his sleep; and once, thus roaming, as he thought, under comfortless vivid sunshine, there struck upon his ear a cry from the neighbouring asylum, which he records in a melancholy yet defiant tone. He did not foresee the future.

His school-days began to weary him; never could this intractable though modest-seeming temper submit to routine; and he hated the traditions as much as the advantages of the German scholar's life, long before he came to read Schopenhauer's diatribes against the University system. Neither was he impetuous in friendship, though attached and serviceable; he disliked the sentimental style; soon drew back from societies in which his quite un-German love of pure air and his refined courtesy met with no satisfaction; and was evidently thinking for himself, despite the almost military discipline under which he lived at Pforta. In many ways, now and later, we are reminded of an unhappy English genius and New-Pagan, John Addington Symonds, whom Nietzsche not a little resembled. Both were outwardly diffident, at heart self-sustained and intractable; in either the capacity for mental suffering, heightened by illness and introspection, gave a keen sense of what pleasure there might be in life, were health its normal condition; each luxuriated in music yet was an imbecile in mathematics; and both combined an intense love of the Greek and Roman literature with the modern feeling for landscape, especially for the pictured shores of the Riviera, and high Alpine regions like the Engadine in which they found a home. Both, finally, turning from metaphysics as delusion, and convinced that religion, above all in its Christian dogmatic form,

was

was the ruin of art and the chief hindrance to man's advancement, devised in its stead an Epicurean stoicism, or rule of pleasure founded upon the mystery of pain, with the mortality of the soul to put a sting into it, and death as the great deliverance. We may now follow up the record of Nietzsche's youth and manhood, taking this clue to guide us.

From Pforta, where he had acquitted himself honourably, the scholar—he was already entitled to that name—passed at twenty, in 1864, to the University of Bonn. His last piece of school-work had been an essay upon Theognis of Megara, in which the old Greek moralist and tyrant was held up to admiration above the heads of the vile democracy, or regiment of slaves—for such to this haughty and disdainful mind did the civic constitution appear to be, whether in Athens or in Paris; and by instinct he had already chosen his side, the unpopular, anti-Liberal, and Napoleonic. The 'strong lonely man,' were he Peisistratus, Julius Cæsar, or Cæsar Borgia, had become his pattern of greatness; but years must elapse ere he could preach, to a generation intoxicated with 'progress,' the doctrine he was now bringing into light from ancient deeps of history in which, ever since Aristotle, it had lain forgotten. In discussing Theognis, however, Nietzsche did not aim at a theory of politics; seldom was he troubled with politics in the common use of the term; his ideal was perfection to be achieved by himself, first as freedom of intellect, and then as an untrammelled self-directing life. He walked alone, and regarded no man. Yet this proud solitary could feel enthusiasm for his teachers, believing in them with passionate devotion, and offering them the incense of a rhetoric that flamed up in words most eloquent.

When he found himself at Bonn, learned in books, ignorant of the world as it lives and moves outside books, he was still boyish enough to take the German undergraduate seriously. He joined the 'Franconia,' fought his duel, contracted, as he says, 'debts and rheumatism,' and made an effort to combine his studies in philology with copious draughts of beer. In vain, however; yet a little while and he put the whole 'Burschenschaft' from him as vulgar and Philistine. Nietzsche was not made to drink, smoke, or waste his substance in riotous living. He attempted even to reform the Franconians,—an essay which was repulsed with astonishment by these swaggering philosophers. And so he drew back into solitude again. It must not be imagined from this hasty sketch that the youth whose daintiness of word and conduct we have insisted upon was that affliction to mankind known as a 'superior person,'—Fritz had a natural fund of humour, and could laugh at his own conceits,

conceits,—nor did he fail in comradeship, although the Kneipe was not his Paradise. That which was wanting to him at a critical moment was the authority of a teacher to whom he could look up. For now he had begun to vex himself with the problems of the New Testament and the Christian origins, supposing, as he said afterwards, that history—with the aid of the science of language—could give a direct answer to questions of religion. During his first term, he was down for the lectures in divinity,—his interests as well as his associations seemed to fit him for the office and work of a clergyman, to which from boyhood he was drawn. But another spirit came upon him at Bonn. So far from desiring to be a pastor, he ceased, in fact, to be a Christian. His evangelical training could make no stand against Bible criticism, as it was practised by the eminent men around him. And the familiar painful experience followed,—distress at home when his changed views were realized, a void in his own heart, the loneliness of life intensified, the past melting as into legendary mist, the future a blank. His two years at Bonn were, perhaps, the least comfortable he ever spent; but they marked the turning-point at which, forsaking the path his ancestors had travelled, Nietzsche joined that throng of bewildered and disorderly pilgrims who have substituted inquiry for belief and become seekers after the unknown.

Leipzig, which was his next halting-place, attracted him by the fame of its Professors, Curtius, Dindorf, Ritschl, and Tischendorf, all of whom helped him to attain that minuteness of knowledge, if hardly the breadth of view, which he deemed requisite to a student of mankind. But his true master at Leipzig was none of these; it was the dead Schopenhauer, in whom, until a certain memorable day, he had not read one line. Finding the volumes at an old bookseller's, some demon, as he tells us, whispered to him, 'Take them home'; he obeyed the warning, went back with them to the retired little house in a garden where he was then passing his quiet days, and throwing himself down on a sofa let the magician work his mighty spell upon him. Schopenhauer was a revelation, intimate, astonishing, personal, as if he had written for Nietzsche alone. 'An energetic, gloomy genius,' assuredly; and we may well believe that 'every line which cried aloud of renunciation and self-denial' spoke to the tormented spirit; that 'here, as in a looking-glass,' or a prose-version of 'Faust,' he saw 'the world, life, and his own mind in terrible majesty,'—'the sunlike-glance of art; sickness and healing; banishment and refuge; Heaven and Hell.' He began to despise, to chasten himself; his Diary abounded in sharp

sharp satire on his own weakness; he was nervous and ill, yet deprived himself of sleep, sitting up until two in the morning to rise again at six. How would all this have ended? It is his own question, and he answers, 'Who can tell to what height of folly I should have ventured, had not vanity and the pressure of regular studies wrought in a contrary direction?'

He was not greatly in love with 'regular studies.' The famous professors, he judged, were by no means extraordinary men, but rather 'Helots' of learning, Gibeonites who made a deal too much clamour about the wood they were condemned to hew and the water they were drawing for a temple which, to their dim vision, was out of sight. He describes Wilhelm Dindorf as a 'powerful-looking man, with features like parchment, old-fashioned, and formal in his manners'; with keen, cautious eyes; a pessimist in principle, yet full of the 'mercantile egoism' which led him to sell his critical conjectures in the dearest market, and drive hard bargains (be this a venial offence!) with English and German publishers. Nietzsche distrusted him, and would enter into no dealings with the man whose services to others he thought were little better than huntings on his own account. Tischendorf, his yet more renowned rival, who had examined and judged two hundred Greek manuscripts dating from before the ninth century,—an achievement without parallel,—was 'a small, rather bent figure, with fresh rosy cheeks and curly black hair,' a study in character, much more complex than Dindorf, 'cunning and diplomatic, fanatical, frivolous, ever so sharpsighted in his own department, painfully exact in publication, vain beyond all bounds, greedy of gain, *defensor fidei*, a courtier, and a speculator in the book-market.' Verily, as Nietzsche observes, 'a versatile soul.' He inspired students with his own passion for palæography, though pursuing no system; and his lectures, again remarks the satirist, might have been dubbed 'Tischendorf's Life and Experience.' Nietzsche, however, followed them with steady enthusiasm. His Theognis had won the applause of Ritschl and Dindorf; he wrote on the 'sources of Suidas' and the 'catalogues of Aristotle,' and was led by a happy chance to the question of the materials employed by Diogenes Laertius in his 'Lives of the Philosophers.' All this sound and careful work may be taken as evidence that Nietzsche was no more threatened with insanity than another Leipzig student. His larger views, derived from Schopenhauer and now moulding themselves in the aphoristic forms of Emerson, whom he thought a master of prose, though they troubled his imagination, did not throw him off his balance.

So

So much is clear from letters and documents of this time. A change, indeed, was approaching; the first signal of which sent him, in 1867, to Naumburg in the uniform of a military conscript.

Nietzsche was a tall fellow, well set up, of the same height as Goethe, with dark earnest eyes, which German erudition had dimmed before their time. As learned men will do, he wore spectacles of a less powerful kind than befitted him; yet he had been exempted from service until the regulation was altered; and with glasses No. 8, the student of Suidas discovered that he must join the field-artillery. He could ride; it does not appear whether he could shoot. And Naumburg was his home. But admirably as he went about his fresh duties, there was, he could not help saying, something absurd in the sight of a cannoneer perched on a joint-stool in a barrack-room, plunged in thoughts of Democritus—that 'great heathen' was now the subject of his classic reading—and intent on 'overcoming negation by negation,' the modern problem which, as a figure of black care, sits behind every horseman nowadays. He had promised his dying aunt Rosalie not to unsettle his sister's religious convictions by talking about Schopenhauer. And the other artillerymen did not affect Democritus or Attic inscriptions. An immense enterprise began to solicit him, the history of 'studies in literature,' treated with philosophic largeness, or 'the relation which learning bears to genius,'—to illustrate by a concrete example (perhaps the most striking one could suggest) what is the kinship, or the contrast, between men like Tischendorf and the writers of that New Testament with the Sinaitic recension of which Tischendorf's name will be for ever associated? Nietzsche held that it was the relation known to mathematicians as 'inverse proportion.' The scholar, the critic, the pedant,—types which he knew so well,—how dissect and explain them on the sombre world-system of Schopenhauer? The subject had its fascinations. But his artillery-horse was neighing for him; and in suddenly leaping on that fiery beast, the philosopher met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. He had injured two muscles of the chest; fever ensued, an operation seemed necessary; and though the wound healed, after five months of suffering, without aid from the knife, military service was, for the present, at an end. Nietzsche enjoyed half a year's respite from duty; he was 'alone with himself.' In this interval, he was busy with the considerations which divorced him from what may be called the German fanaticism of philology, as a similar period at Bonn had seen him break his

his moorings and leave the orthodox creed behind him. Now, too, he made Wagner's acquaintance. And at Christmas 1868, to the joy and wonder of his home-circle, Fritz, who was only just turned twenty-four, learned that, thanks to Ritschl, he had been appointed Professor of Classical Philology at Basle. The distinction flattered him, though the accompanying stipend was Spartan, not exceeding 120*l.* a year—an income which his aunt Rosalie's legacy enabled him to round off somewhat more to his liking.

Here the story in detail of Nietzsche's life may be suspended, until its second volume sees the light. Henceforward, our judgment of the man need not depend on brief and fragmentary records; from the year 1869 his compositions were almost unbroken, though the first, which is a key to all that followed, did not appear until 1872. It was called 'The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music.' In a preface subsequently published, the author, whose style had in the meantime undergone a complete transformation, bids us observe that 'behind this questionable book lay a problem of the first rank and enticement, but likewise a deep personal interest.' While, he continues, the thunder of the battle of Wörth went echoing over Europe, there sat in an Alpine nook, sorely perplexed and puzzled, an enigmatical person who was anxious to write down his thoughts concerning the old Greeks. Not many weeks later, he found himself under the walls of Metz, still plagued with the note of interrogation which he had set against Hellenic 'blitheness' (*Heiterkeit*) and its true relation to their art. At length, in that month so full of suspense when peace was being debated, he too found a sort of peace; and during his long convalescence from an illness contracted in the French campaigns, he saw ancient Tragedy rising out of the genius of Music. Had then the Greeks need of tragedy? he asked,—they, the sprightliest race under heaven, need of anguish and the burden of sorrow beneath which man sinks down into the deeps and is seen no more? Surely, here opens before us, he said, the problem which Schopenhauer has revealed to our modern consciousness,—the value of existence and the meaning of Pessimism. So it appeared to Nietzsche then; but sixteen years afterwards, in this very preface, he could say that it was the primary question of science itself upon which he had lighted.

For an English reader, probably the speediest way into this fine suggestive essay, would be through Walter Pater's meditations on 'Dionysus, the spiritual form of fire and dew,' on the 'Bacchanals' of Euripides, the myth of Demeter and

and Persephone, and the romantic elements—so he terms them—in Hellenic religion. But Nietzsche takes a grander sweep. Whether his conclusions will bear the weight which he has laid upon them, is a question for critics,—yet, assuredly, not for critics of the low and grovelling kind which crawls with the serpent on its belly and bites the dust of learning. It is highly significant that his great monumental work, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra,' was in Nietzsche's plans but a prelude to one still greater, the title of which should be 'Dionysus, a Philosophy of Eternal Recurrence.' And while many have suspected that in his frequent prologues,—all so lively and graceful,—no less than during the process of manipulation by which he re-wrought his volumes,—this author was fond of antedating views and putting forward a consistency never attained by him, certain it is that in 'The Birth of Tragedy' we may discern 'that unbodied figure of the thought, which gave it surmised shape.' Nay, nor quite unbodied; there is much expressive delineation, if also the confusing influence of 'premature, too green and sallow growths of life,' which hindered the language of its clearness.

Nietzsche had, in this first attempt, copied the Romantic school,—Heine, Wagner, and his prophet Schopenhauer. He revelled in imagery, and spoke as to the initiated, furnishing a curious contrast to that light and rapid movement which was afterwards to give his thoughts wings and to lift them into cloudless ether. His grasp of the whole Greek literature is masterly. But even more remarkable is the insight which leads him to deal with it as a symbol and expression of that complex world which we know as the life of the Greeks. He sees them in the presence of primeval Nature, struggling with the huge and terrible powers they were bound to tame if they would not perish. Profoundly observant of the recurring cycles in their civilization, he goes beyond Pater and the folk-lore which is content to deduce the Eleusinian mysteries from corn and wine. He sees in them a philosophy encompassing all the mythologies;—Titans and Olympians; Dionysus the ecstatic deity, and the Dorian Apollo, lord of measure; he opposes to them Socrates the cool reasoner, the man of theory, with his crowd of disciples fed upon abstractions, but fatal to the unconscious Hellenic spirit, which had dreamt its noblest dreams, ay, and realized them in bronze and marble, in music and speech, in polity and action, before the age of Plato, destined as this too surely was, to run down in decadence and bring forth Callimachus and the Alexandrians. It is a fruitful, far-reaching theme. We may boldly pronounce that it filled the mind

mind and fired the imagination of this deep thinker, until its vastness proved too much for him. Neither, as we are compelled to maintain, did he resolve his problem aright; the fault, however, lay in those who taught him,—in Kant, in Schopenhauer, in the German philosophy which has set out from a suicidal Unreason rather than from fact and Aristotle. Let us honour the man whose eyes are open to so large a prospect, though he cannot draw the map of its pathways correctly, or guide us in our travelling over it. The scope and meaning of Greek tragedy, which involves Greek religion, and puts the most searching questions to philosophies old and new, can never be truly perceived except we take into account the point of sight whereat Nietzsche has placed us.

This 'mystic mœnad soul,' whose utterances challenged an attention they did not for some years win, was original rather in temperament than in theory, and most of all in manner. Transplanted from the still Lutheran air and climate, to which Pietism gave a warm touch, behold it shivering in the Nova Zembla where life was turned to ice under Kant's dreary disenchantments. Reason, made suddenly aware of its own impotence,—so Nietzsche felt,—would drive thoughtful men towards the wilderness in which, for example, Heinrich von Kleist had done himself to death. How could they learn resignation? Where find hope? Did any power exist more primitive than Reason, deeper down in the world's foundations, and, so to speak, aboriginal, beyond the predicates which, according to the shadowy teaching of Königsberg, man had laid upon the unknown and thereby taken the mirage for an authentic vision? Yes, beyond Reason there was Life,—the Will, as Schopenhauer affirmed,—an ever-recurring instinct or effort towards existence, which, like some Ocean pouring out on all sides countless torrents and cataracts, rushed into the millions upon millions of individuals, and swept forward with them into the future. Not, indeed, as Shelley sings, 'One spirit's plastic stress' compels these successions to take forms so lovely or so terrible;—'spirit,' like 'reason,' which implies design, or at least system, is man's device, and the primal instinct remains for ever blind,—instinct signifies blindness. Yet we seem to observe an art in the world, tragic enough, since it must go down to Hades with ourselves whom it has enthralled and comforted. When we know this secret,—the burden of all music, painting, speech, and song which bring us rest—we have no more to learn; sorrow passes into Nirvana, the denial of life familiar to ascetics Eastern and Western; 'the wheel of Ixion stands still,' and evil is overcome. Such was the doctrine borrowed

borrowed from mystics by the recluse of Frankfort to heal the despair which Kant's 'Critique' had brought forth, by a more profound and yet poetical resignation! It is the merit of Nietzsche to have turned these sombre lights on the men of Hellas, over whose bright heaven the shadows might seem to pass like translucent clouds. Music meant so much to them; and all the soothing, elevating arts sprang out of it. To modern loungers at the play and the opera, what is tragedy save a sensation, or a stimulant which they take for its bitterness, and which, intellectually, is no more than a pastime? The Greek tragedy was infinitely more,—did we term it even, in Goethe's well-worn phrase, the 'Religion of Sorrow,' its Prometheus and Ajax, its Antigone and Cassandra, its Œdipus upon whom all the griefs of the world had come, might bear us out. Was it not, however, from first to last, the service of Dionysus, beginning with those ecstatic dithyrambs in which the music overpowered the human syllables, and ending —for that was, truly, the end of it all—with Euripides, the too domestic, argumentative, sentiment-mongering poet, and his unavailing recantation in the 'Bacchanals'?

What, then, was Dionysus? A power excelling the vine-spirit and far more ancient,—he was the 'Will to live,' that outrush of energy which, in creatures so impressionable as the Greeks, was at once motion and emotion,—frenzied music, surrender to impulse, ecstasy, as we have named it. The original tragedy is the Chorus. When the god appears, drama begins; and, as the interchange of choral worship developes into narrative, Apollo, with his measured iambics and art of reason, charms the wild rage until it is purified and brought under law. When reason degenerates into reasoning, and the myth and the chorus become a stage decoration for sophists to argue and wrangle in front of it, Dionysus vanishes away; it is an age of decline, and life sinks down to literature, make-believe, commonplace. Instead of heroic resignation, enter upon the stage commercial optimism, bourgeois virtue, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, Epicurus or Bentham, and science as saving truth,—'*the* Truth,' in spite of all the Humes, Kants, and Berkeleys that ever proved its hollowness.

Such was the counterblast to modern civilization wherewith Nietzsche began his career. With no uncertain sound he pleaded for life against abstractions; for the philosophical necessity of suffering against doctrines which would abolish pain and bring in a Republic of all the pleasures; for acknowledgment of facts against the pedantry of professors; and

and for a largeness of life that could not exist without perils encountered and tragedy in the sequence. He spoke, it is true, of resignation; but in his innermost soul he did not mean it. He was far from resigned. Had he been so, he would have kept silence in public, gone on with his 'Democritus,' and let the world wag. Instead of leading the *vita umbratilis* which befitted resignation, and was quite easy to him now at Basle, he put forward his 'Unseasonable Reflections' on Strauss, Schopenhauer, and Wagner, on the abuse of History, and the delusions which went by the name of German culture. We find in these earlier essays a resemblance of substance no less than of form to Carlyle,—not the Carlyle who wrote Carlylese, and whose 'pessimism was an undigested dinner,' as Nietzsche says, but the pensive troubled soul at Craigenputtock, whose thinking aloud is so persuasive and his modesty unfeigned. Nietzsche had the shy ways of genius when he began; his tone was impersonal, not arrogant, and there is an air of apology in his humour. But his arrows draw blood. He cannot endure that a 'Philistine of culture,' such as David Strauss, 'an impotent fanatic,' as Lichtenberg would say, shall announce a new Religion and talk big concerning 'our faith.' Still less can he feel delighted with the German insensibility to all fair forms of speech and behaviour. They have grown blind in the presence of those classic Greeks and Romans whom they amend remorselessly,—he has an eye upon Dindorf,—while from the French they borrow just enough to make themselves a laughing-stock in their ill-fitting attire. Must he not praise Schopenhauer all the more that such a one could lead his independent life, and restore the genuine idea of philosophy (it is not book-learning but practice founded on insight), amid a people so stupidly dilettante and given over to hearsay,—wretched mimics of every style because they have none of their own? With them learning has eaten out the substance of life; the Germans have no feelings except in the abstract; they are scholastics, chamber-philosophers, not cultivated but dictionaries of culture. When will they perceive that a healthy human life means forgetfulness of the too-insistent, the infinite past? That culture is a universal method, a tone running through conduct as well as through language, and that the only test of genius, about which they write volumes, is creation? They cram their young men with histories, philosophies, criticisms, until at twenty-five the unhappy mortals exclaim, as Faust did, that they see they can know nothing; *alles ist erlebt*, selection has become impossible, and the University, which was to train them for life, turns out mercantile professors,

professors, journalists without principles, and Philistines acquainted with every literature, but sceptical of all that the 'everyday man' cannot grind into profit or amusement.

It is a bitter spirit that utters these home truths. Yet not altogether despairing. Nietzsche said afterwards in his satirical way, 'It will be remembered, among my friends at least, that I rushed upon this modern world with some errors and overestimates, but, in any case, as a hopeful person.' He had explained the recoil from Epicurus, which he found among the more gloomy philosophers, according to his Greek principles; it betokened a 'triumphant fulness of life'; the 'tragic perception' was returning, perhaps in Goethe, but surely in Wagner's Dionysian strain, the music of the Future. That wonderful man combined in his works motion and emotion, the chorus with the heroic narrative, the legendary myth and the incentive to action which should shame the past. The years from 1870 led up to Wagner's high noon, celebrated in tender yet incisive language by his lately-found friend on that day of days when the theatre—we had almost said the temple—at Bayreuth was founded. Listen to this exquisite praise:—

'There is a musician,' wrote Nietzsche in 1876, 'who beyond any other has the secret of finding tones peculiar to suffering and tormented souls; nay, to dumb misery itself he lends a voice. None can equal him in the colours of a late autumn, the indescribably pathetic happiness of a last, an utterly last, and all too brief enjoyment; he knows a sound for those secret-haunted midnights of the soul when cause and effect seem to have gone asunder, and at any moment some reality may spring out of nothing. . . . He draws his resources out of the drained goblet, where the bitterest drops have met at last with the sweetest. . . . His character loves large walls and audacious fresco; but his spirit—he knows not this—likes best to sit in the corner of ruined houses, and there hidden, paints his masterpieces, all short, often but a single measure. . . . I admire Wagner always when he sets himself to music.'

And even after Nietzsche had renounced him, listen to this:—

'Apart from Wagner the magnetiser, the fresco-painter, there is still a Wagner that sets into his works little jewels, our great melancholy musician, abounding in flashes, delicacies, words of comfort in which no one had gone before him, the master of the tones belonging to a sad and comatose happiness. . . . His wealth of colours, of demi-tints, of the mysteries of vanishing light spoils us to such a degree that almost all other musicians seem too robust after him.'

Panegyric larger than this who could imagine? Yet the praise bestowed so lavishly at Bayreuth was a leave-taking; and

and Nietzsche turned his back at once on his musician and his philosopher when he had beclouded them with incense. Open his volume which bears the significant name of 'Joyful Science,' and read there how in the years between 1876 and 1881 the disciple, passing through a long valley of desolation, —illness, solitude, and numberless griefs weighing upon a dangerously unstable temper,—was carried away into a region that Schopenhauer would have assigned to lost souls. A change, afflicting and obscure, had come over him; infinite suspicion, the unrest of a spirit walking through dry places, and a seemingly wide expansion of mind,—all which, until the final catastrophe, were qualities which marked him off from his fellows,—do but betray the rift within the lute. Nietzsche's style had gained; but his thoughts became incoherent. He never afterwards wrote a connected book, or attempted in his compositions a logical order. From boyhood delighting in the sun, he would now live, so far as possible, *sub divo*, under the open sky, and by preference in the lofty Swiss vales of the Engadine. At Sils Maria, from which many of his pages are dated, he pitched his nomad's tent during the years when, released from professorial duties, he could indulge without check the illusions that beset him. Alone and often suffering, he lost his self-control; the sense of proportion forsook him; life, unrestrained by practical obligations, grew to be a many-coloured, capricious fantasy, a thing of rapid and inconstant lights, governed, if at all, by reminiscences of the philosophy in which he had put his trust, but really as vague in course and outline as any dream. Are, then, the meditations of a mind so disordered worth pursuing? But they find readers in the Old World and the New; adherents even are not wanting; and the questions of philosophical scope and method to which they lead us are, in fact, the supreme questions of our time. Who can overlook them?

Suspicion, which in conduct may be a fault, says Nietzsche, is in philosophy a virtue, and its name—how well we know it?—is criticism. The old man of Königsberg has taught us to suspect, not one truth or another, but every truth; to cross-examine and denounce, without the least regard to sentiment or interest. Nevertheless, Kant, who proclaimed theologians bankrupt, had an interest of his own, a highly respectable one as became so unblemished a character; it was the Moral Law, the eternal 'Thou shalt' which he set up over gods and men. Schopenhauer, too, an artist, if ever there was one, had a moral interest; he preached sympathy with suffering, or, as it has since been christened by an ugly Italian

Italian hybrid, with 'altruism,'—the duty of loving, and not hurting, every creature that is liable to pain. Thus, amid the wreck of systems and religions, the absolute law of Morality stands on high; good and bad are realities, whatever becomes of 'Pure Reason' and first principles in the old dogmatic kingdom, now thought by Kant and his followers to be an 'idol of the theatre.' But suppose, says Nietzsche, that Kant were illogical and Schopenhauer a Christian *malgré lui*? Have we better grounds for accepting as a fixed and final value the term 'good' than our ancestors had when they bowed down before the term 'true'? If the whole scheme of knowledge must be transferred from the sign absolute to the sign relative (from *plus* to *minus*, we will call it), why should Morality plead exemption? All that we see, hear, feel, or judge, has fallen under the laws of perspective; the centre is this individual man, this I, this complex being of aims and appetites, mortal but wholly self-regarding, which is all that physiology leaves when it has used its sharpest instruments. What is *my* law, therefore, in the struggle from which I can escape only by falling into the abyss? Ought I not to aim at surviving? at assimilating from my neighbour who is, in fact, my enemy? at subduing whatever world there may be to my own heightened sense of existence? Let this be denominated the 'Will to Power,' and we shall have made an end of the 'categorical imperative,' as well as of the gospel of sympathy.

An intelligible doctrine, it must be admitted, not so much insane as immoral, and long since at home in the world. Not on this score will Nietzsche be charged with an unsound mind. For twenty years, perhaps even longer, the intuition of Life as an ascending or descending process had filled his mental vision; when illness came, it made health and all that health includes yet more desirable. Construe this passion now in the light of Darwin, and ask whether old morality, allowing neither of exception nor compromise, stern with its unchangeable decrees, —*Si fractus illabatur orbis*,—will favour the individual, who cannot look for recompense, or deem that he shall be made perfect, in a Heaven beyond the veil. There is no veil, returns Nietzsche; the only world we know is that immense chaos—for he will not so much as term it a system—of activities, instincts, processes, conflicting with one another, to which we can assign no beginning or end, no purpose, final cause, or Sabbath of rest. The mind itself which pedants worship is but a device to preserve the organism; there can be no such thing as disinterested knowledge or art, let Schopenhauer rave as he will about Platonic ideals; and, by parity of reasoning,

unselfish ethics would be as impossible as to the individual who practised them they must be unprofitable. Yet,—we may argue,—sympathy is a motive. 'I grant you,' replies the 'immoralist' in his famous tract 'Beyond Good and Evil,' 'sympathy does exist, and I will tell you what it means;—it is the slave-morality, the system of the herd, on which modern democracy is founded.'

Let us pause awhile to take breath. These tremendous invectives against all that Christians hold sacred, cannot be read without an uneasy feeling that they do, perhaps, give form and impetus to what Mr. Thomas Hardy describes as 'the lines of tacit opinion,' upon which many shape their lives, though comparatively few would defend them, even when the doors were shut. Morality is law, and law is a limit; how might mankind fulfil its destiny, were limits abolished? And what is its destiny? Here Nietzsche reveals the purpose which he has had in view all along. Mankind, he would say, has one supreme task,—not a moral duty, but a physiological necessity,—to produce the 'overman.' Does not Emerson talk of the 'oversoul'? Now, the 'overman' is the next high apparition of greatness, in will, mind, and body, who shall be to us what we at our best are to the ape and the tiger. He will frame his conduct upon a law by no means resembling the pact of equality, now dear to Constitution-mongers. And if we would behold him in a parable, we must read, with astonishment and pain, yet, says its author, with reverence, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.'

Before we turn to that extraordinary prose-poem, a word on the style adopted by its author will be requisite. Nietzsche says of himself that like his first master, Schopenhauer, he was an accident, or *lusus naturæ*, among the Germans. And truly so. Though we should demur to his sweeping dictum, that 'on our side of the Rhine, clearness is an objection and logic a disproof,' no one will ascribe, even to Goethe or Lessing, a genius for epigram. The very syllables of German are heavy with an unknowable content,—perhaps the 'thing in itself,' which Kant was always feeling under him but could never divest of its 'hulls.' 'The line, too, labours, and the words move slow,'—*how* slow, they shall testify who have given their days and nights to Jean Paul! German prose literature is a succession of ploughed fields after steady rain, a clay that sticks to one's boots, a boundless expanse of ideas in their primitive and chaotic stage, where the mind welters and discrimination is beyond man's feeble power. But this, certainly not too sane, philosopher, who could not write a book, was,

was, to repeat his well-warranted self-praise, Master of the Sentences—if only they were not too many! As a boy, he read Sallust and felt the epigram rising to his lips; later on, with ardour and delight he threw himself into the arms of Montaigne—the incomparable Frenchman in whom life overflows and genius rules like a spirit;—then he knocked eagerly at every door behind which sat the Pascals, the La Bruyères, the La Rouchefoucaulds, elaborating their golden tapestries; and, with a judgment that commends his own work, he preferred the weight of Thucydides even to the grace of Plato; while in Horace the high relief of single expressions, the cameo-like perfection and delicacy of certain 'Odes,' seemed to him the finest achievement to which language had ever attained. He was now far from the Romantic School; by conviction he had become a classic, enamoured of the French seventeenth century. 'If we convalescents need an art,'—he is speaking of music, but had in view the music of words no less than of scales and instruments,—'it is another art, an ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial art which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven.' This was that 'delicate tongue for all good things' which recovery from the Romantic sickness gave him,—'a second and more dangerous innocence in pleasure,—more childlike, and a hundred times more refined, than one had ever been before.' Dionysus lends ecstasy, but Apollo rhythm; and these make the artist. Shall not appearances learn to display their beauty and hide what is hateful, since appearances are all that the mind can call its own?

The pursuit of 'Truth in the abstract' being therefore abandoned, naught remains except '*my* truth,' the world as it lies within my horizon; let me deal with it as a landscape-painter, and, if I have the gift, unroll before me a sky transparent as glass, with pure lines of light, and snows untrodden upon the mountain ranges, above which the stars shall rise, and midnight at length keep watch for me. Books shall feed life, not quench the fire, and a godlike sleep sink all the past I do not love into oblivion. It is the poet's dream. And Lucretius, who 'denied divinely the Divine,' might have dreamt it in his day, for it holds of Epicurus and the garden. Yet, if we will give ear to Nietzsche, that Greek to whom the gods were but tranquil forms of crystal, not regarding men, was himself a decadent,—Epicurus was the 'evening red' which comes at sundown, he says in a happy metaphor. Nietzsche, resolved to be free as air, supremely selfish, with an arrogance bordering on mania,—perhaps a form taken by madness,—and in his

own thought equal to Napoleon or any other monstrous self-worshipper, had the choice eternally presented to all such; he must conquer the world or retire from it. But on crowds and assemblies he could make as little impression as Goethe, whose one attempt at public speaking silenced him for ever. The alternative was solitude, lonely wandering or long moods of convalescence,—a hermit-life, almost in poverty, without ties domestic, wife or children, or more than the chance disciple to whom, when his eyes failed, he might dictate sharp and bitter sayings, that came and went like flashes of lightning. He remembered how Cæsar, the famous epileptic, overcame his disease by infinite marches, bareheaded under the sun; and, dreading fresh attacks of a not unlike description, Nietzsche took staff in hand, travelled up and down Italy, was now at Sorrento and again at Venice,—he loved the Piazza of St. Mark on a bright forenoon, as favourable to his incessant musing,—went often to the Lake of Sils, 'six thousand feet above the sea-level, and oh, how high above the thought of man!' he exclaims; then would be found at Nice or Santa Margherita, everywhere a ghost, sometimes hurrying as on a momentous errand to the world at large, often like the melancholy Jacques, lying prone by still waters, or fingering his tablets and hastily dashing upon them words far more vivid, so he would say, than were conceivable within closed walls.

Here are tokens of a 'noble mind o'erthrown.' But how suggestive that this anarchist *par excellence*, a rebel to custom and precedent, should have fled by instinct from the German ways, hating the word of command given in Prussian, the professor's pride, the babble of newspapers, 'the cloud and the drunkenness' of his folk, *gens in servitutem nata*, yet only to take refuge with the ascetic ideals which Europe has, in the name of enlightenment, discarded! Once, with some intimate reference, so it would appear, to his own dark genius, he speaks of the 'witch's cup' as 'mingled of pleasure and cruelty,'—a philtre that no man in his senses would drink, but praised by certain moderns. Did Nietzsche, in those too frequent dreams, taste of it? The question is so far important,—if, as we think, this man will have followers,—inasmuch as the 'Will to Power' manifested throughout his writings, and the sacrifice of the multitude to some few sovereign spirits, might bring with it such a relapse into hard Paganism as we have remarked symptoms of lately. Passing judgment on the Socialist State, always detestable to him, Nietzsche reprobates it as reaction and the heir of ancient despots; rightly, perchance; but could there be reaction so complete as that which for Christ would substi-

tute

tute Tiberius? And nothing less than Imperial Rome, in its heyday of præterhuman sport, is the pattern of these fierce imaginings. We are not aware that Nietszche had done a single unkind deed in his life; what we know of him indicates a rare sensibility to suffering; and the sermons against sympathy in which he is so exuberant, betray rather the too easily moved heart than a Roman tyrant's lack of feeling. But though it were a diseased mind that prompted his allegory of the 'laughing lion,' a creature delighting to give pain, the doctrine may still be infectious; and ascetic self-denials will not take away the danger.

'Beyond Good and Evil' is a name which gives us pause. Translated, the meaning, it has been asserted, is Darwin made consistent with himself, or physiology the test of morals. Hitherto, the standard of human progress, and, as even scientific men were wont to tell us, its chief instrument, was moral good; witness the late Professor Huxley, where in his Romanes Lecture he affirms that

'the practice of what we call goodness or virtue involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence.'

Now, returns Nietzsche, I do not deny that this is Christian doctrine,—of course it is, and that is my quarrel with it—but is it science? Is it evolution, whether as the 'Will to Live,' or the 'Will to Power'? And in the democratic State, thus walled round about from natural selection, can the result be anything but a levelling down of all to mediocrity, the sacrifice of the noble to the ignoble, of strength to weakness, and of health to tending on the sick? Nature weeds out of her garden the feeble, kills the unhealthy, and cherishes the vigorous. But our sympathetic treatment, which we defend as moral, turns civilization to a lazar-house. That 'artificial world within the cosmos,'—to borrow once more from Professor Huxley,—would it be possible to keep it long upon the ascending scale, if the least fit are the most likely to be 'selected' by the instinct, or the commandment, of sympathy? 'Eras are to be measured by their positive power,' remarks Nietzsche in another passage, 'and we modern men, with our anxious self-musing and brotherly love, our virtues of labour, unpretentiousness, fair-

play,

play, and scientific spirit,—accumulating, economic, mechanical, —we represent a weak period.' The Renaissance, 'so profuse and fateful,' was great because it was strong; but now, there is no 'pathos of distance'; in Hamlet's phrase, 'the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.' This 'delicate humanity' and 'considerate morality,' this 'tenderness and lateness,' do but point towards 'physiological ageing.' Above all, the beggar has got into the saddle and rides. Would not Cæsar Borgia and his friends laugh themselves to death over the spectacle of the weak man unarmed who thinks all happiness comprised in peace, and dare not risk his life to advance his fortune? Borgia, it would seem, was the true evolutionist; an imitator of the cosmic process, though handling morals somewhat rudely. He had learned the value of men and events on that standard which, though not absolute, is the only one we can employ if we would pass up to the next stage. Sympathy is surrender, and Christianity decadence. Thus concludes Nietzsche a hundred times over, in language the vehemence of which rises at last into shrieking. Decline or ascent, that is the question. Or, as Professor Clifford once cried out excitedly, 'Christians have destroyed two civilizations: shall they be permitted to ruin a third?'

The situation, if grave, is piquant. We shall probably contend that between the too-aggressive self-regard of a Renaissance hero, and the too-sympathetic altruism of the Socialist, there is a mean of gold or iron, according to circumstances. But that men so advanced as the leaders of unbelieving science should be charged with 'Christian prejudice,' nay with the most virulent type thereof, is a marvel for which few will be prepared. How little do we know ourselves, if these are prejudiced Christians! Nevertheless, in a very evident dilemma do they seem landed by Nietzsche's argument. For can they uphold an 'absolute' morality, when evolution means change, and all they have to go upon is evolution? And would a 'relative' morality be anything else than the expedient? Either they must hark back to the Christian principle of a world beyond time,—the so detested 'good in itself,' which, as Nietzsche holds, was invented by Plato and wrought the whole mischief of these 'slave-theories';—or with him they must sail away over and beyond the conception of a transcendent good or evil, into the ocean where unmoral and immoral forces strive together. But they appeal to experience; Professor Huxley, at least, has done so,—'that fixed order of nature,' says he, 'which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality, as

surely

surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses.' *À la bonne heure!* Theologians would have an easy task if they could always point to this 'concomitant variation' between obedience or disobedience to the moral law and social health. Have they not, since the day when that mighty drama the 'Book of Job' was written, found herein rather a problem than a solution of their difficulties? And the great scandal of life—has it ceased to be 'the good man struggling with adversity' whom no god seems to aid? The induction was, however, it will be said, from the social order, not from individuals. But do we walk by sight or by faith when we insist on the wickedness of suicide, the immorality of all lying whatsoever, the obligation of keeping alive the hopelessly incurable, and other more sacred duties that cannot be dwelt upon here? One thing, at all events, is certain—we have not derived our sense of ethics in these matters from the struggle for existence, or the laws of evolution. It is, simply, a Christian inheritance. Let it be weakened, or its foundation sought in mere physiology, and it will soon become suspect; the 'free spirits' of whom Nietzsche proclaims himself the harbinger, will undertake with him 'a transvaluation of all values,' and setting up the earthly existence as a standard, without care for scientific 'fictions' of an order immutable and uniform, will recommend every man to measure what is good by the advantage it brings in the using. To sacrifice oneself on behalf of the social order will then be thought as absurd as to suffer martyrdom for conscience' sake. It is entirely a question of 'mights not rights,' in which he laughs that wins. To Nietzsche, the dominant note of evolution is 'conquest'; and, in the long run, it is the individual that conquers for himself.

But may there not be races of conquerors? Assuredly, races of slaves were never wanting. And how can their moral ideas be the same? Nurtured on classic reminiscences, and alive to the long phenomena which now unroll themselves before us in Egyptian monuments and Assyrian records,—to the 'mystic sublimity' of castes, flowing in their separate channels through the tracts of Indian time,—this enthusiast for systems discredited in our day would bring back an aristocracy of blood to withstand universal suffrage. True, he holds a patent for genius, whencesoever sprung; but genius will make its own way, provided that the multitude of hoofed-animals be not allowed to trample it down. The 'herd' is the danger. 'Equal before God,' the old Christian watchword, has now become 'equal before the mob.' They, shrinking and cowering in their misery while the conqueror smote or plundered them, first found out the

the word 'pity'; they made it a god and expanded it into a religion. The prophets of Israel, for example,—have not they lifted up their voices against pride, power, luxury, art, and war, 'calumniating all these things as "the world," and calling them evil'? That servile tribe, the Jews, with their millenniums of peace and the lion lying down with the lamb, it was they, surely, that taught men to look on pain, inflicted or endured, as the chief curse of humanity. Their moral law may be summed up in the one commandment 'Be kind.' The high races of the world painted on their escutcheon a very unlike commandment, 'Be noble.' And yet, says Nietzsche in a curiously-sublime, half-mad outburst, it was by taking the revenge of charity, by forgiving and loving, that this horde of slaves overcame, and Judæa led Rome in triumph. The Cross and the Redeemer,—*in hoc signo*, he concludes, it is matter of history that 'the underworld of suffering' mounted above Pagan civilization and vanquished Apollo.

These are not new conceptions, though flung out with a passion of hatred which, even among anti-Christians, is almost without parallel. Nietzsche gives in abstract form,—he was hardly capable of breathing into the hollow phantom the breath of life,—but, on the whole, he gives precisely the same view of religion which Heine has tricked out in the pantheistic splendours of his book 'Ueber Deutschland.' It is the revolt of flesh against spirit, impulse an argument to deny free-will, and good and bad confounded or blended in one, like the red and purple of the solar spectrum,—the extremes are but a resolution of light which is in fact the same. Spirit is a negation, according to both these evangelists, of 'sense and seeming,' —the immortal soul, the world to come, a transcendent Deity, sin, judgment, and conscience, are terms in a fanciful doctrine like alchemy or star-gazing. Men have long been ill of this disease; high time it is that they should recover. The words 'decadence' and 'evolution' had not been invented when Heine wrote. Beyond question, had he known them, he would have identified the whole Christian era with decadence, and given glory and honour to the modern revolt from its dogma as the next stage in evolution. Nor does it signify much whether, in ascribing to Israel the religion of pity as to its fountain-head, Nietzsche has overlooked Gautama and his disciples; since no one will seriously contend that Buddhism exercised a direct, or even a recognizable influence, on the revolutions of the first Christian century.

How shall we bring these shafts of light to a focus? Might we not say, in the spirit of a profound suggestion hazarded

hazarded by Kant, that man, so long as the visible world delights and intoxicates him, will never dream of the invisible? and that disappointment, anguish, the 'sorrows of death,' alone will drive him to consider the 'great Perhaps,'—the note of interrogation which points beyond things seen to things in the dark? And when once this clue has been laid hold on, the reflective will seek in pain, and not in enjoyment, the key to life's mystery, which, if present happiness cannot resolve it, present trouble need not increase but rather lighten? Hereupon, a second world is dimly felt,—suspected, let us say, beyond the 'seeming,'—and, though the terms in which we express our forebodings must be negative, that which they grope after is the strongest of all affirmations;—it is the Everlasting Yea; and the flesh with its instincts, furies, and excesses, will be henceforth merely a shadow of it.

If this be denied, we are thrown back upon the visible 'cosmic process' and the philosophy of fact. Positivism—to call it by its unlovely name—has conquered. Nietzsche lauds and magnifies Auguste Comte as a constructive mind the like of which neither Germany nor England can show among men of science. With Comte he accepts 'phenomena' as the sum total of our knowledge, adding, in a spirit which would have delighted Hume, that, of course, phenomena themselves are but phenomenally conceived by us, and we must not prate of the 'ego' any more than the 'substance,' or of will as a faculty, or 'soul' as aught except a group of sensations. Reality is action and reaction; moreover, by infinite training from times prehistoric, the human animal has come to interpret his world upon a highly-complex, artificial scheme, made up—like language for instance—of the most varied materials, and moulding experience in a thousand ways capriciously. Knowledge is an art, not a science; the famous metaphysicians have left us their autobiographies, in the shape of systems, and cunningly passed them off as though disinterested and impersonal; but they are lyric poems, nevertheless, and whoso should take them for transcripts of reality would not be wise.

Nietzsche will give the world his own lyric poem. It is 'Zarathustra,' to which we have come at length over these mountain-paths. On a day, as he went wandering through the woods about the Lake of Silvaplana, in the Engadine,—he marks it as in August, 1881,—and in the neighbourhood of an immense pyramidal boulder not far from Surlei, 'the first flash' of its sovereign idea, 'Eternal Recurrence,' darted into his mind. Ever after, the thought returned with growing brilliancy. When he wrote 'Joyful Science,' a hundred tokens were

were laid up in it of 'the approach of something incomparable'; that volume glittered at its close 'with the diamond-set beauty of the first words of Zarathustra,' and 'in the delightful silent bay' of Rapallo, two years subsequently, the opening chapters were conceived. An 'almost intolerable expansion of feeling' accompanied these mighty inspirations. At Rome, Nice, or Mentone, various parts found their fitting language. But the work, though running to nearly five hundred pages, remains a fragment. Ere it was published in its present form, Nietzsche's mind gave way, not, as his friends thought possible, to be restored by such care and kindness as at other times had brought him round. His last compositions belong to the winter of 1888; early in the next year mental disease overtook him once more. He was confined in an asylum; and by and by transferred to Naumburg, where, since 1890, he has been living, without hope of recovery, under his friends' guardianship.

Such is the sad but necessary prologue to a criticism of the work which may on good grounds be termed the Bible of Positivism. Sooner or later, the philosophy that passes by as inconceivable every 'other-world,' metaphysical, religious, or scientific, except the world of sense, was destined to find its poet. Signs were not lacking, also, that whoever should strike these fresh chords, would prefer some prose-rhythm to the verse-making which has grown to be a toy or amusement with the world at large. Poetry, giving itself out as such, is the private joy of a comparatively small circle; the modern poets, it has been said, sing to one another, and men do not stay to hear these nightingales. On the other hand, preachers with a mission,—let us name, though not appraising them, Walt Whitman, Felix Dahn, and Edward Carpenter,—do find an audience, perchance not fit, certainly not few, to whom their rhapsodies bring conviction and a sense of the new birth. It is worth while remarking that all these builders of the lofty rhyme are anarchists, ego-worshippers, rebels to law and order, despising tradition, and intent on realizing ideals which dethrone duty and deify passion. But if others, like Karl Gutzkow and Wilhelm Jordan, have traced a pathway along which the author of 'Zarathustra' walks obediently, yet he, most of all among Germans, possessed that 'immense rhetorical power and rhapsodic gift,'—as Professor Tille describes it in the preface to his finely-wrought translation,—which can take up esoteric or obscure ideas and cast them into life and literature.

These four books are the antithesis to Dante's 'Divine Comedy': they paint, with rapid and often contradictory strokes,

strokes, the 'Human Comedy'; but not as in Balzac, crowded with figures, rich in chances and fatalities, a market-place seen through Dutch-artist eyes, and infinite in miniature. Nietzsche had neither plastic imagination, nor the sense of contrast which inspires and diversifies the best narrative. He could not throw himself into minds of a pattern opposed to his own; and we shall look in vain for that holding of the balance even whereby the epic genius of Walter Scott is so admirably shown. One story, and only one, could Nietzsche tell; his travels, griefs, experiences, hopes; and how enemies had met him in the way. His rhapsody is a monologue, an endless confession with a single hero, in whose light all the rest are thin-voiced shadows; they have no blood in them. But we are forgetting the story itself. Let us endeavour to sketch some of its main features.

The name, Zarathustra, is, of course, Persian; but, except in the curious article of Eternal Recurrence, the opinions held by *this* Zoroaster have nothing in common with his very ancient namesake. He is, rather, the Mohammed of Darwinism, looking forward to the possible next or higher Man; if we think of him as a pilgrim from this world—modern Europe and all it believes in—to the world to come, we must bear in mind that such a world will come on earth, and not in heaven; it is the golden age of the secular philosophy, and begins with the death of old ideals. Nietzsche puts into his prophet's mouth a cruder language; we will spare ourselves the pain of quoting it. Enough that the religious period is to pass away, and a new generation arise that knows not Deity. For the journey from our decaying century a guide is needed, and Zarathustra is the man. He has read the Old Testament with envy and despair of its inimitable power, its large music, its persuasiveness; and, so far as modern speech can reproduce aught of its stern majesty, the wanderer will attempt it. In a continuous parable, with imagery woven throughout, the talk runs on, three or four times rising to heights of emotion which are called the songs of Zarathustra; but except in the 'Drunken Song,' where he breaks off not to resume his teaching again, there is no rhyming. Philosophy and fiction, the serious and the comic, satire, prophecy, criticism, love, friendship, hatred, and laughter, with an overweening sense of the part that he is playing, make the sum and substance of the teacher's discourse. He often contradicts himself, as we have hinted,—to reconcile necessary evolution with the 'free spirit,' perfection with utilitarian methods, and a superfluity of power with the struggle for existence, is more than Nietzsche could accomplish, though not more than he was willing to undertake. The currents of thought

thought which he was painting with so random a brush, have run into whirlpools, and we can sometimes learn of them only by the clouds of foam that they cast up.

When Zarathustra was thirty years old,—thus the tale begins,—he left his home, and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he rejoiced in his spirit and in his solitude, and for ten years grew not weary. At length his heart turned within him; one morning he rose up with dawn, stepped into the presence of the Sun, and thus spake unto him:—

'Thou great star, what would be thy happiness, were there not those for whom thou shinest? . . . Lo, I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath hived too much honey; I need hands reaching out for it. I would fain grant and give until the wise among men once more enjoy their folly, and the poor their riches.'

Thus Zarathustra's going down began,—in a spirit, not of compassion, but of over-abundance; with paradoxes in plenty, and his gospel which he cried aloud in the market-place, 'Behold, I teach you beyond-man.' The idle people, collected to see a rope-dancer on the high rope, mocked and jeered; when their new prophet described to them the 'last man,' who 'makes everything small,' invents 'happiness,' works for entertainment, is equal to his neighbour, is clever and has read everything, and is neither rich nor poor, the folk interrupt, 'Give us that last man, Zarathustra.' They cannot understand the saying, 'What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what may be loved in man is that he is a transition and a destruction.' The 'folk and the herd' will agree with 'the good and just' in hating one who tells them to despise virtue; in whatever sense he meant it, to them he has become a criminal, a law-breaker. And so Zarathustra, when his first preaching is done, looks for companions only and leaves the crowd. He will never, in truth, find them. We hear of his disciples, but do not so much as know their names. By an unexplained miracle, he has to attend him certain fabulous creatures, an eagle and a serpent borrowed from mythology. And he can always find an audience, which, however, mostly remains silent when he speaks. What, indeed, could they say? For argument is not vouchsafed them but assertion,—bold, picturesque, infallible in its own conceit, and ever stirring them up to free themselves from bondage. The bondage meant is contract, law, marriage, honesty, life itself when it has ceased to bring delight, or its loss may quicken the march of the new period. No wonder that many listen and some are persuaded by so large a doctrine. We cannot forbear applying to it Nietzsche's own words, 'Atheism, when

when it takes hold of a man, gives him a sort of innocence,'—the anarchist feeling is intoxication.

How shall we venture to touch upon matters so deep and dangerous as are indicated by chapters written against 'the Preachers of Death,' the 'Despisers of the Body,' against scholars, poets, and fortune-tellers; in favour of 'Free Death,' and, in a thousand unexpected ways, against the supernatural? We should prefer to praise such a clear and tender song as Zarathustra sings to 'his dead,' a reminiscence of Ossian, perfect in feeling and measure, 'Yonder is the isle of graves, the silent; yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an ever-green wreath of life.' These musical lines of prose carry with them a scent of woods, the keenness of mountain winds, and a sense of broad and placid sunshine. They are poetry of the Alps, improvised under an open sky. 'For this is the truth,' said Nietzsche, 'I have departed from the house of scholars, and the door I have shut violently behind me.' In his travels to the 'country of culture' he saw his once fellow-countrymen 'with fifty mirrors about them, which flattered their play of colours'; they were written all over with signs of the past and painted over with new signs; and he that should take away their veils and garments and colours and gestures would just keep sufficient to scare the birds. Too true, and the explanation of his own state! With the raving of all times, with dreams and gossip, Nietzsche had been driven wild into the solitary woods; and the intense confusion bred this nightmare which has still its beautiful landscapes, far horizons, lights in a clouded heaven, and, amid parodies and paradox, seeds of truth which a less distracted age may foster.

The poem, as we have said, does not end; it breaks off. There is in it a certain wavering progress; and we catch now and again the sound of some great conflict in the words; when the sea sleeps, and Zarathustra stands alone among the cliffs, he whispers to himself, 'Love is the danger of the loneliest one, love unto everything, if it only live.' He is a 'kindhearted fool.' His rage and scorn and praise of cruelty are, perhaps, but the symptoms of a deeply-wounded affection. The soul, too, must sing, or even dance, in that 'song of great longing,' which, at another time, Nietzsche would surely have condemned as Wagnerian tenderness and overmuch sympathy with sadness. In the last fragment, it is a cry of distress that sends him out on pilgrimage until he find who has uttered it; and when the flying or creeping shadows of the past come to him,—the kings, and the wizard, and the conscientious man of small science, and the ugliest man, and other hideous or forlorn creatures,—he receives

receives them all into his cave, tending them, although with a speech that mocks them somewhat, until they seem to grow into the likeness of that Ideal One whom he has guessed at in his dreams. And thus he builds, perchance, better than he knew; and we will not discuss the tables of fresh values that he has put forth.

Our task is easier. It was fully time that the question should be asked of evolution, whither, according to the men of science, is it moving, and what is the law of its ascent? Is the Christian creed essential to it, or can we so read the writing in man's flesh and spirit as to conclude that 'seeming' is the only world, and adaptation to it the supreme wisdom? Nietzsche, resolute enough to deal with his life as an experiment, lonely enough to have cut through the bonds of social convention, and—it must be said—large-souled enough to despise the neutral tints and makeshift compromises of a world bent on enjoying its music-hall pleasures, has found the rhetoric which, with heat and insistence, demands a reply to these questions. Had he put them as a Christian, the men of scientific unbelief would, doubtless, not deem them worth answering. But he is the least orthodox writer of the age. And he has paid with his intellect for his heterodoxy. Therefore, an answer cannot be refused to that searching interrogation, 'Is evolution merely the working out of a physiological problem, or is it something in the end quite different?' Will the 'children's land' be, as Zarathustra said, a world in which 'there are gods but no god'; or will it be 'the kingdom of final causes,' with Reason and the Divine Law above it? Science, culture, freedom, democracy, hang upon this word. The ideals of anarchy—are they the conclusions of a self-justified Darwinism? Or, contrariwise, does the individual count only as a means to an end, a wheel in the machinery which keeps the State going; and must we all worship this 'new idol' as omnipotent? Are education so-called, and mediocrity, and journalism to pull down the mighty works of old, until healthy barbarians sweep the decadent away? Shall we hold that phenomena are the sum of reality, and take as a principle that 'Nothing is true; everything is lawful'? To have stated a question accurately, the wise will tell us, is half way to the answer. And in his headlong, iridescent style, the madman and genius, Friedrich Nietzsche, has stated the question of science.

ART.

ART. II.—1. *The Workes of Sir Thomas More, Knyght, sometyme Lord Chauncellor of England: wrytten by him in the Englysh tonge.* Printed at London at the costes and charges of John Cawod, John Waly, and Richarde Tottell. Finished in Apryll, the yere of our Lorde God 1557.

2. *Thomæ Mori Angliæ quondam Cancellarii Opera Omnia.** Francofurti ad Mœnum et Lipsiæ, MDCLXXXIX.

3. *The Life of Sir Thomas More.* By his son-in-law, William Roper, Esq. With Notes and an Appendix of Letters. A New Edition, revised and corrected, by S. W. Singer. Chiswick, MDCCCXXII.

4. *The Life of Sir Thomas More.* By his great-grandson, Cresacre More. With a biographical Preface, Notes, and other Illustrations, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London, MDCCCXXVIII.

5. *The History of the Life and Death of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England in King Henry the Eight's time.* Collected by I. H.† London, 1662.

6. *Thomas Morus aus den Quellen bearbeitet von* Dr. Georg Thomas Rudhart. Nürnberg, 1829.

7. *Renaissance et Réforme.* Par D. Nisard, de l'Académie Française. In Two Volumes. Paris, 1877.

8. *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England and Martyr under Henry VIII.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London, 1891.

9. *Sir Thomas More.* By William Holden Hutton, B.D. London, 1895.

AN important German writer has observed that, at the present day, thinkers may be divided into two great sections: Idealists and Materialists. By Idealists he means those who seek the explanation of the great enigma of human existence from within man; by Materialists, those who seek it from without. The *dictum*, like most *dicta* which aim at precise classification in intellectual matters, is doubtless too general, too sweeping; but it is substantially true. Unquestionably, there is a school of thought which exhibits a tendency—yes, and often more than a tendency—in the study of humanity, to subordinate mind to matter, character to environment. As unquestionably, in the reaction against this school and its excesses, many writers of no mean ability have

* Stapleton's Life of More, in his 'Tres Thomæ,' is prefixed to this edition.
† Hoddesdon.

been

been led to attribute too little importance to the merely external conditions of our life. The difference between the two schools is clearly marked in all provinces of intellectual activity, and nowhere more clearly than in history. There are writers—the late M. Taine was a brilliant example of them—who make of history a mere department of physics, 'eine reine Naturgeschichte,' as the Germans would say; for whom the annals of the world are nothing more than a record of necessitated transformation and movement, and its sages, saints, and heroes mere puppets; 'impotent pieces in the game' played by Natural Selection. There are others—Carlyle may serve as their spokesman—who tell us, 'Universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is, at the bottom, the History of the Great Men who have worked here: all things which we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outward material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world.' Now the difference between these two schools has really its origin in the old controversy between Freewill and Determinism. The school of which we take Taine as a representative, is strictly necessarian; it holds that the political organism which we call a nation, developes according to laws as absolute and undeviating as those which govern the growth of a physical organism. The school to which Carlyle belonged, and which professes what Mr. Herbert Spencer derisively calls 'The Great Man Theory,' practically accounts of will as the only reality, and does not sufficiently realize that freedom of volition is limited and conditioned. 'The Great Man Theory' is assuredly truer than the theory of Physical Determinism. It is true that great men are original forces; but it is also true that great men are, to some extent, made by their society. They are of their age. They would not be great men else. But they are not wholly fashioned by circumstances. On the contrary, their greatness largely lies in this, that they are not. They are conditioned doubtless by environment, by evolution, by temperament, by heredity. But they are something more than an aggregate of conditions. They are subject to the laws of time and matter; but not wholly subject. Their thoughts, their energy, their action, their suffering work wonders beyond time and matter, and the effects of mechanical force howsoever subtle.

'Of mechanical force,' we say. For there are forces not mechanical; forces not subject to the law of physical necessity. Such are, for example, duty and right. They are, properly speaking,

speaking, ideas; and these ideas suffice to hinder action or to determine it. They are ideal forces. And that is what we mean when we oppose right to might; to fact, justice. And so Kant rightly holds that there are two kingdoms: the kingdom of necessity and the kingdom of liberty. In the kingdom of nature, necessity rules: every phenomenon is determined by an antecedent phenomenon: there is a rigorous mechanism in virtue of which the antecedent produces the consequent. In the kingdom of liberty, the rational will knows that its law is an ideal law,—a law which cannot act physically or mechanically upon it, and which in determining its action, so to speak, metaphysically, leaves to it its own spontaneity. Now man belongs to both these kingdoms. And so does history which is the record of man's action. History, like individual life, exhibits the play of both physical and ideal forces. And there is no common measure between the two.

Considerations such as these are not out of place in approaching the subject with which we propose to deal in the present paper. Cicero, in a well-known passage, speaks of great men as luminaries in the world's history. And so they are: lights which enable us to understand and judge their times. They exhibit more clearly than their fellow-men the working of the ideas, aspirations, tendencies of their generations. 'I count him a great man,' says Emerson, 'who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labour and difficulty: he has but to open his eyes, to see things in a true light and in relations. . . . Great men are thus a collyrium to clear our eyes and enable us to see other people and their works.' Yes; great men are lights. And they radiate light on their times. They see by virtue of the illumination that is in them: and in their light we may see light. True, they see in part. They may survey their age from only one point of view. They may discern only one side of the complex questions with which they have to deal. It cannot, in most cases, be otherwise.

> 'What do we see? Each man a space
> Of some few yards before his face.'

We cannot see more of what lies level to us in the present. Only the future supplies the vantage-ground from which we may take a general survey of an age. It is Time that 'solves all doubt, by bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.' But what great men do see, they see with the clear vision of intellectual and spiritual superiority. And to them we must go for the interpretation of their times. Now Sir Thomas More was unquestionably one of the greatest men of the age in which he lived:

lived: the age of transition from the mediæval to that modern order in which our lot is cast. And in the present article we propose to regard him as a representative of his times. In January of last year we put before our readers a sketch of Erasmus, whom we took as a type of the Philosopher of those times. In Sir Thomas More we have the type of the Saint.

Our task in writing of Erasmus was greatly facilitated by the large number of his letters which have come down to us. In them we have the man and his environment painted for us by himself, with supreme literary skill. Of More's letters comparatively few have been preserved. For some of the most important of them we are indebted to Erasmus, in whose correspondence they find place. On the other hand, we are fortunate in possessing an admirable account of More from the pen of William Roper, who married his favourite daughter Margaret, and who lived in his house for sixteen years. It is a mere rough sketch: notes for a biography rather than a biography itself; and written, as it was, from memory, twenty years after More's death, it is occasionally inaccurate. But it is of incomparable value by reason of the simple piety and lucid candour impressed upon every line of it. Stapleton, whose Life of More was written thirty years later, unquestionably had it before him in MS.—it was not published till 1626—and largely used it, gathering, however, information regarding his subject from many other trustworthy sources. His biography,* which was printed at Douai in 1588, is by far the fullest, as it is the earliest published of the ancient lives of More.† Of the modern, those by Sir James Mackintosh, Rudhart, Father Bridgett, and Mr. Hutton are the most important. Sir James Mackintosh's book, though the author has fallen into a few errors, is a kindly and generous tribute, paid nearly a century ago by an accomplished man of letters, to a character whose sweetness and elevation took him captive. Rudhart's volume, which appeared in 1829, is a monument of wide and accurate erudition, and of judicial impartiality. Of course, since it was written, a vast amount of original material, long buried in the archives of this and other countries, has been given to the world. Father Bridgett's chief reason for composing his work, as he tells us,

* It forms part of the work called 'Tres Thomæ'; the other two Thomases being St. Thomas the Apostle and St. Thomas à Becket.

† The other most notable of them are Harpsfield's, written in the reign of Queen Mary—it has never been printed—an anonymous life bearing date 1599, and printed by Dr. Wordsworth in his 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' and Cresacre More's published in 1627. Cresacre More was Sir Thomas More's great-grandson. Rastell, More's son-in-law, also wrote a life of him, but no copy is known to exist.

was

was that he might use that material, unknown to former biographers; and no competent critic will deny that he has used it admirably. He modestly claims for himself no higher credit than that he has been industrious, and has worked with a sympathy for his subject. The claim must be conceded in ample measure. He appears not to have left unexplored any source whence information about More might be derived. No one can rise from the perusal of the four hundred and fifty pages of his book without feeling his debtor for the clear and conscientious way in which he presents his conclusions, although, to say the truth, the debt would be greatly enhanced if his work had been crowned by an ampler index. Sir Thomas More, as is natural, chiefly appeals to his sympathies as a witness, even unto death, for the authority of the Roman See. But Father Bridgett always writes with calmness, candour, and courtesy; and although not declining theological controversy when the course of his narrative gives occasion for it, he never goes out of his way to seek it. Mr. Hutton, in his sympathetic and pleasing study which appeared last year, subordinates the discussion of critical questions of divinity and history to the personal interest of his subject. His aim is admirably indicated in the lines of Martial, so aptly quoted on his titlepage—

> 'Ars utinam mores animumque effingere possit:
> Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.'

He ingenuously confesses the fascination of his subject for him. 'I certainly do not claim to be unbiassed; and I must admit that towards such a character as More's I find it very difficult even to fancy myself critical.' Father Bridgett, it is interesting to note, has expressed himself in very similar words: 'If I have been sparing in criticism, it is because the longer and more minutely I have studied those features, the more I have admired and loved them.' It is not wonderful that the Roman and the Anglican ecclesiastic should thus agree in devotion to a saintly character, with whose faith both have much in common. But we find it as strongly expressed by M. Nisard, for whom the religion which was the light of life to More is little more—as he pathetically owns—than the shadow of a great name. This brilliant and accomplished writer, towards the end of his admirable study, asks himself the question, 'Has More been rightly judged in the preceding pages?' And he answers, 'I know not; but sure I am that the tears which have more than once moistened my pages as I wrote, were not shed for a fictitious person' (*un personnage falsifié*).

The fifty-seven years of More's earthly life extend from

1478 to 1535. The year of his birth is memorable in English history for the attainder of the Duke of Clarence by a Parliament 'probably called for this express purpose,' as Bishop Stubbs thinks, and exhibiting that complete subserviency of the Estates of the Realm to the royal will, through which, for a century, the ancient liberties of England suffered an eclipse. The new monarchy was then firmly established in the throne of Edward IV. The battle of Towton had broken for ever the power of the old nobility. The Church had largely lost its hold upon popular reverence, and sought to strengthen itself by an alliance with secular tyranny. The mercantile, trading, and labouring classes desired, above all things, a strong government, and the cessation of the civil strife which had desolated the country during the wars of the Roses. If we would understand More's career aright, we must realize that he lived in a period when the constitutional freedom of the country was paralysed, though its forms still remained; when the authority of the monarch was, in fact, well-nigh absolute and unrestrained. Richard III., indeed, forced to bid for a popularity which might dim the memory of the sanguinary treason whereby he had obtained the throne, departed from the policy of his predecessor, and made professions of respect for what the citizens of London called, in a petition to him, 'the liberty and laws of this realm, wherein every Englishman is inherited.' But this faint gleam of redawning freedom died away when that man of blood was overtaken by righteous retribution at the battle of Bosworth. Henry VII. made it his lifelong task to continue and consolidate the policy of Edward IV. He observed, indeed, a respect for the forms of the Constitution which Edward had not thought necessary. But the history of his reign is the history of the continual aggrandizement of the powers of the Crown. Forced loans and benevolences strike at the root of private property. Attainders, taking the place of trial by jury at the will of the Government, annihilate security of life and personal freedom. The pleasure of the prince practically becomes law to his subjects: his *sic volo, sic jubeo*, the sufficient motive and defence of legislation. The process continues under Henry VIII. until, in 1535, it culminates in the Act of Supremacy,—a measure which, as Professor Brewer writes, 'separated Henry VIII. from all his predecessors by an immeasurable interval,' which broke down the last limitations upon the royal prerogative, which made the King master of the consciences as of the lives and goods of his people.

Such were the political conditions in which Sir Thomas More's life was spent. It is the more necessary then briefly to recall

recall them, as they have, of late years, been singularly misrepresented by a writer whose great rhetorical gifts have been devoted to the construction of what the Roman satirist calls *pictæ tectoria linguæ*—masterpieces of style which, upon critical examination, prove mere literary stucco. Of the intellectual and spiritual characteristics of More's age little need be said; the subject is too familiar. From the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, was a period of what the Germans call *Aufklärung;* of Renaissance, in the sense indicated by the poet:—

> 'Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore.'

The renewed interest in the thought and lore of the antique world, the ever-growing decadence and discredit of moribund and effete scholasticism, the breaking away of art from the conventional mediæval manner to fuller fountains of inspiration, the rise of modern tongues into completer symmetry and ampler form, were the outward visible signs of a great change unconsciously wrought in man himself. That change affected different natures and temperaments differently. Erasmus, for example, felt and exhibited it in one way; More in another. Much as the two characters had in common, they were fundamentally diverse. The mind of Erasmus was, in the proper sense of the word, sceptical; the mind of More was essentially conservative. Erasmus was dominated by 'a noble and solid curiosity'; More by an intelligent and pious reverence. And here probably is one explanation of the close and tender friendship which bound them to one another. Each might say of the other:—

> 'He was so rich where I was poor;
> And his unlikeness fitted mine.'

Sir Thomas More's life seems to fall naturally into four divisions: the period of youth and early manhood, which may be taken to extend to 1509, when at the accession of Henry VIII. he, so to speak, came out of his shell; the period of his successful toil in the profession of the law, and growing literary fame, closed by his entrance into the royal service in 1518; the period of his public employment as a Minister of the Crown, which comes to an end with his resignation of the Great Seal in 1532; and the period of his disgrace and persecution, crowned by his martyrdom in 1535. Let us briefly survey him in these four stages of his eventful career, and then attempt to estimate its value and significance.

He was of gentle blood, the son of an accomplished lawyer, who

who rose to be one of the judges of the King's Bench, and whose stern but not unkindly features are accurately preserved for us by a crayon drawing of Holbein, now in the Royal Collection at Windsor. His mother, as Stapleton relates, saw in a dream, engraven on her wedding ring, as in a series of cameos, the names and likenesses of her still unborn children, Thomas shining out with a brighter lustre than the rest. His father, at the time of his birth, lived in Milk Street, in the City of London, and the boy was sent to the neighbouring school of St. Anthony, in Threadneedle Street, of which Nicholas Holt, a scholar of some distinction, was the master, and where, shortly before, Colet and William Latimer had received the first rudiments of their education. Thence, according to a custom common at the time, he was transferred to the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the distinguished statesman who had counselled to Henry VII. the policy which placed him on the throne, and who was, for long years, the most trusted minister of that monarch. Erasmus tells us that, as a boy (*adolescens*), he 'both wrote little comedies and acted in them.' And it is related by Roper that the Cardinal, 'delighting in his wit and towardness, would often say of him to the nobles that divers times dined with him, "This child, here waiting at the table—whoever shall live to see it—will prove a marvellous man."'

'Whereupon,' adds Roper, 'for his better furtherance in learning, he placed him at Oxford.' This was probably in the year 1492. More was then fourteen. According to his great-grandson, Cresacre More, he was entered at Canterbury Hall, a foundation which was merged by Wolsey in Christ Church, and whose site is still indicated by the Canterbury quadrangle of that College. Here he remained two years, and, as we read in Harpsfield, 'wonderfully profited in the Latin and Greek tongues.' It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Grocyn—who, indeed, directed his Hellenic studies—of William Latimer, and of Colet. It is worth while to pause for a moment over some details of his life at Oxford. His father, Stapleton tells us, 'wished that he should learn from his earliest years to be frugal and sober, and to love nothing but his studies and literature. For this reason he gave him the bare necessaries, and would not allow him a farthing to spend freely. This he carried out so strictly that he had not money to mend his worn-out shoes without asking it from his father.' More's life at Oxford, writes Mr. Hutton, 'could not have been an easy one. The accounts we hear of the hardships of students in Edward VI.'s reign would probably be

be as true of forty years earlier. Many rose between four and five, and after prayer in the College chapel, studied till ten, when they dined on very meagre fare, "content with a penny piece of beef between four, having a pottage made of the same beef with salt and oatmeal, and nothing else. After their dinner," continues the description, "they are reading or learning till five in the evening, when they have a supper not better than their dinner, immediately after which they go to reasoning in problems or some other study, till nine or ten; and then, being without fire, are forced to walk or run up and down for half an hour to get a heat in the feet, when they go to bed."'* Such was the discipline by which More's spiritual and intellectual character was formed; a discipline as severe as that which trained the youth of antique Rome—'rusticorum mascula militum proles'—to be the conquerors of Pyrrhus and Antiochus and Hannibal. It was in another kind of combat that More was to contend, and to be crowned as victor. In after-life he recognised the value of this stern schooling. 'It was thus,' he would say, 'that I indulged in no vice or pleasure, and spent my time in no vain or hurtful amusements. I did not know what luxury meant.'

More remained at Oxford only two years. His father, who desired that the youth should follow the profession of the law, looked with no great favour upon his devotion to literature—so it appears from one of Erasmus's letters—and entered him in 1494 at New Inn. Two years later, as we learn from Roper, he 'was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, with very small allowance, continuing there his studies, until he was made and accounted a worthy utter barrister.' The date of his call to the Bar appears to have been 1501. It is evident that he must have devoted himself earnestly to the study of the law, and must have attained recognition for his proficiency in it; for, shortly after his call, the governing body of Lincoln's Inn appointed him reader at Furnivall's Inn—one of the Inns of Chancery dependent on them; 'and there he lectured,' Roper affirms, 'three years and more.' But while intent upon his professional studies, he did not neglect the pursuits which were really more congenial to him. He gave nine lectures in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, of which Grocyn was then Rector, on St. Augustine's 'De Civitate Dei'—lectures which were attended, his biographers aver, by the most learned men in London. His reputation for scholarship was considerable. Nisard says, in his epigrammatic way, 'At eighteen he was

* Page 16. The description Mr. Hutton is quoting occurs in a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross in 1551, by T. Leaver.

known

known to the *literati* of Europe; at eighteen he had already literary enemies. It was a surer horoscope than his mother's dream. Enemies are the first to divine talent.'

In 1498 began his acquaintance with Erasmus, then for the first time on a visit to England; an acquaintance soon to ripen into a tender and intimate friendship equally honourable and profitable to both. The next year we find Erasmus complaining of the non-arrival of 'the most eagerly expected letters of my dear More' (*Mori mei*). And a year later he writes, 'Did Nature ever frame a sweeter, happier character than More's?' It is curious, and significant of the difference between the two friends, that More was at this time seriously contemplating the surrender of himself to that monastic life from which Erasmus—thrust into it without vocation—had shudderingly torn himself away, and which he ever afterwards regarded with supreme repugnance. 'He lived four years,' says his great-grandson, Cresacre More, 'amongst the Carthusians, dwelling near the Charterhouse, frequenting daily their spiritual exercises, but without any vow. He had an earnest mind also to be a Franciscan friar, that he might serve God in a state of perfection. But finding that at that time religious men had somewhat degenerated from their ancient strictness and fervour of spirit, he altered his mind. He had also, after that, together with his faithful companion, Lilly, a purpose to be a priest.' The account which Erasmus gives of the matter is, 'He applied his whole mind to exercises of piety, looking to and pondering on the priesthood, in vigils, fasts, and prayers, and similar austerities; in which thing he proved himself far more prudent than most candidates, who thrust themselves rashly into that arduous profession without a previous trial of their powers. The one thing which prevented him from giving himself to that kind of life was that he could not shake off the desire for the married state.' 'God,' Cresacre More piously observes, 'had allotted him for another estate, not to live solitary, but that he might be a pattern to remind married men, how they should carefully bring up their children, how dearly they should love their wives, how they should employ their endeavours wholly for the good of their country, yet excellently perform the virtues of religious men, as piety, charity, humility, obedience, yea, conjugal chastity.' During this time of doubt and interior trial, More was largely guided by the counsel and advice of Colet, his confessor, who was then residing in his country parish of Stepney. In a letter full of beautiful and touching things, though not free from those rhetorical tropes in which scholars at that time were wont to indulge when writing

writing in Latin, More tells him how delighted he was at seeing his servant, when walking up and down Westminster Hall; how much he has missed his society and monitions and sermons; how anxiously he awaits his return. 'Meanwhile,' he continues, 'I shall pass my time with Grocyn, Linacre, and our friend Lilly, the first of whom, as you know, is the only director of my life in your absence, the second the master of my studies, and the third my most dear companion.'

Towards the end of 1505 Erasmus paid his second visit to England, and found More married and practising his profession. His wife was 'the daughter of one Mr. Colte, a gentleman of Essex.' His inclination appears to have been towards her younger sister, whom 'he thought,' Roper tells us, 'the fairest and best favoured; yet when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her and soon after married her,'—an instance of self-abnegation bordering surely on heroic charity, which apparently had its reward. 'Suavissima illius conjux' is the description Erasmus gives of this first wife of More; and he himself, in his epitaph composed long years afterwards, tenderly calls her his dear little wife ('uxorcula Mori'). After his marriage he went to reside in Bucklersbury, in the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook, where* his four children were born. In 1504 he had become a member of Parliament, and in that capacity, towards the end of the reign of Henry VII., he incurred the displeasure of the king by opposing a subsidy of 'three fifteenths, for the marriage of his eldest daughter, that then should be Scottish queen. And forasmuch,' continues Roper, 'as he nothing having, nothing could lose, his grace devised a causeless quarrel against his father, keeping him in the Tower till he had made him pay to him a hundred pounds fine.' More thought it safer to withdraw from England to France for a season; and while there studied the French language, geometry, and music. In 1509 Henry VII. died, and More returned to England. He was then thirty-one years of age.

The accession of Henry VIII. was welcomed by a general outburst of jubilation. During the quarter of a century that Henry VII. bore rule, the land had rest; and no well-informed historian will deny to him many of the more solid qualities of kingship. But he did not possess the gifts which strike the popular imagination; and if as a shepherd of the people he gave them the blessing of peace, he was too intent upon the

* It was there that Erasmus visited him in 1509, and wrote 'The Praise of Folly.'

shearing

shearing of his sheep, and was not specially scrupulous as to the instruments he employed for that purpose. Henry VIII., on the other hand, was singularly fitted, by his personal and intellectual gifts, to win the hearts of men and to excite their highest expectations. He was extremely handsome—'Nature could do little more for him,' wrote the Venetian ambassador—of truly kingly bearing, expert in all knightly exercises, generous, nay lavish, and full of princely affability (*humanitas*). He was highly educated, according to the standard of the times; a good Latin scholar, well versed in theology, the scholastic philosophy and the canon law, and no contemptible musician. Scholars of all European countries supposed that the golden age had dawned in England, and More was not wanting in his congratulations. Henry's accession was quickly followed by his nuptials with Katharine of Aragon, who, it may be noted, was married not as a widow but as a maiden, clad in a long white robe and with her hair falling over her shoulders, as was then the custom at virginal espousals. More, in a *Carmen Gratulatorium*, celebrates both these joyful events with exuberant fervour. His dedication of the poem to the King ends with the words, 'Vale, princeps illustrissime, et, qui nobis ac rarus regum titulus est, amantissime.'

More's tribute to the King and Queen seems to have attracted no special notice at Court; but he rapidly achieved great and increasing success in his profession. He shortly became a Bencher of his Inn of Court; and in 1510, the date at which he published his 'Life of Pico,' written some years earlier, he was made Under-Sheriff of London, an office which then involved the determination of civil causes of considerable importance. Soon his income from his private practice and the emoluments of his office reached 400*l.* a year; a sum equal to about 5,000*l.* in these days. But he was singularly exempt from the love of money, and extremely scrupulous as to the cases which he took up. The year after he was made Under-Sheriff his wife died, and in a few days he married Alice Middleton, a widow—'nec bella admodum, nec puella,' was his description of her to Erasmus—whom he thought likely, and as the event proved with reason, to make an excellent manager of his household and a good stepmother to his children. From 1514 to 1516 he was on embassy in Flanders, specially representing the London merchants, who had great confidence in him. It was there that he wrote the Second Book of his 'Utopia'; the First or Introductory Book being written upon his return to England. His engrossing occupations left him little leisure for literary composition, as he tells us in this work. 'I bestow my time about

about law matters: some to plead, some to hear; some as an arbitrator, with mine award to determine; some as an umpire or a judge, with my sentence finally to discuss.' That was the staple business of his life. Then he goes on to say how domestic duties also craved attention from him, and how, for books, 'I do win and get only that time which I steal from sleep and meat.' The 'Utopia' appeared at the end of the year 1516. It was printed at Louvain and published by Thierry; Erasmus corrected the proofs; Budæus contributed a preface to the second edition (Paris, 1517). Later on we shall have to remark upon the real significance of the book. Here we may observe that its immediate success was not less than that achieved four years before by Erasmus's 'Praise of Folly.' All educated men throughout Europe read and admired it. Felicitations and flattery poured in upon its author from every side. As for him, M. Nisard finely says, 'Il sentait la plus vive et la plus noble de toutes les jouissances, celle de l'homme de lettres honnête homme, quand il a fait une œuvre raisonnable et appréciée. Ce furent des jours d'or et de soie, comme on disait dans son temps, dans cette vie dont la fin devait être si sombre. Il avait la gloire, cette ivresse qui doit être si douce à l'homme dont le cœur est pur, et à qui les lettres n'ont pas ôté sa candeur.'

More writes to Erasmus that much as he would have liked to prolong his Utopian dreams, the dawn of day put them to flight and brought him back to the realities of his existence at the Bar. But in truth his professional life—the happiest period of his existence, if we judge *ex humano die*—was swiftly drawing to a close. In 1517 he was sent on embassy to Calais, much against his will. 'Nothing can be more odious to me than this legation,' he writes to Erasmus. . . . 'If litigation, even at home, where it brings gain, is so abhorrent to my nature, how tedious must it be here, where it brings only loss!'* It was at the suggestion of Wolsey, who was anxious to attach him to the royal service, that he had been sent upon this mission. And now an event occurred which determined his career in the way desired by the Cardinal, but by no means desired by himself. A papal ship, obliged to put in at Southampton, had been claimed by the king's officials as a forfeiture. Campeggio, then Nuncio in England, demanded that the case should be judicially argued, and More was assigned to him for counsel. The matter was decided in the Pope's favour, and Henry, who was present at the hearing, was so struck by the ability with

* 'Inter Epist. Erasm. dxl.' This letter must have been written in 1517. It is misdated 1520 by the Leyden editor.

which

which More had conducted his case, that he desired to secure him for the public service. Wolsey, as M. Nisard puts it, 'received an order to bring More to Court, *bon gré, mal gré.* The endeavour had once failed, foiled by More's love of retirement and a tranquil life. This time the Cardinal succeeded, and brought the victim to the feet of the King, who extended for his kiss the hand that was to sign his death-warrant.' 'I have come to Court,' he writes to Bishop Fisher, 'extremely against my will.' But it was difficult for any subject to oppose his own volition to the King's in such a matter. Nor, indeed, would More, with his strong sense of duty, have thought himself justified in disobeying the Sovereign's command.

In 1518 he was sworn of the Privy Council and was made Master of Requests, an office which brought him into constant intercourse with Henry. And here let us pause to put before our readers the leading traits of a portrait of More at this time of his life, traced by the master hand of Erasmus.

'He is not tall in stature, though he is not remarkably short. He is rather fair than pale, and a faint blush of pink appears beneath the whiteness of his skin. His hair is dark brown, or brownish black. His eyes are greyish blue, with some spots—reckoned in England a sign of genius. His face is in harmony with his character: it expresses an amiable gladness, and even an inclination to smile;* it is framed rather for mirth than for gravity and dignity, though without any approach to folly or buffoonery. The right shoulder is a little higher than the other, especially when he walks. This is not a physical defect, but the result of habit. The only sign of rusticity is in his hands, which are slightly coarse. He has good health, although he is not robust. He seems to promise longevity. His father still survives, in a wonderfully vigorous old age. I never saw anyone so indifferent about food. Until he had reached man's estate he was a water drinker. That was natural to him. His voice is neither very strong nor very thin, but penetrating; not resounding nor soft, but that of a clear speaker. He has not naturally a gift for singing, although he delights in music of all kinds. He speaks with great clearness and perfect articulation, without rapidity or hesitation. He likes a simple dress, using neither silk, nor purple, nor gold chain, unless he is obliged. It is wonderful how careless he is of the ceremonious forms in which most men make politeness to consist. Formerly he was most averse from the frequentation of Courts, for he is a great hater of constraint and loves equality. Not

* Nisard finely remarks that in the portrait painted by Holbein of More, after he had become Lord Chancellor, there is still the smile that Erasmus speaks of, but with something sad and suffering in it. 'A la date du portrait qu'en faisait Érasme le sourire était une habitude de l'âme; quand Holbein le peignit, ce n'était guère qu'une habitude de la face.'

without

without great trouble was he drawn into the Court of Henry VIII., although nothing more courteous and modest than this prince can be desired. He abhors games of tennis, dice, cards, and the like, by which most gentlemen kill time. Though he is rather too negligent of his own interests, no one is more diligent in those of his friends. In a word, if you want a model of perfect friendship, you will find it in no one better than in More. In society he is so polite, so sweet-mannered, that no one, of however melancholy a disposition, can fail to be cheered by him; and there is no misfortune that he does not alleviate. If he converses with the learned, he delights in their talent; with the ignorant and foolish, he enjoys their stupidity. With a wonderful dexterity, he accommodates himself to every disposition. One of his great pleasures is to observe the forms, dispositions, and instincts of various animals. He keeps almost every kind of bird in his house. Without the least taint of superstition, he is earnest in all his piety. He has his set hours for prayers; prayers which are no formality, but poured forth from his heart. He discourses with his friends of the life to come in such a way that one cannot fail to recognise how much his mind is in it, how good a hope he has of it.' *

Such was More when he entered the royal service in 1518, being then of the age of forty. It is not our intention to follow him in detail through the fourteen years which he spent as a Minister of the Crown:—

> 'Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.'

The chief landmarks are his promotion to be Under-Treasurer in 1521, when he was knighted; his election as Speaker of the House of Commons, through royal influence and much against his will, in 1523; his advancement to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1525; his embassy to France in 1527, and to Cambray in 1529; and his attainment of the dignity of Lord Chancellor in the last-mentioned year, upon Wolsey's resignation of the Great Seal. At first the King's favour to him

* Ep. cccxlvii. We abridge Father Bridgett's version, and we take the liberty to make, here and there, a few unimportant changes which suggest themselves as we glance from it to the original text. The whole letter is an admirable specimen of Erasmus's happiest work, and will well repay perusal. Mr. Froude's abridged translation (see his 'Erasmus,' p. 97) is everywhere loose, and is, in places, grotesquely wrong. He renders 'Ad juvenilem usque ætatem aquæ potu delectatus est, id illi patrium fuit,' 'Like his father, he is a water-drinker'; 'Nullum fere genus est avium quod domi non alat,' is turned into 'All the birds in Chelsea come to him to be fed'—which, by the way, had it been the case, would have been a remarkable instance of avine prescience, More being at that time still resident in Bucklersbury; while 'Habet suas horas, quibus Deo litet precibus, non ex more sed e pectore depromptis,' is supposed by Mr. Froude to mean, 'He has his hours for prayer, but he uses no forms, and prays out of his heart'!

was,

was unbounded. It possessed, M. Nisard quaintly says, 'all the vivacity of an exclusive taste, and all the importunity of tyrannic power.' More's wit and wisdom were infinitely grateful to the Monarch and to the Queen also, who, like her husband, was educated much above the standard usual in those days. 'He was often bidden to their supper and placed at the royal table, where he amused them by his *bons mots*, and by that conversation full of lively conceits (*saillies*) which interrupted so agreeably the conjugal *tête-à-tête* whereof the King began to weary.' More, on his side, did full justice to Henry's merits. Stapleton quotes a letter of his, written shortly after he was called to Court, in which he tells Bishop Fisher: 'Such is the virtue and learning of the King, and his daily advancement in both, that the more I see him progress in these kingly ornaments, the less troublesome the courtier life becomes to me.' More, however, had no taste for this courtier's life, and gradually he withdrew himself, as much as possible, from the royal companionship, to the house which he had bought at Chelsea, with its garden reaching down to the Thames. It was in 1523 that he took up his abode there; and there he delighted to spend the scanty leisure he could procure from

> 'the farce of state,
> The sober follies of the wise and great,'

with his family, books, and animals—and before all things with himself and the Great Taskmaster, in whose eye he lived.

The royal friendship followed him thither. He did not deceive himself as to its true value. Roper tells us that upon one occasion the King, 'unlooked for, came to dinner, and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck.' The pleased son-in-law congratulated him upon the signal favour thus shown him by his Sovereign. To whom he replied, 'Son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go.' More had rightly estimated the ruthless egotism—'self-will and self-worship,' in Bishop Stubbs's happy phrase—which were hidden under Henry's gracious exterior, which were really the basis of his character, and which the course of events was so monstrously to develope.

It was in 1524 or 1525, probably, that the affair of the Divorce began to be mooted. For reasons set forth at length in this Review * some years ago, we do not doubt the truth of

* 'Wolsey and the Divorce of Henry VIII.,' January, 1877.

the

the tradition which represents the King's scruples concerning his marriage, as originally suggested to him by Wolsey. Nor do we doubt that, whether real or not to the Minister, they soon assumed reality in Henry's mind. That they sprang up after sixteen years of cohabitation with the Queen, when her physical charms had faded, when indeed her person was an object of disgust rather than of attraction to him, is true. Equally true is it that they were reinforced by the violent passion which he conceived for a young beauty, still in her teens. A violent overmastering passion it undoubtedly was—the sort of passion which not unfrequently attacks a man in *l'âge critique*—as is sufficiently shown by his curious love-letters to Anne Boleyn and by a vast amount of other evidence. And Anne, a most accomplished coquette, knew well how to inflame it to the utmost. Her sister's example was sufficient to warn her that its gratification would probably be followed by satiety. And her knowledge of Henry's scruples concerning the validity of his marriage with Katharine, led her to aspire to a crown, and to insist upon marriage as her price. But we cannot agree with Rudhart that in this passion we have the one true reason which moved the King to seek a divorce from his virtuous spouse; that the other reasons which he alleged, his doubt about the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow, his desire of legitimate male issue for the establishment of the throne, were mere pretexts. Henry VIII. was not a man of pretexts. The truth is admirably indicated in the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Duke of Suffolk: the King's 'conscience has crept too near another lady.' Henry VIII. desired to appear to the world a highly conscientious monarch; and he began by exhibiting himself to himself in that capacity. He followed his conscience—to quote Archbishop Whately's *bon mot*—as a man follows the horse he drives.

Henry VIII. cannot properly be regarded as a dissolute man. There can, indeed, be no doubt of his *amourettes* with two or three of the Queen's maids of honour—among them Elizabeth Blount, the mother of the Duke of Richmond. It is certain that Mary Boleyn, Anne's sister, was for some time his mistress. And there is, to say the least, good ground for suspecting him of an intrigue with Lady Boleyn, their mother,* whence the rumour widely

* On this subject Mr. Pocock writes as follows:—'The King's intrigue with Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne, can no longer be denied with any show of reason. Whether there was any connexion of a similar kind between Henry and the mother of Anne Boleyn, may, perhaps, still be somewhat doubtful . . . That the report of such incest spread during the first years of the marriage is plain from the document numbered CCCXXIX. . . . Hitherto it has been supposed

widely current and widely credited, at one time, that Anne was Henry's own child. In such matters, however, the judicious historian will not try kings by too exalted a standard. No doubt the moralist will maintain, and rightly, that the great laws and principles of sexual ethics apply equally to princes and to peasants. But it is observed by Lord Byron, in a well-known verse, 'All are not moralists.' And the historian, if a moralist, as we for our part hold he is bound to be, should be also a man of the world. Henry VIII. was no model of conjugal fidelity. There are few monarchs for whom that distinction can be claimed. What distinguishes Henry from the rest of kings is his determination to conciliate the indulgence of his lust with the sanctity of marriage, and his success in his self-deception.* His desire to justify himself was the cause of the most flagitious actions of his life. He affords a supreme example of the crimes into which a man of strong passions may be driven by a conscience which he still respects. Charles Lamb epigrammatically observed, 'The Stuarts had mistresses; the Tudors kept wives.' The dictum is as true as it is witty. Nor is it any paradox to say of Henry VIII., that he would have been a better man if he had been a worse.

No doubt it was impossible that in the matter of the Divorce More could sympathise with the King. Assuredly, the sympathies of that just man must have been with the unhappy Katharine, threatened, after so many years of unquestioned and unblemished wedlock, with repudiation and ruin. But More was a trained and practised lawyer. And the King's case

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supposed that Nicholas Sander was the inventor of the libel; but this document shows that this report existed at least half a century before the book, "De Schismate," was published.' ('Records of the Reformation,' Pref. xxxviii.) We may observe that the 'just, true, and lawful impediments' referred to in the 28th Henry VIII., c. 7—the Act declaring Anne Boleyn's marriage void—as 'unknown' at the time of her nuptials, and confessed by her to Cranmer, probably with the hope of saving her life, have never been disclosed. They could not have been the alleged pre-contract of Anne with Henry Percy, for that, if it ever existed, would not have made the marriage null; nor could they, as Dr. Lingard supposed, have arisen from the King's intrigue with Mary Boleyn, for that was perfectly well known at the time of Anne's marriage, whence the clause inserted in the draft dispensation prepared in England by order of the King in 1527, in which the removal of the affinity so created was sought from the Pope.

* It is observable that during the sweating sickness in 1528, when in the dread of death he betook himself vigorously to practices of piety, he blends devotion with desire in his love letters to Anne Boleyn. He represents himself to her as 'praying God, an it be His good pleasure, to send us together again'; and then, after affectionate aspirations too warm for quotation here, he concludes, 'No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but that a while, I would we were together of an evening.'

was, from a merely legal point of view, eminently arguable,* to say the least. It appears from a letter of More to Cromwell, written in 1534, that Henry first mentioned the subject to him in September 1527, telling him suddenly, as they were walking together in the Gallery at Hampton Court, 'that the marriage was in such way contrary to Divine law, that it could nowise by the Church be dispensable.' More's 'sudden, unadvised answer' did not accord with the opinion expressed by the King, who therefore bade him confer on the matter with Dr. Fox, the royal almoner. 'While the case was before the legates, Sir Thomas More held himself entirely aloof, "for the matter was in hand by an ordinary process of the spiritual law, whereof he could little skill." Besides, while the legates were sitting, he was sent on an embassy to Cambrai. On his return, the King again moved him to consider the matter.' This he did, the result being that 'he could not bring his mind to the King's view.' There were those—Cardinal Pole among them—who regarded More's elevation to the woolsack, in 1529, as a bid for his support in the question of the divorce. They were probably right. Certain it is, that shortly after More received the Great Seal, a fresh attempt was made by Henry to win his suffrage. More, 'after diligent conference with his Grace's counsellors,' specially deputed to discuss the matter with him—they were Cranmer, Lee, Richard Fox, and Nicholas of Italy, all doctors of divinity and of the canon law—found himself unconvinced by their arguments. And so he told the King. At the same time, as we read in his letter to Cromwell, above mentioned, he recalled to the King's recollection the precept which the Sovereign had given him upon his first coming into the royal service: 'that I should first look unto God, and after God to him.' More's conclusion was, 'I am not he which either can, or whom it would become, to take upon me the determination or decision of such a weighty matter, whereof divers points a great way pass my learning.' He studiously and altogether put it aside, and devoted himself to the duties of his weighty office. But, as Nisard points out, 'More's silence, far from lessening the responsibilities of Henry—which was what he, as a good Christian and faithful subject, wished—was more prejudicial to the King than an open opposition, because of the interpretation that the public put upon it.' Henry VIII. is a stupendous example of the vitiating effect of absolute authority, both upon him who exercises it and upon them over whom it is exercised. He had come to consider himself as a sort of vice-

* For a lucid statement of the case, see Appendix V. to Sir William Nevill Geary's 'Law of Marriage and Family Relations.'

 deity,

deity, and his subjects had come so to accept him. 'Never,' says Dr. Brewer, 'had any king's will been so regarded as the voice of God and the unerring rule of duty.' 'Henry,' writes Bishop Stubbs, 'could dictate to his Parliaments the measures he wished to pass, even down to the smallest details, and even make them petition for acts, when he was the only man in the kingdom who desired them.' Nay, 'he forces against their will, evidently, but still effectively forces, Parliament and Convocation, Lords, Clergy, and Commons, to register simply the peremptory orders of the King as their own wishes.' For him, virtue or vice in his subjects is merely compliance or non-compliance with his will. Take, for example, the case of Cranmer. Certain it is, if any historical fact is certain, that whatever may be said in his favour, he was the most supple and most servile of Henry's sycophants. But, in the eyes of Henry, his suppleness and servility were his prime merits, earning for him from the royal lips the praise of honesty. For Henry, 'honest' meant altogether compliant with the royal will.

It is not necessary to follow here the course of events as the divorce proceedings dragged their slow length along, and Henry became more and more estranged from the Holy See, to which he had originally exhibited a devotion deemed by More excessive. Unquestionably the tortuous policy of Clement was largely the cause of that estrangement. It was the right of the King that his matrimonial cause should be heard and determined upon its merits. And this honest course would probably have proved the most politic for the Pope—even if the decision should have gone against Henry. But as Father Bridgett, whose sympathies, naturally enough, are with Clement, is constrained to observe, 'For nearly six years he dallied with the King and protracted the suit by every possible device that was not criminal. . . . He even encouraged hopes that he knew were fallacious. He appeared to entertain propositions that he knew were absurd, and allowed them to be discussed by theologians. The Pope was in hopes that by mild answers and delay he might weary out the King.' Clement little knew 'the King's obstinacy and tenacity of purpose.' More knew them well. But even More did not divine 'the depth of meanness to which he would sink and to which he would drag all around him.' More, however, was too clear-sighted not to read aright the signs of the times in 'a world not moving to his mind.' His great concern was to satisfy his conscience where his duty lay in the conflict which he discerned to be inevitable. As he told the judges who sentenced him to death, 'When I observed that public affairs were so ordered that the sources of the power

power of the Roman Pontiff would necessarily be examined, I gave myself up to a most diligent examination of that question for the space of seven years, and found that the authority of the Roman Pontiff is not only lawful, to be respected, and necessary, but also grounded on the divine law and prescription.' And having arrived at this conclusion, More was not the man to play fast and loose with it. During the years of his Chancellorship, he eschewed politics as much as possible and confined himself to his judicial duties. But at last the Act against Annates gave him the signal that his occupation, as a Minister of the Crown, was gone. On the 16th of May, 1532, he delivered the Great Seal into the King's hands in the garden of York Place, near Westminster. An affection of the chest—*pectoris valetudo deterior*—supplied a sufficient reason for his resignation, which was accepted, most unwillingly, by Henry.

So closed the third period of More's career. We must not omit to notice how throughout it his whole life was dominated by his religion—a religion which, like that of his Utopians, was 'grave, sharp, bitter, and rigorous,'* yet 'full of mercy and good fruits.' He rose at two in the morning, was at prayer and study until seven, heard Mass daily, and daily after private prayers with his children said the Litany of the Saints and the Seven Penitential Psalms. It was also his custom 'nightly before he went to bed, with his wife, children, and household, to go to his chapel, and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them.' He spent much time in his oratory in devotion, using this employment the whole of Friday. He went to confession and communion before undertaking any business of importance. He wore a hair shirt by way of penance, and constantly scourged himself. He would also make pilgrimages to holy places, sometimes seven miles from his house, and always on foot. His almsdeeds were so abundant that he was known as 'the public patron of the poor.' So fully did he fulfil the precept not to lay up treasure on earth, that after his resignation of the Chancellorship, says Harpsfield, 'he was not able, for the maintenance of himself and such as necessarily belonged to him, sufficiently to find meat, drink, fuel, apparel, and such other

* He was wont to say, Roper tells us, 'We may not look, at our pleasures, to go to heaven in feather beds; it is not the way; for our Lord himself went thither with great pain, and by many tribulations; . . . and the servant may not look to be in better case than his Master.' It is notable that in 1522, when he had just been knighted and made Under-Treasurer of the kingdom, he began his treatise—never finished—on 'The Four Last Things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.' 'In omnibus operibus tuis memorare novissima tua, et in æternum non peccabis.'

necessary things; but was enforced and compelled, for lack of other fuel every night before he went to bed, to cause a great bundle of ferns to be brought into his own chamber, and with the blaze thereof to warm himself, his wife, and his children; and so without any other fire to go to bed.' His absolute resignation to that Perfect Will which, as he undoubtingly believed, 'ordereth a good man's going,' is shown over and over again; and notably in that exquisitely beautiful letter to his wife, written in 1529, after the destruction of his barns and all that was therein: 'Paradventure we have more cause to thank Him for our losse than for our winning, for His wisedom better seeth what is good for us than we do our selues.' The charm of his domestic life fascinated his contemporaries, and has fascinated every generation since. His house was the very sanctuary of 'pure religion, breathing household laws.' And how touching is that trait of antique piety related by Roper: 'Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, by the Court of the King's Bench, if his father, one of the judges thereof, had been seated or he came, he would go into the same Court, and there reverently kneeling down, in the sight of them all, duly ask his father's blessing.' It is curious and significant that one of the first things to which he applied himself upon his retirement from the royal service, was the composition of his epitaph; a record of his life most affecting in its plain simplicity, which may still be read on the tomb in Chelsea Church where his headless body is said to lie. We are told in it that he had ever been desirous to spend his closing years in the peace of private life and freedom from public cares. It was otherwise ordered for him. Not peace and freedom, but persecution and fetters awaited him in the short space of his allotted time that still remained, until the axe of the executioner wrought his final deliverance.

Just a year after More's resignation of the Great Seal, Cranmer, who had meanwhile been consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, held a Court at Kimbolton for the determination of the King's matrimonial cause. The Queen* disdained to appear before his tribunal; and he proceeded with the utmost possible celerity to give sentence in favour of Henry. This was on the 23rd of May, 1533. Five days afterwards he judicially affirmed the legality of the King's marriage, celebrated some months before, with Anne Boleyn;

* His letter to Cromwell, written in the fear that the Queen would embarrass and delay him by putting in an appearance, will be found in vol. vi. of the 'Letters and State Papers' of Henry VIII.; also in Jenkyn's 'Cranmer,' vol. i. p. 27.

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and on the 29th of June she was crowned at Westminster. More was pressed by certain bishops—unquestionably at the royal instigation—to be present at the ceremony; but he refused. There can be little doubt that, from that day, Anne Boleyn sought to compass his destruction.

Events now moved quickly. On the 11th of July, 1533, Clement VII. annulled the proceedings of Cranmer in the King's matrimonial cause. And on the 23rd of March, 1534—six months before his death—he gave definitive sentence against the King, affirming the validity of Henry's marriage with Katharine, and requiring him, under pain of the greater excommunication, to reinstate her in her former rank, and to put away Anne. The King, who of course had expected this sentence, had answered it, in advance, by the Act of Succession, which received the royal assent on the 30th of March, 1534,* and which supplied the occasion desired for proceeding against More. An endeavour had been made two months before to implicate him in the affair of the Holy Maid of Kent. There was no shadow of reason for believing him to have in the least countenanced that strange visionary's political utterances, as the King well knew. Still, his name was included in the Bill of Attainder brought into the House of Lords on the 21st of February, 1533, against the nun and certain of her alleged supporters; the King, Roper writes, 'presupposing of likelihood that this Bill would be to Sir Thomas More so troublous and terrible, that it would force him to relent and condescend to his request [to approve the divorce]—wherein his grace was much deceived.' More petitioned to be heard by the Peers; and in an entry in the Lords Journal, under date the 6th of March, when the Bill was read a third time, it is stated that 'their Lordships thought fit to find whether it is according to the King's will that Sir Thomas More and the others named with him in the said Bill should be required to appear before their Lordships in the Star Chamber, that it may be heard what they can say for themselves.'

This was by no means according to Henry's will. The King not liking the proposal, Roper tells us, assigned that he should appear before four members of the Council: Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Audley, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Cromwell. They first thought, by friendly sounding importunities, to induce him to comply with the King's desire. 'But when they saw they could by no manner of persuasions remove him from his former determination,

* The Pontifical sentence did not reach England until after that date.

tion, then began they more terribly to touch him' by menaces. 'My Lords,' he replied, 'these terrors be arguments for children, and not for me.' Then, 'displeasantly departed they.' The King, much in wrath, was with difficulty brought to consent that More's name should be struck out of the Bill of Attainder. Tidings that this had been done were brought to him by his favourite daughter, Margaret. He replied: 'Megg, *quod differtur non aufertur.*' He knew well that the monarch who, as he had said years before, would not hesitate to take his life, in order to win a castle in France, would still less hesitate to take it in order to gratify the woman for whom, to quote the words of Dr. Brewer, 'he had braved the good opinion of Christendom.' The Duke of Norfolk made a last effort to turn him from the strait path at the end of which, they both well knew, was the scaffold. 'As they chanced to fall in familiar talk together, the Duke said unto him, "By the Mass, Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; therefore I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure: for, by God's body, Master More, *indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all, my lord?" quoth he; "then, in good faith, the difference between your grace and me is but this—that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow."'

The Act of Succession provided that all subjects should be obliged, under pain of perpetual imprisonment, to take corporal oath 'to observe and maintain the whole effect and contents' of that statute. No special form of oath was prescribed in it. We do not know for certain the precise wording of the form that was drawn up. But we do know that, going beyond the scope of the Act, which was to vest the succession to the Crown in the offspring of Henry by Anne Boleyn, it included a recognition of the truth of the preamble, which affirmed the invalidity of the King's first marriage and the validity of his second. This involved the rejection of the authority of the Roman Pontiff as the supreme spiritual judge of Christendom, and the repudiation of the sentence, in a directly opposite sense, which he had just pronounced. Hence Roper calls the oath 'the oath of supremacy'; which it, in effect, was. On Low Sunday, 1534, which fell on April 12, More went to St. Paul's to hear the sermon. His presence there was observed by a royal official, who following him when he left the church, served him with a citation to appear on the morrow at Lambeth, and there to take the oath before the Commissioners appointed to administer it. The next day, early, More went 'to church to be confessed, hear Mass, and to be houseled, as his accustomed manner was always ere he entered into any matter of importance.' He knew well

well what lay before him. 'And whereas,' continues Roper, 'he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children whom he tenderly loved, to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, *then* would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him: and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants there took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly awhile, at the last he rounded me in the ear, and said, "Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won." What he meant thereby, I then wist not; yet, loath to seem ignorant, I answered him, "Sir, I am thereof very glad." But, as I conjectured afterwards, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually that it conquered all his carnal affections utterly.'

The Commissioners before whom More appeared were Cranmer, Audley, Cromwell, and the Abbot of Westminster. He asked to see the Oath and the Act of Succession. 'After which read secretly by myself,' he told his daughter Margaret, 'and the Oath considered with the Act, I answered unto them that my purpose was not to put any fault either in the Act or anyone that made it, or in the Oath or any men that swore it, nor to condemn the conscience of any other man; but as for myself, in good faith, my conscience so moved me in the matter, that though I could not deny to swear to the succession, yet unto *that* Oath, that was there offered me, I could not swear, without the jeopardising of my soul to perpetual damnation.'* The Commissioners endeavoured, in vain, to shake his resolution, and he was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. It is to the credit of Cranmer, who could have had no sort of sympathy with More's scruples, that he made an effort—a curiously characteristic effort—to save him. He wrote to Cromwell suggesting that More and Fisher might 'be sworn to the Act of Succession, but not to the preamble of the same,' the exact nature of the oath taken by them being however suppressed, 'except when and where His Highness might take some commodity' by disclosing it. It would, the Archbishop thought, 'be a good quietation to many others within this realm, if such men should say that the succession comprised within the said Act, is good and according to God's laws.' But Henry rejected this Cranmerian device, 'Queen Anne by her importunate clamour did so sore exasperate the King against More,' Roper writes. And no wonder. More was a living protest against

* More may have had in his mind the dictum, 'Quidquid fit contra conscientiam ædificat ad gehennam.'

her

her marriage, a perpetual witness to the King, 'It is not lawful for thee to have her.' And assuredly she longed for his head as keenly as Herodias longed for the head of St. John Baptist. After abiding in the custody of the Abbot of Westminster for four days, More was sent to the Tower to undergo the perpetual imprisonment which was the penalty for refusing the oath.

More was confined in the Tower for more than a year, enduring the ever-increasing rigour of his imprisonment with a cheerfulness which manifested itself constantly in many a merry saying: as when, for example, upon Sir Edward Walsingham, the Lieutenant of the fortress, apologizing for the poorness of his cheer, he replied, 'Master Lieutenant, assure yourself I do not mislike my cheer; but whensoever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors.' During the greater part of the time, books, pen, ink and paper were allowed him; and he composed religious works both in Latin and English, some of which — the 'Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation' may be specially instanced — are masterpieces, rich in devotional feeling, in genuine eloquence, and in brilliant wit. Various efforts were made to shake his resolution. 'The King's plan,' writes Nisard, 'was, at first, to ensnare him through his tenderest affections, to array against him the regrets, reproaches, tears of his family, the remembrance of his lost liberty, rendered so poignant by the presence of those among whom he had lived a free man.' The King's plan was of no effect against his persistive constancy. The lamentations of his wife, urging him to 'do as all the bishops and best learned of this realm have done,' the arguments of his favourite daughter, turned casuist by her affection for him, were as powerless as the face of the insistent tyrant to move him from his firm resolve. Margaret Roper told him, upon one occasion, how Cromwell had hinted that Parliament was not yet dissolved, and might decree worse things against him. More answered that he had thought of this. However, no man could do him hurt without doing him wrong; and he trusted God would not suffer so good and wise a prince as Henry thus to requite the long services of his true, faithful servant. 'Yet, since nothing is impossible,' he went on, 'I forgot not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the Gospel, that ere I should begin to build this castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit and reckon what the charge would be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless, weary night while my wife slept, and thought I slept too, what peril were possible to fall to me; and in devising I had a full heavy heart. But yet, I thank our God, for all that, I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen

happen to me that my fear ran upon.' More was acutely sensitive; he had an almost womanly dread of corporal suffering, although, by the austerities which he practised throughout his life, he endeavoured to discipline himself to 'endure hardness as a good soldier.' In one of his last letters to Margaret Roper—'written with a cole, other pennes have I none'—he tells her, 'Albeit I am of nature so shrinking from payne, that I am almost afeard of a phillip, yet, in all the agonies that I have had, I thank the mighty mercye of God, I never in my mynde entended that I would doe any such thing as should dampnably cast me in the displeasure of God.' *

More was slowly dying during these months of his imprisonment in the Tower. Since he came there, he writes, he had looked once or twice to have given up the ghost; and as the rigour of his imprisonment increased, it became evident that his strength could not much longer hold out. But it did not suit the policy of the Court that he should die a natural death. And the Act of Supremacy passed on the 3rd of February, 1535, supplied a convenient instrument for bringing him to the scaffold. This statute, the complement and the crown of the anti-papal legislation of the preceding five years, during which Henry's breach with the See of Rome became wider and wider as the prospect of its sanction for his marriage with Anne grew dimmer and dimmer, was the definitive establishment, in the words of Mr. Gairdner, of 'a totally new order in the Church.'† It enacted that the King 'shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head in earth of the Church of England,' and shall exercise the prerogatives pertaining to that title. It invested Henry—to quote Dr. Brewer—with 'a spiritual supremacy, an ecclesiastical headship [which] was without precedent and at variance with all tradition.'‡ And to gainsay it was high treason.

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* It should be noted that there were more reasons than one why More could not in conscience take the oath. In a letter to Dr. Nicolas Wilson, written early in 1535, he says, 'As touching the oath and the causes for which I refused it, no man knoweth what they be. For they be secret to my own conscience: some other, peradventure, than those that other men would ween; and such as I never disclosed to any man yet; no, nor ever intend to do while I live.' We cannot penetrate the veil which More has drawn over this matter. But the most probable conjecture is that of Harpsfield, that More knew of an intrigue between the King and Lady Boleyn, whereby, according to the canon law, Henry had contracted affinity in the first degree with Anne.

† Pref. to vol. viii. of 'Letters and State Papers,' p. i.

‡ Pref. to vol. i. of 'Letters and State Papers,' p. cvii. 'Henry,' says Bishop Stubbs, 'wished to be, with regard to the Church of England, the Pope, the whole Pope, and something more than Pope.' ('Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History,' p. 262.) 'He evolved the idea of a regal papacy out of the royal supremacy.' (Ibid., p. 259.)

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It could not be doubted what would be More's view of this statute; and certain of the royal council, Cromwell among them, were directed to proceed to the Tower in order to elicit it. More, whose instinct as a lawyer was ever strong, declined to betray himself, and would express no opinion about the Act. 'I would not declare what fault I found in that statute, nor speak thereof,' he told his daughter Margaret. 'I could not further go, whatsoever pain should come thereof. "I am," quoth I, "the King's true faithful subject and daily bedesman, and pray for his Highness and all his, and all the realm. I do nobody no harm, I say none harm, I think none harm, but wish everybody good. And if this be not enough to keep a man alive, I long not to live. And I am dying already; and have, since I came here, been divers times in the case that I thought to die within one hour. And I thank our Lord that I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when I saw the pang passed. And therefore my poor body is at the King's pleasure. Would God my death might do him good!"'

It was on the 30th of April that More's examination before Cromwell and his colleagues took place. On the 4th of May, Margaret Roper was allowed to see her father once more * before his condemnation. While they were together, Roper relates, 'as Sir Thomas More was looking out of his window, he chanced to behold one Master Reynolds, a religious, learned, and virtuous father of Sion, and three monks of the Charterhouse, for the matter of the Supremacy and Matrimony going out of the Tower to execution. He, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing there beside him, "Lo dost not thou see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths, as bridegrooms to their marriage?"' His longing was soon to be gratified. On the 3rd of June he was again interrogated by certain of the Council regarding his opinion of the Act of Supremacy; but they were baffled by him as their fellows had been. On the 12th of June, Rich, the Solicitor-General, was sent to him in order, if possible, to entangle him in his talk; and it was chiefly upon the strength of what this caitiff affirmed to have fallen from him in conversation, that he was indicted for 'refusing to the King maliciously, falsely, and traitorously his title of Supreme Head of the Church of England.' The trial took place on July 1st, and Cardinal Pole, in a passage in his 'De Unitate Ecclesiæ,' marked by pathos and eloquence

* It is worth noting that whenever Margaret Roper went to see her father in the Tower, their interview began with the recitation of the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints.

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seldom found in his writings, has pictured the venerable magistrate, led out as a criminal from prison, in sordid dress, and grown old, not by lapse of years but by the squalor and sufferings of his dungeon, his head made white by long confinement, his weak and broken body leaning on a staff, and, even so, scarcely able to stand, and dragged along the way that led to the place of trial, or rather of certain condemnation.* More, in his defence, alleged—and we may be sure with entire truth—that he had been guiltless of the denial of the supremacy alleged against him; that he had not discovered what was in his conscience concerning the statute to any man living. A verdict of guilty was, of course, easily obtained.† 'Murder, preceded by mummery,' is Lord Macaulay's accurate account of a State trial at that period. The sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering was commuted by the King into one of simple beheading on Tower Hill. Early on the 6th of July 'came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good friend, on message from the King and his council, that he should, before nine of the clock of the same morning, suffer death. "Master Pope," quoth Sir Thomas More, "for your good tidings I heartily thank you. I have been always much bounden to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours that he hath still, from time to time, most bountifully heaped upon me. . . . And so, help me God, most of all, Master Pope, am I bounden to His Highness that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me out of the miseries of this wretched world; and therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for his Grace, both here and also in the world to come."'‡ Sir Thomas Pope was moved to tears. More bade him be of good comfort in the prospect of a happy meeting beyond the grave. 'Who knows,'

* We avail ourselves of Father Bridgett's translation (p. 415). Cardinal Pole adds: 'I, who loved and venerated him, writing now about his death, feel the tears gush to my eyes against my will, so that—as God is my witness—they hinder my writing, and blot the words that I have written.'

† Mr. Froude, in the apology for More's judicial murder put forth in his 'Divorce of Catherine of Aragon,' may be said to outdo himself. Regarding it as 'an inevitable and painful incident in an infinitely blessed revolution,' he justifies it by an argument which resolves itself into the following chain of reasoning:—

I. Bishop Fisher, as is evident from Chapuys' correspondence, wished the Emperor to take active measures against Henry's tyranny.

II. Henry may have known of Fisher's messages to Chapuys, and so may More, Fisher's intimate friend and companion, although there is no evidence whatever to support either of these conjectures.

III. Therefore More was rightly condemned to death.

‡ The day before his execution he wrote to his daughter Margaret: 'I would be sory if it should be any longer than to-morrow; for it is St. Thomas Even and the utas (octave) of St. Peter; and therfore to-morrow long I to go to God: it were a day verye mete and convenient for me.'

asked

asked Plato, 'whether it is not life that is death and death that is life?' More knew.

We need not linger over the closing scene on that bright July morning on Tower Hill. Roper and the old biographers have told it with an antique simplicity more eloquent than any tropes. Mr. Froude has related it in a passage, doubtless familiar to all our readers, which is among the very best specimens of modern English prose. We may, however, note the curious and significant fact that the day of More's death was, apparently, the day on which the disgrace of the woman who had been chiefly instrumental in it began. Henry was playing at draughts with Anne Boleyn in the palace at Richmond when the tidings came that More had ceased to live. He cast on her an angry look, and saying, 'It is your fault, if that man is dead,' left her brusquely, and shut himself up in his closet for the rest of the day. More had foreseen the approaching doom of the unhappy woman, and had been sorry for her. On one occasion, Roper tells us, when Margaret visited her father in the Tower, 'he asked her how Queen Anne did. "In faith, Father," quoth she, "never better." "Never better, Megg!" quoth he; "alas, Megg, alas, it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come."'

So much must suffice to depict in the faintest outline, and as if by a few strokes of a pencil, the life of this memorable man. We must refer our readers who would study it more at large, to the volumes which we have enumerated at the head of this article. Of these the least accessible are More's English works. Perhaps not more than a dozen copies are to be found in this country. It is certainly high time that they were reprinted. Every competent judge from his day to our own, has recognised their great literary value. Tunstall, Bishop of London, writing to him in 1527, speaks of him as 'able to emulate Demosthenes in our English tongue.' 'More lived,' says Mr. Hutton, 'at a turning point in English literature, and he did much to guide the flowing stream into the channel it has ever since pursued. English literature with him became romantic, keenly alive to the sentiment of the past, imaginative, practical and pure. The characteristics of the great age of Elizabeth are seen, not dimly, in the master touches of his work.' His ascetic writings possess a singular charm from the spirit of Christian mirth which ever animated him, and which breathes through them; a spirit which led him to play with the vain world and all that therein is, because he viewed it in the light of eternity. Even in his controversial treatises, dealing, in the vituperative tone characteristic of

of the age, with disputes which are not for us the burning questions that they were for his generation, 'passages of genuine eloquence and deep solemnity are not wanting.' His 'History of Richard III.' is a mere fragment, but, inspired as it doubtless was by Cardinal Morton, it is of the highest historical value; while its style is justly commended by Rudhart as 'dignified, striking, and, for those times, singularly cultivated.' No one, indeed, can help being impressed by its vigour and lucidity, its incisiveness and picturesqueness, its sustained interest and dramatic power. A complete edition of the works of Sir Thomas More, both English and Latin, is surely an undertaking which might fitly be carried out by the press of either of our great Universities.

The book by which More is chiefly known is, of course, his 'Utopia.' Written originally in Latin, it was addressed, like Erasmus's 'Praise of Folly,' not to the English vulgar, but to the educated public of Europe; and it is of the highest interest, as being, in some sort, a revelation of More's mind about the gravest public problems. We say 'in some sort'; for, in truth, it reveals More's mind to us 'as through a glass, darkly' (*per speculum et in ænigmate*). 'He hovers,' says Dr. Brewer, 'so perpetually on the confines of jest and earnest, passes so naturally from the one to the other, that the reader is in constant suspense whether his jest is seriousness, or his seriousness is jest.' And so More tells us of himself that he used to look sadly when he meant merrily, and that people often thought him to be speaking in sport when he was really in earnest. The true notion of the 'Utopia' has been admirably stated by Sir James Mackintosh: 'It intimates a variety of doctrines and exhibits a multiplicity of projects which the writer regards with almost every possible degree of approbation and shade of assent; from the frontiers of serious and entire belief, through gradations of descending plausibility, where the lowest are scarcely more than the exercises of ingenuity, and to which some wild paradoxes are appended, either as a vehicle, or as an easy means (if necessary) of disowning the serious intention of the whole of this Platonic fiction.'

All this should be borne in mind when we peruse More's beautiful idyll. It has, unfortunately, been lost sight of by many gifted persons. Thus, the late Mr. William Morris finds in the 'Utopia' his own Socialism, deformed, however, by the institution of marriage,—a remnant, as he accounts, of mediæval superstition. But the Communism which reigns in the fortunate island More dreamed of, is really of a very different type from the

the vain thing imagined by Mr. Morris and his friends. True it is that in Utopia there are no unemployed rich, no class of men and women 'fruges consumere nati.' There every one has a trade: none sit idle: nay, there is a six hours' day for workmen: yet 'there is no lack of all things that be requisite either for the commodity or necessity of life.' But true is it also that this happy order is based not upon desire but disdain of riches; not upon hatred of poverty, but upon love of it; not upon despoilment of others, but upon despoilment of self. It is a Communism which reproduces, in the realm of More's fantasy, the ideal realized, for a brief time, in the nascent Church, when 'they had all things in common, and distribution was made to every man as he had need': an ideal never lost when the Church grew into an imperial power, and kings became her nursing fathers and their queens her nursing mothers; no, never lost, but embraced in every generation by elect souls who saw in it a condition of perfection, and who forsook all to follow more closely the Great Exemplar of voluntary poverty.

Again, Mr. Seebohm, like Bishop Burnet before him, is grotesquely in error in supposing that the religion of the Utopians—a religion with no dogmas save those of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, a religion without sacrifice, a religion in which marriage is as easily dissoluble as among the followers of Luther—was really the religion of More himself: More, ever the devout son of the Roman Church, the unflinching champion of her most distinctive doctrines and practices, and the martyr for the jurisdiction of her Supreme Pontiff.

Once more. The Bishop of Peterborough, the moderation and equity of whose judgments are usually as conspicuous as the breadth and soundness of his learning, is certainly unfair * in his comments on the contrast between More's plea for toleration in the 'Utopia' and the apology for intolerance put forward by More when Chancellor. King Utopus 'gave to every man free liberty and choice to believe what he would.' Even those who held the most noxious opinions were put to no punishment, because the Utopians 'be persuaded that it is in no man's

* See his 'Hulsean Lectures on Persecution and Tolerance,' pp. 104–9. We may point out another error into which this distinguished prelate has fallen concerning More. He speaks of him as 'a man who had the courage to lay down his life on behalf of his opinions when his personal honour was at stake.' It is clear from More's own words, quoted by us at p. 355, that what he believed to be at stake was not his personal honour, but the salvation of his soul—which is not quite the same thing.

power

power to believe what he list.' So More the philosopher, says the Bishop; and now hear More the Chancellor, addressing himself to the confutation of Tyndale, and declaring, 'It appertaineth to my part and duty to follow the example of his noble Grace; and after my poor wit and learning with opening to his people the malice and poison of those pernicious books, to help as much as in me is, that his people abandoning the contagion of all such pestilent writing, may be far from all infection, and thereby from all such punishment as following thereupon, doth oftentimes rather serve to make other beware that are yet clear, than to cure and heal well those that are already infected: so hard is that carbuncle, catching once a core, to be well and surely cured. Howbeit, God so worketh: and sometimes it is. Toward the help whereof, or if it haply be incurable, then to the clean cutting out that part for infection of the remnant, am I, by mine office, in virtue of my oath, right especially bounden.' More is to Bishop Creighton 'a type of that pseudo-liberalism which obscures and confuses every question which it touches.' He is one of those who asserted liberty of thought as a speculative right, [but] showed little capacity for acting on their principles. He 'deceived himself with the belief that he was saving society by putting his principles aside . . . following the example of the King's noble grace till the King was ready to apply to him the same measure of justice as himself had applied to others.' Surely the sufficient answer to the Bishop of Peterborough is, that More's lot was cast, not in Utopia, where a philosophical Deism prevailed, but in sixteenth-century England, where the Catholic religion was the very foundation of civil society, where theological unity was the very keystone of the public order. The polity in which More held the highest judicial office, was of the kind described by Jeremy Taylor: 'The commonwealth is made a Church: the law of the nation made a part of the religion: Christ is made King, and the temporal power is His substitute. But if we say, like the people in the Gospel, "Nolumus hunc regnare," then God has armed the temporal power with a sword to cut us off.'

When More wrote the 'Utopia' in 1516, Luther had not begun his innovations, but was still protesting—and undoubtedly in good faith—his loyalty to the Catholic Church and the Supreme Pontiff. When More wrote his confutation of Tyndale in 1532, the very framework of civil society in half Germany had been well-nigh wrecked by religious revolutionists, seeking to force their new opinions upon the rest of the community. How was it possible for More, the

the statesman, to advocate toleration of sectaries, who sought violently to subvert the existing religion with which the civil order was so strictly united? Or for More, the magistrate, to ignore the provisions of the laws he had sworn to administer, for the maintenance of that religion? The Bishop of Peterborough's remark that More followed 'the example of the King's noble grace till the King was ready to apply to him the same measure of justice as himself had applied to others,' is doubtless a rhetorically effective conclusion of a paragraph. But we must take leave to say that it is singularly unworthy of the learned and large-minded prelate who has indited it. More, in dealing with cases of heresy as Chancellor, was most scrupulous not only to keep within the law, but in all possible ways to mitigate its severity.* His judicial murder has been described by a high legal authority—Lord Campbell—as 'the blackest crime that ever has been perpetrated in England under the forms of law.' How can it be seriously maintained that 'the same measure of justice' was applied to More, 'as himself had applied to others'?

Commending that question to the careful consideration of the Bishop of Peterborough, we return for a moment to the 'Utopia.' Nisard has described it, accurately enough, as 'the *jeu d'esprit* of a scholar rather than the declaration of principles of a reformer.' But More had a serious purpose in writing the 'Utopia,' although he chose, characteristically enough, to mask that purpose under a veil of humour. The book is, indeed, no declaration of principles; but it is an indictment of the state of society in which More found himself, and an aspiration after a fairer and juster ordering of the commonwealth. Nay, surely, we can trace in it, as we generally may in the works of genius, something vaticinatory; some forecast of 'the prophetic soul of the great world, dreaming on things to come.' Rudhart finds it underlain by three great truths: that toleration should prevail in matters of religious belief; that all political power should not be vested in a single hand; that the well-being of the body politic depends upon the ethical and religious fitness (*Tüchtigkeit*) of its members. The first two of these truths we may reckon—it must be hoped—among the secure conquests of the modern mind. The third, perhaps, is, as yet, by no means

* Erasmus (Ep. 1810) speaks of More's 'singular clemency' in dealing with heretics. But the testimony of More himself, in the thirty-sixth chapter of his 'Apology,' is conclusive: 'Of al that ever came in my hand for heresye, as helpe me God, save as I said, the sure keeping of them, had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fylyppe on the forehead.' (English Works, p. 901.) More, if any man, may be believed on his bare word.

generally

generally apprehended. Nay, is there not a tendency, and more than a tendency, in this age, to ignore those spiritual and moral forces which are the true factors of virility and the real sources of national greatness?—to seek that necessity which determines the course of national history, not in national character, but in merely external causes, in mechanical force, in occult destiny? Is it not very generally forgotten or denied, that education, properly considered, is not the mere sharpening of the wits, nor 'the acquisition of saleable knowledge,' but a high, stern, ethical discipline; its primary function, in the august words of Milton, 'to teach the people faith, not without virtue, temperance, sobriety, modesty, justice'—the only way in which, as he justly discerned, it is possible 'to make the people the fittest to choose and the chosen fittest to govern'?

Such are some of the thoughts which are suggested to us as we turn over the pages of the 'Utopia,'—'that charming and faithful reflection of More's mind in the years when it was most free, most impartial, most open to ideas of every kind, even to such as harmonize least with the religious exaltation of his first youth, and the dogmatic bitterness of the closing years of his life.' But, however acted on by the circumstances of the age, from first to last, as Rudhart has well observed, More's character is all of a piece. 'Because right is right, to follow right was, from first to last, the principle which ruled his life. The all-encroaching, all-absorbing despotism of Henry VIII. corrupted not only the King himself, but his ministers, his courtiers, his Parliaments, the nation at large.' 'He turned the theory of kingship into action: "the King can do no wrong"; therefore men shall call right all that he does.'* '"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer.' What has truth to do with it? was the thought, expressed or not, of the men who cowered before Henry VIII., when the royal will was declared. The King's volition was their one rule of faith and action. But More 'would not make his reason blind.' To him may be applied, in fullest measure, the eulogy of the Roman poet:—

> 'Sub principe duro,
> Temporibusque malis, ausus es esse bonus.'

It was no ordinary daring. It was no ordinary manifestation of the triumph of those ideal forces, which we spoke of earlier in this article, over material forces; of right over might, of

* Stubbs, 'Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History,' p. 246.

justice over fact. It was no ordinary vindication of the freedom of the rational will to follow its transcendental law. Nor is it easy to overestimate the value of one single life like More's. Duty, self-devotion, sacrifice,—the things written upon every page of it,—what is the explanation of them? They are inexplicable apart from the supersensuous, the ideal, the divine and eternal. The great heroes of conscience—of all heroes the greatest—are indeed, in Cicero's words, 'lumina quædam probitatis et veritatis': 'the light of the world,' as a greater than Cicero has said, putting visibly before the multitude excellences which else had

> 'Seemed like a dream of the heart,
> Seemed but a cry of desire.'

'These are they who are ordained, in God's providence, to be the salt of the earth; to continue, in their turn, the succession of His witnesses, though death sweep away each successive generation of them to their rest and their reward. These communicate their light to a number of lesser luminaries, by whom, in its turn, it is distributed through the world. . . . And thus, the self-same fire, once kindled on Moriah, though seeming at intervals to fail, has at length reached us in safety, and will in like manner, as we trust, be carried forward, even to the end.' *

* J. H. Newman's 'Oxford University Sermons,' pp. 95–7.

ART.

ART. III.—1. *The Earldom of Mar in Sunshine and Shade during* 500 *Years.* By the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. Edinburgh, 1882.

2. *Spalding Club Publications.* Edinburgh and Aberdeen, 1840–1870.

3. *New Spalding Club Publications.* Aberdeen, 1887–1894.

4. *Aberdeen: its Traditions and History.* By William Robbie. Aberdeen, 1893.

5. *The New Book of Bon-Accord.* By William Cadenhead. Aberdeen, 1879.

6. *A Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral, and King's College of Old Aberdeen.* By William Orem. Aberdeen, 1791.

THE north-eastern district of Scotland has a distinctive character and colouring of its own, due to natural features, to climate, to the special development of local history in the past, and to the bent and genius of its inhabitants. Its boundaries are clearly marked out by ocean, mountain range, and river; and while it comprises every variety of scenery, and a civic and intellectual centre second to none in its blending of ancient tradition with industrial activity, the whole region retains a complexion of its own which distinguishes it alike from the rest of the eastern lowlands and from the territories that adjoin it on the north and west. 'From the North Water to Spey' was in old days a section of the Scottish realm that for many purposes stood by itself. To the traveller the change is more marked as he passes from the greyer colouring of Banffshire into the rich fields of the 'Laigh o' Moray,' than it is when he crosses the North Esk. Still Kincardineshire, even in 'the Howe o' the Mearns,' is not the same as Forfarshire, and its northern parishes and 'fisher-towns' are *ejusdem generis* with those of Buchan, Boyne, and Enzie. Within this wide region there is a central portion, the limits of which are marked off in the same manner by rivercourses, which combines most of the natural features that give variety to its scenery, and contains nearly all the great centres of civil power and social activity recorded in history as guiding its development. This is the territory forming the ancient Mormaership and later Earldom of Mar, embracing the districts between the Don and the Dee, and extending from the inmost recesses and loftiest heights of the Highland hills where these take their rise, to the point where there nestles between their lower reaches and behind the sandhills that stay the breakers of the German Ocean the twin city of New and Old Aberdeen.

No region in broad Scotland yields more of interest to the explorer alike of its scenery and its history. The site in Roman times of the Caledonian Devana, the seat in later years of the regal or quasi-regal power that was swayed from the ancient castle of Braemar and the lordly towers of Kildrummy, and presenting to the view, at the only place where it touches the sea, the roofs and spires of the busy streets and the venerable crown and old grey towers of a secluded but scholarly community, whose combination long ago won for Aberdeen the designations alike of the 'London of the North' and the 'Oxford of Scotland'; containing in its bounds the battle-fields of Culbleen, Corrichie, and Craibstane, of Alford, Bridge of Dee, and oft-stricken Aberdeen; furnishing many a weird tradition of feudal hate and clan strife, and yet blending with these the burgher records of the good town of 'Bon-Accord'; exhibiting every variety of prospect, 'both forest and field,' from the bare summits and precipice-overhung lochlets of Lochnagar and the Cairngorms to the rich fields that border the lower course of Don, and the little fisher-village still to be traced amid the streets at the mouth of the Dee; unpolluted by the smoke always associated with subterranean industry, and enjoying a climate unequalled within the British seas for the clearness of the atmosphere and the bracing quality of the air,—ancient Mar not only offers a pleasant land to live in, but affords the student of the past a rich and picturesque field.

Mar is, roughly speaking, the district lying between the rivers Don and Dee; but on their upper courses includes the land on both banks of these rivers, watered by them and their tributaries. It consists of three portions: Midmar, the easterly low-country district, lying between the lower reaches of Dee and Don; Cromar (or the heart of Mar), being the central part of the province, and consisting mainly of the four parishes lying in a central hollow of their own, almost midway between the two great rivers; and Braemar, or the Braes of Mar, being the mountainous and purely Highland portion to the west. Each of these districts has its own character and charm, and the same is true of the two rivers. According to an old rhyme,

> 'The river Dee for fish and tree,
> The river Don for horn and corn';

and the same truth has been otherwise expressed,

> 'Ae mile of Don's worth twa o' Dee,
> Except for salmon, stone, and tree';

a comparative estimate, which must have been formed in days before

before the dark saying of the Cailleach-Breathrach—the Thunderbolt Carline, or famed witch of Glengairn—was fulfilled :—

> 'If the children of the Gael but knew the value
> Of the crop of the heath or of the egg of the fowl,
> The fowl would be dearer than the cow,
> And the glen would be dearer than the strath.'

The colouring of Donside wants the rich hues of purple heather, the dark shades of the pine-woods, the blending of birch and oak and bracken, the bold outlines, the precipitous heights, the swift clear current over the stony bed that distinguish Dee above all other Scottish streams; yet pleasant are the haughs through which classic Don flows from Inverurie to the shade of St. Machar's cathedral towers, fair is the vale of Alford, and strong is the secluded charm of the winding strath, at each bend of which a tributary stream offers itself as the lineal representative of the river's course to the ascending traveller. From where it turns aside on emerging from the glen into the strath, after its southward course down the slopes of the Cairngorms, Dee runs a marvellously straight, uniform, and rapid course to the German Sea; but the features of the sister river are well illustrated in the saying, used of a deceitful man, 'He has as many crooks as Don.' The main tributaries of Dee join in a slanting direction; those of Don as often strike its course at right angles, and appear to guide it into their own channel. While the streams that swell the Dee often flow from a mountain loch, not a single tarn supplies those that join the Don. But both rivers are alike in this. Both reach the ocean, laden with memories of ancient towers and castles and picturesque mansions which crown their banks, rich in recollections of Roman camp and prehistoric monument, and crimson with bloody traditions of feudal hate, highland raids, and strife of clans.

The district of Mar and its inhabitants were famous of old, for an old Latin line runs—

> '*Marria sic Musis amata,*'

and an ancient rhyme tells of

> 'The brave bowmen of Mar.'

'It is reckoned the chief district in Aberdeenshire,' wrote old Sir Samuel Forbes, 'and the people in it the most ingenious, excelling both in arts and arms.' The 'Duca di Marra' appears in the verse of Ariosto, along with the 'Conte di Boccania' and a 'Forbesse'; and Donald, son of Eimin, son of Cainnech, Mormaer

Mormaer of Mar, is chronicled in ancient Irish annals as falling at the head of the Scottish auxiliaries at the great battle of Clontarf in 1014. 'Of the race of Ivar is he, and he is of the Clan Leod of Ara.' Mar and Buchan were each great mormaerships prior to the coming of Columba, and the lords of both ranked among the seven Earls of Scotland. Ruadri, or Rotheri, appears as Earl of Mar in the charters of Alexander I. and David I., and was followed by Morgund, who for a time was superseded by Gilchrist, till in 1171 the rights of Morgund were again recognized. Apparently a controversy as to his legitimacy ended in a compromise and a partition of the territory which separated the Lowland from the Highland portions, and assigned the former to the family of Durward, while 'the Highland districts of Strathdee, Braemar, and Strathdon constituted the comitatus or demesne of the Celtic Earls, and preserved their Gaelic population.'

The line of the Celtic earls continued till the reign of Robert II., when for a time this ancient northern earldom became by marriage an appanage of the head of the House of Douglas, the invasion signalized by the fight of Otterburn being planned at far-away Aberdeen. Once more a strange marriage transferred it to the Stewarts in the person of the victor of Harlaw, and ultimately, in Queen Mary's time, the undoubted right by descent of the Erskines to its honours and lands, which for more than a hundred years had been disregarded by the Jameses in the settled policy of depressing the greater nobility, was recognized. The charter described the earldom as containing 'Strathdon, Braemar, Cromar, and Strathdee'; and the subsidiary litigation of a lifetime also recovered the principal messuage of Kildrummy, then in the hands of the Elphinstones, and asserted the rights of property and superiority rightly vested in the lineal representatives of the old Celtic earls. The restored dignity and lands were held by the Erskines until the forfeiture that followed the first Jacobite rising. The rights of superiority were subsequently transferred by the Erskines to the Duffs, and the remaining lands sold to Farquharson of Invercauld, Gordon of Wardhouse, and others. Into the famous controversy between the two Earls of Mar, the heir-general and the heir-male, which has followed the separation of the title from the region, it is unnecessary to enter. Yet may we re-echo Lord Crawford's words as to the earldom: 'It is the only survivor of the ancient—I may say, pre-historic—mormaerships of Scotland; its extinction would be tantamount to the loss of one of the brightest jewels which adorn the British crown.'

The

The chief seat of the Celtic mormaers and earls from the earliest period was at Kildrummy, on the Upper Don, where the ruins of the castle, with its Snow Tower, most imposing of seven, attest the magnificence of its lords, and form a not unworthy monument of its importance as a national stronghold and a centre of power. It was repaired and added to in the reign of Alexander II., and no ruin in the north of Scotland recalls events more illustrative of the history of the nation, more suggestive of varying states of society, or more full of local interest. Besieged by Edward Longshanks, occupied by Sir William Wallace, it was the home of Lady Christian Bruce, sister of the great King Robert and wife of Graitney, Earl of Mar. It witnessed the doing to death of Sir Malcolm Drummond, first husband of Lady Isabella of Douglas, Countess of Mar, and sister of the hero of Otterburn; it saw also the fierce assault when Alexander Stewart carried by storm the castle and its lady's heart. It was burnt by the English in Cromwell's time, and the new house was again burnt by the Highlanders at the Revolution.

The city of Aberdeen occupies a position clearly designated by Nature for the civic capital not merely of the province of Mar, but of all North-Eastern Scotland. Guarded against sudden incursion from the south by the swiftly-flowing Dee, and from the north by the slower but no less dangerous Don, and rising on its three eminences of the Castle, the Gallow and St. Catherine's Hills, as the capital of the world upon her seven, the 'Granite City' has seen the advantages of its site in early perils escaped, and in the rapid development of later days. But let the stranger without the gates beware of a trap set for him in the name Old Aberdeen. Old Aberdeen, also known as 'the Old Town,' is indeed an old town with a hoary past of its own, but it is not the old town of Aberdeen. Indeed, the modern city—for distinction sometimes called New Aberdeen—carries back its traditions quite as far, and in all probability was in existence before St. Machar, according to the beautiful legend which the authentic evidence in existence of the movements of his master St. Columba in Buchan enables us to receive with some credence, came in the course of his wanderings to a river whose windings near its mouth resembled a Bishop's staff, and there, recognizing the sign St. Columba had given him, made his habitation, and devoutly accepted his God-given sphere of labour. It was apparently only after the castle and town of Aberdeen had been burnt by the English and the town rose from its ashes, that the term New Aberdeen came into life, and the

the old 'Kirktown of Seatoun' acquired a title, now fully fortified by prescription, to the name of 'Old Aberdeen.'

The true etymology of the name is not definitely established. One ancient form, Aberdon, requires no interpretation, and it is also found in others which link it as decisively with the Dee. But in view of the topography, and especially of the fact that originally the Don followed a southward course within the sandhills, and in bygone times probably met the Dee in a common estuary, the suggestion that it represents Aber-da-awon, or the town at the mouth of the two rivers, is so true to Nature, and apparently so consonant with the rules that govern Celtic nomenclature, as to merit a qualified acceptance. There could be no greater contrast than is afforded by the busy wharves on the harbour reclaimed from the Dee, and the handsome buildings of light grey granite, beautiful in grain, which line the long and spacious thoroughfare that yields only to Princes Street, Edinburgh, and the old rough-paved causeways of the old town, the quaint gateways, the darker-hued masonry of King's College, and the old Cathedral, with its still standing western towers, that overlooks a quiet and sequestered reach of the Don, above the gorge spanned by the single-arch bridge whose history goes back to the days of the Bruce. If on the practical side Aberdeen has been noted for a hard-headedness, illustrated in the saying that no Jew could make a living there, and the exceptional size of the hats required in its shops, nowhere has the intellectual ardour of the Scot and the erudition painfully acquired on a scanty pittance and the typical plate of porridge, been more conspicuous than in 'the old University town, looking out on the cold North Sea,' where

> 'O'er the College chapel a grey stone crown
> Lightsomely soars above tree and town,
> Lightsomely fronts the Minster towers,
> Lightsomely chimes out the passing hours,
> To the solemn knell of their deep-toned bell;
> Kirk and College keeping time,
> Faith and Learning chime for chime,'

and where,

> 'Sitting o' nights in his silent room,
> The student hears the lonesome boom
> Of breaking waves on the long sand reach,
> And the chirming of pebbles along the beach.'

The northern town has an ancient and chequered history, second only in its vicissitudes, if indeed second, to that of Edinburgh. The

The tradition cherished by its older annalists that it owed its position as a royal burgh to the quasi-mythical Gregory the Great, who undoubtedly 'ruled the kingdom of the Scots and Picts by some singular title in the end of the ninth century,' must be surrendered. But in 1183 it was sacked by the Norsemen under Eystein. Thus says Einarr Skulason:—

> 'I heard the overthrow of people,
> The clash of broken arms was loud,
> The King destroyed the peace
> Of the dwellers in Apardion.'

It received charters from William the Lion, one of which, in 1179, confirmed to the burgesses their right of trading 'as freely, peaceably, fully and honourably, as their ancestors enjoyed in the times of David his grandfather.' The same king bestowed on the Red Friars his palace and garden on the south side of the town. In it also Alexander II. founded a monastery of his favourite Order, the Black Friars or Dominicans, and soon after a house of the Carmelites or White Friars was established. Many years later, in 1471, the Grey Friars or Franciscans were settled on the spot occupied by Marischal College.

The Castle of Aberdeen first appears in the reign of Alexander III., and Edward I. found there 'a faire castell and a goode towne uponn the se.' Wallace visited it in the course of his campaigns. In it Robert the Bruce, after the unfortunate field of Methven, found a welcome refuge, and there he was joined by the Queen and 'other ladyis fair and farand.'

> 'Ilk ane for luff off thair husband,
> That for leyle luff and leawte
> Would partenerys off thair paynys be.'

There he refreshed, wearied and shoeless after the long retreat, till forced to take to the hills again. The townsmen were faithful to his cause; they went to his aid when he confronted the Comyns at Inverurie, and according to an old tradition, excited by the victory, hastened to the town, and to the watchword of 'Bon Accord' rose upon the English garrison in the night and put them to the sword. An attempt to recover the city was defeated, though the castle seems to have made a stout defence. The captives were hanged, the Canons in vain interceding for mercy, and only obtaining permission to bury the slain at the postern of St. Nicholas church, and enforcing the penance of repairing to the chapel on the Castle hill every Sunday to pray for the souls of the victims. The tradition which connects the arms of the city and the motto with this action may be baseless, but there is no doubt

doubt that it stood ever in high favour with King Robert, who bestowed upon it the Fores of the Stocket. When, however, Edward III. invaded Scotland, the city was again, after a sharp battle on the Green, taken, sacked, and burnt by an English force which landed at Dunottar.

After these vicissitudes the Aberdonians, thinking it better not to invite calamities, preferred to dedicate the site of the Castle to religious objects, and so the hill remained unfortified until the days of the Commonwealth, when, as a contemporary writer quaintly records, 'St. Ninian could not keep his chapel and his hill from being enclosed with a sconce, built with lyme and stone to a great height by the Englishes, once more master thereoff.' The stout burghers of Aberdeen marched with the Earl of Mar *in defensione villæ et pro patriæ libertate* to the red field of Harlaw, and brought back the body of 'gude Sir Robert Davidsone,' their Provost, to lay it before the altar of St. Ann near the great arch of the steeple of St. Nicholas church, where more than three hundred years later its remains were discovered with a crimson cap upon the skull. An illustration of the perils to which city life was exposed so late as the sixteenth century is found in the fact that the city was twice attacked in less than six years by feudal barons and their followers. In 1525 three 'potent barons of the Garioch,' the Leslies of Balquhain and Wardhouse and Seton of Meldrum, entered by night with fourscore spearmen, and attacked the citizens, who lost eighty killed and wounded before the invaders were repulsed. Stringent regulations were made for the fortification and watching of the town, but on a Sunday in 1530, the Forbeses of Pitsligo and Brux, 'Evil Willie,' and others of their strong-handed clan, in revenge for the omission of the tun of wine which the Council was accustomed to send to Lord Forbes for protecting the town's fishings on Dee and Don, made a similar raid. On this occasion the townsmen forced the enemy into the Grey Friars place, where they besieged them for twenty-four hours and then allowed them to depart.

The city of Aberdeen was a favourite with the Scottish kings of the Stuart line no less than of previous dynasties, and their frequent visits were the occasion of much good cheer and rejoicing. From the Earl Marischal's lodging indeed the unfortunate Mary suffered the first of her sad Scottish experiences, as she encountered the reproachful gaze of the handsome Sir John Gordon, when the scaffold was erected after the field of Corrichie, and

> 'Cruel Murray gart our waefu' Queen look out
> To see her lover and lieges slain.'

But

But the Queens of James IV., James V., and James VI., all met with right royal receptions there. Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653 declared that 'Aberdeen for honesty, good fashions, and learning surpasseth as far all other towns and cities in Scotland, as London doeth for greatness, wealth, and magnificence the smallest hamlet or village in England.' Dunbar, the poet of James IV.'s court, more than a century before, wrote:

'Blyth Aberdene, thow beriall of all townis,
The Lamp of Bewtie, Bountie, and Blythnes;
Unto the Heaven ascendit thy Renown is,
Off vertew, wisdome, and of worthines;
He nottit is thy name of nobilnes;—
Be blyth and blissfull Burgh of Aberdeen!'

The old classification of Scotsmen into 'men of the South, people of the West, gentlemen of the North, and folk of Fife,' harmonizes with the character thus given to Aberdeen, and with the reputation for courteous and cordial hospitality, learning and loyalty, which was long sustained by 'the braife toun of Bon-Accord.' It maintained relations of remarkable good will with the mighty Earl of Mar, the victor of Harlaw, and with the House of Huntly, which succeeded to the supremacy of the North of Scotland. No Scottish burgh has taken a better care of its annals, which are extant and practically complete from the year 1398, and the townsmen of Aberdeen at the Reformation protected their old church from the fury of a rabble from Angus and Mearns, who had entered the town 'under colour and pretence of Godly Reformation.' Some of the inhabitants soon, however, joined with the Reformers in attacking the monasteries; but even there the work of destruction was checked a little by the magistrates, while the interposition of Leslie of Balquhain, acting on behalf of the Earl of Huntly, saved the ancient granite cathedral of St. Machar from the hands of the destroyers.

In the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century Aberdeen occupied a unique position as the civic capital of the Cavalier district, and suffered accordingly. In the wave of Covenanting enthusiasm which then spread over Scotland the community of sentiment which linked the feudal power of the Gordon name, the learned doctors of Aberdeen, and apparently the large majority of the citizens of the brave town, in attachment to the Royal cause, is a remarkable phenomenon. A curious passage in one of the pulpit harangues delivered in the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, alludes to two quaint sayings or customs associated with the character of its inhabitants:

'"Lastly," said Mr. James Row, "I must speak a word to you that

that are strangers." Then turning himself to the Provost, Baylives, and Doctors of Aberdeen, who sat in a Gallerie by themselves, he said: "It may bee that ye doe not subscribe the Covenant, because, when ye came hither on your Civill Affaires, you promised not to subscribe it. Will ye tak my advyce? I say, Aberdeen's men, will ye tak your word again?" (An Aberdeen man may recant his first bargaine if he please.) "Let me advyse you to play Aberdeen men's parts, and goe home and drink the Cup of Bon-Accord, and joine to the Kirk of Scotland, and subscryve the Covenant."'

The origin of the privilege of 'taking back his word again,' enjoyed by an Aberdonian, is shrouded in mystery, but the cup of Bon-Accord was 'the silver cup double over gilt with gold,' in which the magistrates of 'that Aberdeen so generally discoursed by the Scots for civility' were accustomed to pledge illustrious strangers. Alas! the 'paragon of Scotland' and the cup of Bon-Accord had alike fallen on evil times. When the deputation of ministers and noblemen from Edinburgh arrived to urge the Covenant,

'the provost and baillies,' says old Spalding, the charming local annalist of those days, 'courteously salutes them at their lodging; offers them wine and confects according to their laudable custom for their welcome: but this their courteous offer was disdainfully refused, saying they would drink none with them till first the Covenant was subscryved: whereat the provost and baillies was somewhat offended. Always they took their leave suddenly; caused deal the wine in the bead-house amongst the poor men, whilk they so disdainfully had refused, whereof the like was never done to Aberdeen in no man's memorie.'

The cup of Bon-Accord itself was soon after handed over by a town council of the Covenanting party 'to the use and service of the kirk.' It would be too long to trace how the learned Doctors posed 'the Apostles of the Covenant' with their written queries; how disputation succeeded to discourtesy, and the clash of arms to the war of pens and tongues; how the city was again and again attacked and occupied by Covenanter and Cavalier; how the Covenanting ministers denounced it as 'Meroz, which came not to help the Lord against the mighty'; how many of its loyalists 'hoist sails and to the king go they'; how the sword of the Covenant was fleshed in its dogs slaughtered on the streets, for despite done through them to the blue ribbon: or to detail the many graphic scenes it witnessed which are pictured in the pages of Spalding and Gordon of Rothiemay. Suffice it to say that it was occupied no less than nine times by armies in the course of the strife; that the first serious action was the battle of the Bridge of Dee, when it fell before Montrose

as

as a Covenanter; that it suffered most at the hands of his Irishmen, when he appeared there as a Cavalier; and that King Charles had already taken his fatal resolution when it was last reconquered for him by the Marquis of Huntly and his gallant kin in 'an onfall'—thought, says a writer of the day, 'to be one of the hottest pieces of service that hapned since this unnatural warr began, both in regard of the eagerness of the pursuers and valour of the defenders.' 'There was no citie in Scotland,' says another eye-witness, 'which did suffer more than Aberdeen did nor oftener, either cessing, quartering, plundering, burning, or slaughtering the inhabitants.' No city was more exuberant in its joy at the Restoration, and the years which followed were for it a period of welcome rest and prosperity.

The ancient saints whose names were associated with the Christianization of Mar, were St. Wolock, who in the fifth century is said to have preached to the people, 'being even at that time savage and unconverted, insomuch that they had no church among them, nor any belief of hell torments'; St. Nachlan or Nathalan, of whom a miracle is recorded like the legend of Polycrates, who 'followed the primitive employment of husbandry, though nobly born, but gave away his increase to the poor'; St. Manire, who at a later date 'travelled painfully among the Highlanders of the upper parts of Mar,' and to whom the church of Crathie was dedicated; St. Devenick, the Apostle of Caithness, revered on the Lower Dee; and St. Machar, who gave his name to the cathedral that rose on the site of his chapel where the Don took the form of a crosier. Tradition records that Malcolm II. erected a See at Murthlach in Bamffshire, in memory of his victory over the Danes, which was translated by King David I. to Aberdeen in 1136; St. Nectan, the Bishop, being one of the trusted counsellors of the saintly if not sainted monarch. He endowed the bishopric with substantial lands, and Nectan was the first of a line of prelates, many of whose names are associated with works that still exist, and with the large public transactions of their times. The Cathedral, of which the nave and western towers still stand, was commenced by Bishop Kinninmond (third of the name) in 1357, upon the site of older edifices. It is uncertain whether the credit of the old Bridge of Don, the Rhymer's weird as to which so disturbed the youthful mind of Lord Byron,—

> 'Brig o' Balgounie, wicht is your wa',
> Wi' a wife's ae son and a mare's ae foal
> Down shall ye fa,'—

is to be attributed to Bishop Cheyne's public spirit, or to King Robert's

Robert's allocation of the episcopal revenues during the time spent in exile in England by this prelate, who had originally adhered to the cause of his relatives, the Comyns. The Bridge of Dee, a graceful structure of seven arches, which gave access from the south, owed its erection in the sixteenth century to the two Bishops who have cast most lustre on the See of Aberdeen, William Elphinstone and Gavin Dunbar. No name commands more sincere veneration from loyal Aberdonians than that of the good Bishop Elphinstone, who, 'by his economy of a slender revenue,' was able to do great things, who founded the University of Old Aberdeen in 1494, finished the great tower of the Cathedral, and combined great personal piety and learning with a reputation as 'the greatest lawyer, the ablest statesman, the most accomplished orator of his time, and the truest friend to the tranquillity, peace, and glory of his country.' After the fatal field of Flodden he was never seen to smile; but, old man as he was, he was recalled from the quiet in which he had hoped to end his days in Aberdeen, to compose the differences which had arisen among the nobility. He died at Edinburgh, but after a year or two his work was again worthily taken up by Bishop Gavin Dunbar, under whose auspices was limned the heraldic ceiling 'which represents to us the still unbroken commonwealth of Western Europe before expiring chivalry passed away with the last breath of Bayard.' A century later the most eminent of the Protestant Bishops, Patrick Forbes of Corse, visited and solemnly restored the University to Bishop Elphinstone's foundation.

The signs of the impending storm are unmistakable in the frank representation made by the Dean and Chapter to the last Catholic Bishop in 1558, in which he is asked to take steps towards a reformation of the diocese, and to begin by being 'so gude as to schew gude and edificative example, in speciale in dischargeing himself of company of the gentillwoman be whom he is greatly sclanderit,' and to 'causs his Lordschip's servands to reforme thamselffis, becaus next himself it seems him to begin at his awin houshald.' The Reformation was followed by the foundation, by the Earl Marischal in the New Town, of the independent College called by his name, and bearing the proud reply to those who shook their heads at his large acquisitions from the property of the overthrown Church: 'They say; what say they: let them say,' which enabled Aberdeen for many generations to boast that it supported as many Universities as the whole of England. It scattered the ecclesiastical community who had dwelt in the precincts known as the Chanonry, but it was not till the days of the Civil War that the destruction

destruction of the carvings and embellishments of the Cathedral was thoroughly accomplished by the zealots of the Covenant, while Cromwell's Independent soldiers finally carried off the stones of the chancel for the walls of the fortification over which floated their banner bearing the word 'Emanuel.' And it was not till after the Revolution of 1688 that the old town was deserted by many of those from the country districts who had been attracted by the society of which the Bishop and his clergy were the centre, and finally handed over to the Professors of King's College.

The Romans found the north of Scotland in the possession of two great Celtic tribes, the Taixali and the Vacomagi, the former of whom occupied the lowlands of Aberdeenshire, and the latter Moray and the valley of the Spey. The Highland portion of Mar seems to have been held by the Vacomagi, and to have remained till modern times the seat of perhaps the purest race of the early inhabitants of Scotland. But modern research favours the opinion that Devana, the great city or township of the Taixali, lay around Loch Kinnord, in what was then the forest of Culbleen, and is now the bare moor of Dinnet. Certain it is that the traces of early habitation are thickly scattered over the neighbourhood; that the early battle-stone, the later flint arrowhead and stone cup, bear witness to the first stages of human progress; and that the artificial islands raised on piles and ancient canoes found in Loch Kinnord, as well as the hill forts crowning the eminences around, indicate a centre of population showing all the characteristics of the chief settlement of a powerful tribe. Many a Gaelic name translated reveals a record of this prehistoric past. The 'View Fort,' 'The Treasure Hill,' the 'Hill of the Women,' to which they were probably sent for security in dangerous hours, the 'Fort of the Ford,' the 'Fort of the Water,' and the 'Headland of Sacrifice,' are all eloquent of an important community organized for defence, and preserving institutions of its own. Tradition tells of a great battle fought with the Romans. Roman articles have been recovered from the lake, and it seems probable that the fate of many another community overtook the capital of the Taixali, and that it never recovered the swoop of the Imperial eagles.

When the first rays of Scottish history penetrate the recesses of Mar, Loch Kinnord divides with Braemar the honours of royal residence and centre of attraction. King Kenneth, who is said to have defeated the Picts near Kintore, still gives his name to a crag overlooking the Dee, and Malcolm Canmore had a hunting seat, if not for a time his seat of government, at Braemar,

Braemar, while he is said to have fought a bloody battle with the Danes on the ridges to the east of Loch Kinnord, where Mulloch Cairn marks the grave of the Norse chief, whose broken bands were chased with slaughter all the way to Aberdeen. Many are the local legends associated with the name of the strong-handed husband of the sainted Queen Margaret, and a harsher ordeal than that of William Tell did he prescribe to the ancestor of the McHardys, who saw the apple placed on the head of his infant son held in the mother's arms on the opposite bank of Dee. In Lumphanan his warriors overtook and slew the fugitive Macbeth, who found the presage of approaching disaster in the name 'Mortlich,' the 'slack of death'; and if the castle on Loch Kinnord was not built by him, it was certainly restored or enlarged in the days of his son. The ancient race of Durward, who stood second to none among the great nobles who encircled the throne of the old Celtic dynasty, had extensive possessions in Mar, putting forward at one time a claim to the earldom, and sharing largely in a partition of its original bounds; for in the middle of the thirteenth century Lord Alan, the Hostiarius, who was also Earl of Athole and great Justiciary of Scotland, and is described as 'the most accomplished knight and best military leader of his time,' was the lord of a region stretching from Invercanny on the Dee to Alford on the Don, and all the way from Skene on the east to Coull on the west, where his great castle stood, north-westward from the hospital founded by his race at the passage of the Dee, at Kincardine O'Neil. The family fell from their high estate; but such was the memory of their power and fame that centuries later it was said that 'still the kirkbell of Coull tolls of its own accord when a Durward dies.' Among the early Norman settlers was the great family of Bisset, whose chief Aberdeenshire seat was the 'Peel of Aboyne,' also at one time a royal residence, and whose prosperity was withered when their feudal enemy, the Earl of Athole, was burnt in his lodgings in Haddington in 1242. Although the family was proscribed and exiled, the lordship of Aboyne is again found associated with their name, but it ultimately passed by marriage through the Frasers and the Keiths to the house of Huntly early in the fifteenth century.

The War of Independence found Kildrummy on the north of the Don, and Kinnord, situated on the direct route from Kildrummy to Brechin and the south, the chief castles of inland Mar. To Kildrummy King Robert in his days of adversity sent his wife and her ladies for safety, and it was captured after a strenuous defence conducted by his gallant young brother, Nigel

Nigel Bruce, who with other brave knights perished on the scaffold. It is said that when every assault failed the English bribed a blacksmith of the garrison, who introduced a red-hot bar of iron into a store of forage, and set the castle on fire. They paid him the exact sum of money for which he had sold his comrades and his country's cause by pouring it molten down his throat. Twice in seven years did Edward Longshanks halt his armies at Kinnord, whilst traversing the north of Scotland, and in its near vicinity was fought the fierce battle foretold by the sage of Ercildoun in the words,

> 'In Culbleen they'll meet,
> Stalwart, stark, and stern,'

which restored the tottering throne of King Robert's son. David of Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, and heir through his mother of the great house of Comyn, had risen against the Regent, and beleaguered his wife Lady Christian Bruce in Kildrummy. The Regent was on the Borders, but he hastened north without delay, accompanied by several of the knights most famed in the English wars. Athole raised the siege of Kildrummy, and advanced to meet Sir Andrew Moray, whose approach he awaited in the forest of Culbleen. The southern force was led by a higher path through the woods, and, leaving their horses behind, moved to the attack in the early morning on foot. Athole assembled his men in a small path, in the centre of which he stood, and to a great stone that stood beside it

> 'He said, "Be Goddies face, we twa
> The flight on us sall samen ta."'

William Douglas, who led the attack, seeing the stout front of the foe, took his spear in both hands, held it across the path, and stayed his impatient troops, on which Earl David ordered his men to charge. Douglas waited till they were passing a stream. He then cried, 'Now is our time,' and 'they couched spears and charged in the ford.' As they fought hand to hand, Sir Andrew Moray and his men came in so stoutly on the flank that the bushes bent before them, and the day was won. 'There by an oak was Earl Davy slain,' it is said by the sword of Sir Adam Gordon, and the next day Sir Robert Menzies surrendered the castle of Loch Kinnord in which he had taken refuge.

The great national struggle left its evidences in fresh privileges conferred on the patriotic city of Aberdeen, and large changes in the proprietary of Mar. The ancient earldom, ambiguous as was the conduct of one of its earls, escaped the

fate of neighbouring Buchan, but the foundations were laid of the fortunes of several families long famous and still prominent in the district. The gallant Gordons from Berwickshire obtained their first settlement in Strathbogie, from which they were soon to spread to the mouth of Spey on the north and the banks of Dee on the south:

> 'And Forbes, Lord of the Mountain race,
> Thine eldest born, O Don!
> Who sitteth ever in pride of place
> As time and thy stream roll on,'

secured and extended the possessions of his name in the vale of Alford, on 'Assach and Massach, Bogie and Don.' The royal castle of Hallforest, in the Forest of Kintore, was given to the brave race of Keith, whose chief had led the Scottish cavalry at Bannockburn; and on the Lower Dee two charters of the same year planted a Burnett from the south at Crathes, and placed in the loyal hands of King Robert's own esquire, the ancestor of the knightly race of Irvine, the grand old tower of Drum. At Pitfodels, near Aberdeen, a branch of the Perthshire clan of Menzies established itself, destined to afford a bright illustration of fidelity to an ancient faith and loyalty to a royal house.

Like all the north of Scotland, Mar found the periods of the later English wars, and of the Stuart kings subsequent to the Restoration, times of comparative peace and prosperity. It required civil war on a large scale to bring desolation on the regions 'benorth the Mount'; and though the local feuds were waged fiercely enough, between Keiths and Irvines, Forbeses and Gordons, and names of less might and fame, they were no worse in the ordinary case than similar feuds in the south of Scotland, and vastly less destructive than the clan wars of the Highlands. The predominant power at one time of the Earl of Mar, and the even wider influence and wise administration of the House of Huntly in later years, assured to wide districts in the north a stability in their condition which was denied to regions reached by a warden raid or occupied by families of approximately equal strength and influence. Probably the region 'benorth the Mount' was the most prosperous and civilized part of Scotland, when in the train of the Reformation there came civil war embittered by religious difference, and offering its opportunity to long-smouldering clan jealousy. The great Stewart, Earl of Mar, whose career exhibits the contrasts of the wild youth of the cub of the Wolf of Badenoch, with the mature wisdom and high qualities of leadership exhibited at Liège and Harlaw, who obtained the earldom by the strong hand and strange ceremony

ceremony enacted at the gates of Kildrummy, and who imported so many 'great horse from Hungary' as sensibly to improve the breed throughout the North, was fortunate in stemming the tide of Celtic invasion in his lordship of the Garioch before it reached the bounds of Mar. Not a few of his Mar men-at-arms,

> 'Even frae Corgarff to Craigievar,
> And down the side of Don richt far,'

as well as

> 'Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
> The much renownit Laird of Drum,'

fell with the Buchan gentry, the Angus barons, and the Aberdeen burghers on 'the red Harlaw,' but the successful stand saved Mar from the ravages of civil war on a large scale from the battle of Culbleen in 1335 to that of Corrichie in 1562. Lord Forbes had indeed exhibited the shirt of the murdered James III. on a lance's point in Aberdeen, but the effort to raise an insurrection of retribution proved futile. The next hundred years told a very different story. In the 'Howe o' Corrichie,' on the slopes of the Hill of Fare, the treason of the northern barons, the stout hardihood of the Regent Murray's spearmen, and the awe of the Queen's name broke the charm of the Gordon influence, and let loose the forces of the fiercest feud that ever stained Aberdeenshire with blood. The gallows raised in Aberdeen for the handsome Sir John and six other barons of the Gordon family spared a youth destined to avenge it of its enemies, and reconquer the North for the Queen who looked on that sorrowful sight when in after-days she was eating out her heart in an English prison. At the Craibstane near Aberdeen Sir Adam Gordon inflicted on the Forbes clan the heaviest blow it ever suffered, and the hills of Mar also witnessed the lurid flames of Towie, and the ghastly tragedy that marked the last scene of Forbes of Strathgirnock's revenge on his Gordon neighbours on Deeside, when the heads of the seven sons of Gordon of Knock gazed towards their father's hall impaled on their own 'flauchter spades.'

The valleys of the Dee and Don are rich in many a quaint tradition of the origin and fortunes of the Highland clans and Lowland barons through whose 'countries' and estates their courses ran. The Farquharsons are the only purely Highland and Celtic clan of Aberdeenshire, for both the other great names of Upper Mar, Gordon and Forbes, were those, in the one case of a Norman family which came from the south, and in

the other of a race long located on the banks of Don in the intermediate tract between the Highlands proper and the purely Lowland district which stretches from the range of Benachie and Corrennie to the sea. Yet in Upper Strathdon the clan and name of Forbes had all the characteristics of a Highland sept. Tradition specially associates Cairn-a-quheen, the Cairn of Remembrance, in Strathdee, which gave the slogan of the Farquharsons, with a feud fought with the men of the dark tartan with the single white stripe, who found their rallying-place and war-cry in the hill of Lonach on Strathdon. When the Farquharsons assembled in response to the fiery cross, each clansman placed a stone upon the cairn, and on their return each survivor lifted one, so that the remaining pile represented the losses of the clan in war. The Boar stone of Forbes is said to mark the spot where the first of the name slew a huge wild boar (or bear, as the family arms would rather indicate), either to win his lady's favour or to revenge her tragic death. Thence his descendants spread up the Don, and down through the pass known as 'the Forbes throat,' to found many offshoots throughout Aberdeenshire, in Inverness, in Fife, and even in Ireland.

None of these offshoots of the clan inherited a more romantic past than the branch of Brux. Long ago an Earl of Mar led an expedition against the Islesmen of the West, who surprised and defeated him with great slaughter near Inverlochy. The Earl escaped, and on the Braes of Lochaber craved food and shelter for the night from a Cameron. The only cow was killed, he was made as comfortable as the house permitted, and on leaving next morning he told his host to come to Kildrummy if he ever found himself in danger. Crossing Corryarrick, the Earl bought a bag of beremeal from a beggar woman, which mixed with water in the heel of his brogue sustained him till he reached Kildrummy. 'Hunger,' he afterwards said in words which have become a Gaelic and an English proverb, 'is the best sauce. Meal and water out of the heel of my shoe was the sweetest food I ever tasted.' Before long, Obierran Cameron had to flee, and he arrived at Kildrummy while the Earl sat at dinner. His voice raised in altercation with the sentinel reached the hall, and the Earl sprang to the gate with the greeting in Gaelic:—'I was a night in your house with little clothing but plenty of food. You are welcome to Kildrummy, Obierran from Bregauch.' He bestowed on him the lands of Brux, which were held by his descendants, till in a feud with the Mowats the male line was ended by an act of treachery. It had been agreed that Cameron of Brux and

and Mowat of Abergeldie should meet on the hill of Drumgardrum, each with twelve horses. Mowat brought two men on each horse; the Camerons were overpowered by numbers, and the Laird and both his sons were killed. His only daughter vowed to marry none but the man who should avenge her father's death. A younger son of Lord Forbes challenged Mowat to meet him in single combat at the head of Glenbucket. No chance was left for treason, as both parties attended with six hundred men. Mowat fell by the sword of Forbes, where Cloch-Muat, or Mowat's Stone, still marks the spot, and the victor, marrying the heiress, founded the Forbes line of Brux.

Very different and more prosaic was the origin of the house of Craigievar. The good Bishop Patrick Forbes of Corse, son of the Laird, who having been plundered by the caterans, declared, 'I will build a house at the doors of which thieves shall have to knock before they enter,' had two younger brothers, one of whom had frequently been supplied by him with money. At last, on his demurring to a fresh loan, he was told a cautioner would be offered who could not be refused. When the money was provided, and the surety's name asked, the reply was, 'God Almighty is the only security I have to offer.' 'Well, William,' answered the Bishop, 'as it is the first time He is offered, I cannot refuse, and I hope the money will do you good.' With the capital thus provided William Forbes went into business at Dantzic, made his fortune, and founded one of the leading branches of the name, famous afterwards in the Covenanting wars.

The province of Mar contained but a portion of the wide territories associated with the great north-country name of Gordon, but it was represented by the Earl of Aboyne, and his kinsmen of Abergeldie, Knock, and Braichley on Deeside, of Blelack in Cromar, by the houses of Glenbucket and Edinglassie on Strathdon, and by the influential branch of Cluny in Midmar. Scarcely less tragic than the end of the house of Knock are the traditions that hang round the name of Braichley. The ballad of 'The Barrone of Brackley' confuses two incidents in the history of the house, both marked by the double tragedy of violent death and wifely unfaithfulness. It is said that when the gallant Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindoun carried his victorious arms into the Mearns, he dismissed from his force a natural son of his own for a deed of oppression perpetrated by him. The young man ultimately found his way to Glenmuick, where he was hospitably received by the old Laird and his young wife, and became an inmate of the house of Braichley. When the clan Chattan made their great raid

raid upon Deeside in 1592, they were preceded by spies, two of whom were persuaded by his treacherous guest to murder and rob the old man. The traitor was the first to execute vengeance on the actual murderers, married the widow, and was the first of the second Gordons of Braichley. Nearly a century later his own descendant met a similar fate. Farquharson of Inverey came down with his Highlanders, at the instigation of the Earl of Aboyne, and 'lifted' the cattle from the lands of Braichley. It is said that he had given the owner a hint that no serious hostility was intended, and they would be easily recovered. At all events, the Farquharsons were in overwhelming strength, and it was only in response to the taunts of his wife that Braichley sallied forth.

'She called to her maidens and bade them come in,
"Tak a' your rocks, lasses, we will them command;
We'll fetch them, and shortly the cowards will fly,
So come forth, my maidens, and turn back the kye."'

In the conflict that ensued Braichley was killed, and the sequel must be given in the words of the ballad :—

'Cam ye by Brackley, and was ye in there,
Or saw ye his ladye was makin' great care?
Yes, I came by Brackley, and I was in there,
And there saw his ladye was braidin' her hair;
She was rantin' and dancin' and singing for joy,
And vowin' that night she would feast Inverey.'

The story of the Farquharsons is very illustrative of the rise of the clans, in the unsettled state of Scottish society caused by the long-continued antagonism with England. In early days the district depicted in the clan maps as Farquharson country was a royal residence and the possession of one of the most powerful Scottish nobles. In the civil wars the Farquharsons appear as 'Huntly's Highlandmen,' and their chief as his bailie of Strathdee; but in the Jacobite risings of the following century they are a powerful independent clan, mustering its hundreds of fighting men. None was more gallant, none more faithful in its adhesion to the cause of the White Rose, and none has more picturesque traditions. The Braemar legends record that, long ago, a poor man called Fearchar Shaw or Mackintosh came from Speyside across the mountains, and was drowned in the Dee. His only son entered the service of a Stewart, Laird of Invercauld, and won the affections of his only daughter. The young pair lived up Glen Candlic, and a son was born to them before mortal assistance could be secured. But three 'ugly old wives' entered

entered the hut and adjured the mother to let no mortal tend the child till their return. Unfortunately the Braemar women who arrived next morning broke the injunction; and when the mother was again alone, her strange visitors once more appeared to tell her that the third part of the child's good fortune was taken away, but that his race would prosper to the tenth generation. The boy became 'Fionladh Mor,' the great progenitor to whom the Farquharsons look back with pride, and from whom they take their Gaelic name Clann Fhionlaidh. By the sword he asserted his claim to his mother's inheritance against the Grants of Rothiemurchus, and also won for it its name of Invercauld—the confluence of the burn of the defeat. As administrator for the Earl of Mar he disposed of the contumacious cock lairds of Aberairder, by 'justifying' eighteen of them on the rafters of a barn, which being of wickerwork had more windows than there were days in the year—a fortunate circumstance, that defeated the charge of private administration of justice and secret execution. By his hospitality to King James when wandering in disguise, he secured substantial rights and royal favour. Fierce were the combats he sustained against the caterans from Rannoch, Badenoch, and Lochaber who invaded Deeside, and most honourable was his end, for he was laid low by the volleys of the English musketeers, carrying the royal standard on the fatal field of Pinkie.

Ere long thriving families of the name were dotted down Strathdee; and there were Farquharsons—'and very good Farquharsons too,' to use the quaint Highland phrase—in the glens and valleys south and north. A romantic marriage settled the stock at Finzean in Birse, and other branches stretched forth to Allargue in Strathdon, Cromar, and the vale of Alford, and even to Achriachan in Glenlivat, Craigniety in Glen Isla, and Broughdearg in Glenshee. The Clan Chattan had been aided in their hostility to the house of Huntly, and abetted in their raid upon the Gordon lands on Deeside, by Lamont of Inverey; and when the wave of spoliation from Badenoch swept back over the hills, the Farquharsons combined with the Gordons in exacting vengeance. Lamont was hung on a large pine on a little knoll near Mar Lodge Bridge, and his mother followed the sad procession cursing the Farquharson clan, and predicting in a Gaelic verse that that pine should flourish when there was not a Farquharson left in Strathdee.

'This prophecy,' says a local annalist, 'is regarded as now accomplished. Any one will show you the dark doom's pine: but where are the Monaltries, flowers of chivalry; the Invereys, indomitable

mitable in war; the Auchindrynes, stout and true; the Balmorals, glorious as fleeting; the Allanquoichs, ever worthy; and the Tullochcoys, heroes to the last? All and every one of them are gone. Invercauld became extinct in the male line, and this, it is held, sufficiently fulfils the prophecy. Finzean, as not at all concerned in the transactions of that time, may be fairly held not to come within the scope of the malediction.'

As on more than one occasion before, the progress of civilization in Scotland was destined to be rudely thrown back for at least a generation by the flames of Civil War. The period so graphically remembered in the North as 'The Troubles' was at hand, and sterner trials than ever were looming ahead for the men of Mar. A peculiarly interesting historical scene is furnished by the North of Scotland in the early days of the great Civil War. In addition to the picturesque elements which it shared with other parts of Scotland, it contributes not a few special features of its own to the great national drama then transacting. It had its own Apostles of the Covenant, its own 'Lord and Laird Kirk-Officers,' its own array of fighting men marshalled under the blue banner. But it was unique in the number of Cavalier barons resident in its territories, in the loyalist sentiment of the University and city of Aberdeen, and in the power swayed in favour of the royal cause by the head of the House of Huntly, who could bring to the field, in the numerous gentlemen of his name from the lower-lying districts, the best cavalry that Scotland could muster, stout Lowland infantry from Strathbogie, and a large array of Highland clansmen from the Braes of Mar, and even from far-away Badenoch. The combination of these varied elements; the fact that, until the genius of Montrose arose to strike rapid blows here and there throughout Scotland, it was only in the North that a serious stand was made for the King; and the stricken fields fought at Bridge of Dee, the Justice Mills near Aberdeen, and Alford, not to speak of the later 'onfall at Aberdeen,' the 'race of Tullich,' and lesser skirmishes, unite to give a peculiar interest to the great strife as it was waged on the soil of Mar.

The kernel of the Cavalier strength was in Strathbogie and the principal possessions of the Gordon name. Hallforest in Kintore was a convenient centre at which the vassals of the Earl Marischal from Buchan and Kincardineshire could meet, and be joined by the Forbeses from their possessions all along the course of Don and its tributaries, among whom none was more active than Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, and the Lord Fraser's men of Midmar. These were the leading Covenanting families of the North, and with them there sympathised the Burnetts

Burnetts of Lower Deeside; while Strachan of Glenkindie on the Don, the descendant of that harper good who was so shamefully deceived by 'Gib his man,' was also 'a great Covenanter.'

On the other hand, the Irvines of Drum and the Menzies of Pitfodels were staunch Cavaliers, while further up the river the Deeside clansmen of the House of Huntly could be summoned from Aboyne, Glenmuick, and Glentanner; and in the purely Highland region beyond the pass of Ballater, the Farquharsons, the constant allies of the Gordons in the royal cause, were ready to rise under the command of Donald of Castletown. On the Upper Don one branch of the Forbeses, the House of Skellater, went counter to the general policy of their clan, joined Montrose in his campaigns and the Earl of Mar in the rising of the following century, were known from their political associations as the 'Gordon Forbeses,' and changed the general Forbes' motto of 'Grace me guide' for the defiant *Solus inter plurimos.* Curiously enough, in the campaigns of Dundee, Gordon of Edinglassie from the same district, alone of his name, is found acting with General Mackay under the banners of William of Orange.

When the Cavaliers occupied Aberdeen in the brief campaign known as the Barons' War, they were joined by a Highland force which marched down the Dee headed by Donald Farquharson and the young Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Marquis of Huntly, who had run away from his tutor at Gordon Castle, and, donning the 'Highland habit,' raised the clansmen of Upper Deeside. The Highlanders did not distinguish themselves on the occasion, for it was their first introduction to 'the musket's mother,' and the old ballad says:

'The Hieland men are pretty men
At handling sword or shield,
And yet they are but feeble men
To stand in battle-field.
For a cannon's roar in a simmer nicht
Is like thunder in the air;
There's not a man in Highland dress
Daur face the cannon's roar.'

The sharp conflict at the Bridge of Dee and the Pacification of Berwick terminated the brief campaign, but before long the resumption of hostilities brought a dire visitation on the men of Mar. This was the quartering upon the lands of the Cavalier Gordons, Irvines, and others on Deeside, Birse, and Cromar, of Argyle's Highland regiment, 800 strong, who were known as the 'Cleanzers,' from the thoroughness with which they carried out the work of plunder. 'Indeed,' says old Spalding,

Spalding, 'they cleansed all frae their coming there'; they 'spared neither Covenanter nor anti-Covenanter, minister or laick,' till they 'could not live longer in these harried bounds.' A 'list of goods plundered from the tenants in Cromar' exists to attest that Aberdeenshire suffered from the Argyle men, as did Ayrshire from the visitation of another 'Highland host' after the Restoration. But the local traditions record that the 'Cleanzers' did not always escape a stern retribution. Did not that famous one-eyed bowman, the 'Camruadh' of Glen Cluny, strike them down again and again, till he took a vow to abstain for a day from further slaughter? and did he not curse his vow as he watched till sunset the strife between the western invaders and the gallant men of Glen Shee on the Cairn-well, while the men of Glen Isla hung back on the hill? And in the crisis of the fight did not the silent shaft lay low eighteen of the Campbells one after another, till a puff of wind raising his plaid discovered the archer, who fled for his life in his turn arrow-stricken as the strain of the pipes on the breeze told that help was coming from Braemar? How unquestioned was the Cavalier supremacy when the North was left to itself, is indicated by Spalding's amusing picture of the scattering of the local Covenanters whenever Huntly took the field in strength.

The Farquharsons appear frequently joining the Marquis of Huntly at his musters at Inverurie and Aboyne, and earned fresh laurels in the campaigns of Montrose. Second only to that of Findlay Mor was the fame of their gallant chief, Donald of Monaltrie (or Castletown), the ideal of a Highland *preux chevalier*, whose Celtic wit proved too much for the London cardsharpers, who vanquished the Italian swordsman in spite of his magic arts, and who won the wager as to the superiority of his candlesticks by placing in the hall a row of armed clansmen bearing torches. He and his Highlanders specially distinguished themselves in the spirited skirmish at Fyvie, where Montrose held off the superior forces of Argyle, and in the invasion of Lorn; but he was cut down in a manner not far removed from murder in the streets of Aberdeen, when Hurry's Dragoons by a sudden attack surprised a party of Cavaliers who were keeping negligent watch. The death of this 'brave gentleman,' one of the noblest captains amongst the Highlanders of Scotland, 'beloved of all sortes of people,' and 'all men's companion,' was a severe blow to the royal cause; but a stern revenge was taken on the field of Auldearn, where the Gordon horse and Farquharson claymores charged to the cry, 'Remember Donald Farquharson and James of Rhynie!' The sword of 'Domhnull Og na h' Alba' was claimed from the hands of Montrose,

Montrose, who 'mourned for him as for his own son,' by his young cousin William of Inverey, who led the clan to new triumphs at Alford and Kilsyth. After defeating Hurry at Auldearn, Montrose reassembled his Highlanders at Corgarff, in Upper Strathdon. Thence, descending the Don, he drew General Baillie into action at Alford, gaining a decisive victory, which was marred by the death of the gallant Lord Gordon. In the later stages of the war, the young Laird of Drum, with a troop of horse, and William Farquharson of Inverey with two hundred foot, beat up Colonel Barclay's quarters on Deeside within six miles from Aberdeen, took threescore prisoners and all his stores, and compelled his force 'to retyre their quarters, and retrench themselves within the town, where many of their horses were lost for want of provender, themselves were famished for want of wiwers, and pestered for want of ludging.' Young Menzies of Pitfodels fell with the royal standard in his hand, in the rout of Invercarron, when the last attempt of Montrose collapsed in disaster, and the royal garrisons in the North were soon reduced,—'only Aboyne's fortification within the Loch Candor stood out certain days till they got honourable conditions.' Before long Scotland was held fast in the grip of Cromwell's Ironsides, and we find the Cavalier Knight of Drum, whose house had been six times garrisoned, his tenants plundered, and his wife and family exposed to much hardship, appealing against the Presbytery of Aberdeen to the English Colonel in command; while the effort of the southern Earls of Glencairn and Kenmure to raise the Highlanders in 1654 was nipped in the bud by Colonel Morgan, by the bold and skilful cavalry attack on the slopes of Culbleen, known from the wild flight and hot pursuit that followed his flanking movement as the 'Race of Tullich.'

In the Scottish campaigns which followed the Revolution of 1688, the Master of Forbes served under General Mackay, while the Farquharsons under 'the Black Colonel,' John of Inverey, fought at Killiecrankie, where their Major, Charles of Balmoral, was wounded. Of the Highland Hotspur who had fought with Dundee at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and of his gallant henchman, whose motto was 'A good soldier never wanted a weapon,' many a story lingers. If Donald of Monaltrie was the typical chivalrous Highland Cavalier, 'the Black Colonel' equally illustrates in the Highlands the roystering dare-devil type of Royalist swordsman. It is told that when the Government troops were closing their grip upon the Jacobite districts, Inverey, mounted on a splendid black mare, pursued by Cunningham's dragoons and a party of Forbeses, dashed into the

the pass of Ballater. But as he entered, another party of the enemy appeared descending the pass, while his former pursuers closed in behind. He turned aside, put his horse at the steep slope and masses of fallen rock below the overhanging crags, and using his dirk as spur, up he went, and to the astonishment of all gained the top in safety. On another occasion, almost surprised in his own bed, he fled across the swollen Ey to the top of Creagan Chait, where he watched with what seemed boisterous delight the flames bursting from his castle, till the astonishment of his companion was allayed by the exclamation 'The charter-room is full of powder'! The Colonel's bed is still shown in a dark chasm on the Ey, where it is said his retreat was not without its consolations, and on one occasion at least he turned the tables on his assailants so effectively, that the saddles of the surprised dragoons for many years supplied the equestrian needs of Braemar. Did he not even refuse to lie quiet in his grave in the family burying-ground, and had not the disobeyed instructions to lay him by the side of his fair-haired mistress at Inverey finally to be carried out? Well might his gentler son say to the wild lads of his clan: 'Sad folks, sad folks ye are, and indeed you had a good teacher.'

When General Mackay moved north in pursuit of Dundee before the assembling of the clans, he was joined by the Master of Forbes with forty gentlemen of his name, and 500 or 600 foot; when he fell back from Badenoch, he was again joined by the Master with about forty horse; and when a further reinforcement arrived, it was up Strathdon that Dundee retreated. It was before Killiecrankie that the first attempt to seize Farquharson of Inverey miscarried, and the dragoons were in their turn surprised; that the Highlanders burnt Braemar Castle, and saw the Farquharsons' houses burnt in return, and that a garrison was posted in Abergeldie. After recovering from the disaster at Killiecrankie, Mackay moved north again, just in time to save Aberdeen, and advanced towards the Jacobite army who were posted on Lord Forbes's lands, from which they moved across the Dee into Perthshire. Again in the end of July, 1690, Mackay pursued Buchan and Cannon 'through the heights of Athole and Braemar,' but he was no sooner back in the south than Inverey, joining Buchan, beleaguered Abergeldie, while the relieving troops under Jackson and Forbes were so boldly faced that they turned about and fled to Aberdeen. A large reinforcement under Colonel Cunningham was also held in check, till Mackay himself moved north once more, relieved Abergeldie, and 'by a detachment of sixty dragoons defeated Inverey in the hills with 200 good Highlanders,

Highlanders, and burnt all the country about the garrison because they had blocked the house.'

Its vicissitudes of the previous war did not prevent Mar being the centre of the rising of 1715, led by the last of the ancient Earls of the name, and indeed, by a patent of St. Germain's, the Duke of Mar. The arrangements were made at a hunting organized by the Earl of Mar in the end of August; and though the Earl made his first proclamation at Glenlivat, and was joined by some of his own vassals at Corgarff, it was at Braemar that the famous hoisting of the standard took place, and from Invercauld that Mar sent his angry despatch to 'Black Jock' Forbes of Inverernan, telling him he was 'in the right not to come with the hundred men sent up to-night, when I expected four times the number,' and threatening the 'refractory' with 'a party to burn what they shall miss taking from them.' There was no hanging back among the gallant Farquharsons, and it was Peter of Inverey who, in the divided council at Perth, started up and declared that the loyal clans should take the Chevalier from among them, and that, if he was willing to die like a Prince, he would find ten thousand gentlemen in Scotland who were not afraid to die with him. A large number of the Farquharsons were in the force that invaded England, and was destroyed at Preston. 'Killed at Preston,' 'Taken at Preston and detained in London till he endured the trial,' and the repeated entry 'Taken at Preston and transported to Virginia, as were many others,' are the significant words that record the dark realities that followed the enthusiasm which burst forth when

> 'The standard on the Braes o' Mar
> Was up and streaming rarely,
> The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
> Was blawing loud and clearly.'

Braemar was completely devastated by the Government troops, and three garrisons stationed in it, as well as one at Corgarff. One of General Wade's roads was carried through the district; yet when the young Chevalier landed in Moidart, the Farquharsons, under James of Balmoral and the 'Baron Ban' of Monaltrie, were ready to rise again, though Invercauld was an officer in the army, and was taken prisoner by his own kinsmen at Falkirk. Three hundred Farquharsons took part in the action when Lord Lewis Gordon defeated MacLeod of MacLeod at Inverurie, and at Culloden Monaltrie's regiment lost seventy-nine men and sixteen subaltern officers. Their commander and three brother officers were condemned to death, but on the very eve of his execution an unexpected reprieve arrived for Monaltrie.

Monaltrie. The Aboyne and Aberdeen regiments appear frequently in the order-book of the Highland army; and the letters which passed between Lord Lewis Gordon as Lord Lieutenant of the northern counties, and that ardent supporter of the Jacobite cause, Moir of Stoneywood, indicate clearly how the change in social conditions had made it increasingly difficult to raise men at all proportionate to the number of officers in the Lowland districts, even those most Jacobite in sympathy, for active service in the field. 'We have all got,' wrote Lord Lewis, 'a most unthankful business, and we have to deal with a sett of low-minded, grovelling wretches who prefer their own interest to the good of the country.'

Seven sons of the Laird of Pitfodels fought at Culloden, and many were the hardships suffered after that dire defeat. The Braemar district was again devastated and forts established, from which the Jacobite gentlemen in hiding were hunted down, while in the lonely passes officers and soldiers were picked off by desperate men. Gordon of Blelack, whose mother interrupted the prayers of her parish minister for the discomfiture of the rebels with the indignant remonstrance, 'How daur ye say that, and my Charlie among them?' at first escaped by taking a farm from the Earl of Aboyne, and having his letters addressed to 'Charles Gordon, farmer at Gellan,' and at last owed his safety to a faithful servant who had secured the post of canteen-keeper to the garrison at Corgarff, but who was betrayed by an old woman, who told the soldiers, as they returned from a long and fruitless march, that their canteen-keeper must have been up early, for he got a drink of whey from her on his way up. The service was recompensed, when better times came, by a grant of a farm occupied by the erewhile canteen-keeper and his son for many a long year. Forbes of Brux found refuge in a cave known as 'Jonathan's Cave,' and, to disguise himself, became a builder of farm dykes. On one occasion a party of soldiers asked him if the Laird of Brux was at home, when he quietly replied, 'He was at home when I was at my breakfast.' A cleft on Craig Clunie is still known as the 'Charter Chest,' from having been the hiding-place of the family papers of a Farquharson family. Saddest of all is the story which tells how Gordon of Terpersie, after long hiding, was taken by his doubtful captors to the farmhouse where his wife and children were living, and how his fate was sealed by the shout of 'Daddy, daddy,' as his little son rushed to meet him. Of the darker incidents that accompanied the civil war there are not a few traditions in Braemar, but none more suggestive than the response of the dying murderer and robber of

of Donside to the solicitations of the minister: 'Here is the arm and dirk that sent six-and-twenty redcoats to eternity in one night, and surely that will make up for some of my misdeeds.'

With the dying out of the last Jacobite rising the more picturesque history of Mar, in common with that of the rest of Scotland, closes. The Highland valleys soon sent many a gallant fellow to charge in the ranks of Keith's Highlanders, at Fellinghausen and other German battles; and the *élan* and endurance so well combined in the blended Celtic and Teutonic blood of the Aberdeenshire Scot have, during a century of service from Bergen-op-Zoom and Alexandria to Candahar and Chitral, been gloriously illustrated by the gallant regiment which, wearing the green tartan with the single yellow stripe, has ever exhibited the dashing valour of the great Northern house from which it takes its name.

> 'The Gordons cam' and the Gordons ran,
> And they were stark and steady;
> And aye the word amang them a',
> Was "Gordons, keep you ready."'

In arts no less than arms the ancient province of Mar has, during a century and a half of peaceful progress, maintained her old reputation. The great expansion of the city that clusters round the steeple of the old church of St. Nicholas, in spite of a far northern situation and an awkward bar at the entrance to the harbour, almost justifies the famous exclamation of her loyal son, 'Tak' awa' Aiberdeen an' twal' mill roon' about it an' whaur are ye?' and 'the intellectual appetencies of a population that lives on the grey granite' continue unappeased and unappeasable. The city which was the home of the Scottish Vandyke sustains its own school of Scottish painting, and it may be that two centuries hence men will regard the canvases of Sir George Reid with something of the same interest with which we look at Jameson's pictures of the generation that lived through or perished in 'the Troubles,' and point a parallel between that time and ours. The province which in an Archdeacon of Aberdeen produced at once the Homer and the Chaucer of Scotland, sent forth in Robert Fergusson the forerunner and inspirer of Robert Burns. The Latin Muse whose strains flowed so harmoniously in the lines of Arthur Johnston, the *Medicus Regius* of Charles I., is still wooed in modern Aberdeen; and the spirit that animated the minstrels who composed the old ballads that tell the stories of the battles of Harlaw, Corrichie, and Balrinnes, of the fall of 'Bonnie

'Bonnie John Seton' at the Brig o' Dee, and the burning of Towie by Edom o' Gordon, is not absent from the verses of Cadenhead and Norval Clyne. The learned Doctors of Aberdeen, the saintly John Forbes of Corse, '*Baronius noster*,' William Lesly, Scroggie, Sibbald, and Ross, 'in whom fell more learning than was left behind in all Scotland besyde at that tyme,' have had not unworthy successors in many a professor and alumnus of King's and Marischal Colleges. That power of presenting to us the real facts, the light and shade, and the subtler colours of Northern life which the old local annalists possessed, never was more conspicuous than in the late Dr. William Alexander's prose pictures of Aberdeenshire men and ways. That love for the past of their country, and anxiety to preserve the antiquities and the history of their own district, which was illustrated by Hector Boece, the first Principal of the University, whose too great credulity won for him the title of the Father of Lies, and in the seventeenth century was more creditably exhibited by old Spalding, by the 'Great Straloch,' by his son the Parson of Rothiemay, and by Patrick Gordon, kept alive in the labours of Ruddiman, has never blazed brighter than in the coterie of accomplished and accurate investigators of antiquities, Joseph Robertson, William Stuart, and John Grub, whose names are associated with the magnificent contributions to our knowledge of the past of Scotland made accessible by the Old Spalding Club. Aberdeen also points with pride to the wider achievements in the field of historical research of their contemporaries W. F. Skene and John Hill Burton.

That these honourable traditions are worthily carried on the publications of the New Spalding Club bear witness, and not least the Records of Aboyne, in which Lord Huntly tells carefully and concisely the story of his noble race, and the beautiful volume, rich in illustration and suggestive in commentary, which conveys to those who have never seen Aberdeen or breathed the bracing air of Mar the heraldic message of the *Lacunar Basilicæ Sancti Macarii Aberdonensis.*

ART.

ART. IV.—1. *The Correspondence of Cicero during the years 46–44* B.C.

2. *Der Briefwechsel des M. Tullius Cicero.* Von Otto Eduard Schmidt. Leipzig, 1893.

3. *M. Tulli Ciceronis Epistularum libri sedecim.* Edidit Ludovicus Mendelssohn. Lipsiæ, 1893.

4. *Cicéron et ses Amis.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris, 1877.

5. *Cæsar, a Sketch.* By J. A. Froude, M.A. London, 1888.

6. *Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic.* By J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M.A. New York and London, 1894.

7. *Mommsen's History of Rome.* Eng. Translation. London, 1877.

THERE is a story of a schoolboy who was asked what he knew of the early history of Britain. His answer was, 'The island of Britain was inhabited by the Ancient Britons, who were savages until they were invaded by Julius Cæsar. He was a civilised man, a gentleman, and a Christian.' One would surmise that this little boy was fresh from a perusal of Froude's 'Cæsar, a Sketch,' but for the moderation which classed Cæsar with the followers of the Founder of Christianity, and not with the Founder himself. Of the many thousands who have read Froude's admirably written book, hundreds will have enjoyed the style without being misled by the false views of history advanced. The scholar will have seen that his study of the original documents has been neither wide nor accurate, while his conception of the world in which Cæsar lived is quite amazingly erroneous. Even he who is no scholar will notice how Froude has overdone the parallel between our own time and the closing years of the Roman Republic. He will see how misleading it is to speak of the Senate as 'noble lords' and the Equites as 'young lords,' and to write as if 'patrician' and 'plebeian' were terms correlative with each other in the same way as the terms 'rich' and 'poor.' But such is the brilliant literary power which Froude has brought to bear on the statement of his case for Cæsar and despotism and against Cicero and republicanism, that thousands of English readers of Roman history will, if uncautioned, accept the Sketch as a faithful picture of Cæsar and his times, and it will for a long time be incumbent on him who desires to place in their true light the actors in the last scenes of the Fall of the Roman Republic, to begin by endeavouring to remove those misconceptions which his brilliant essay has engendered. To our whole review we would prefix the observation that to reproduce an atmosphere is as difficult at least for the historian

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as for the painter, that this faculty is even more indispensable in the historian than in the painter, and that when the historian deliberately neglects it he deserves to be neglected.

In the autumn of the year B.C. 46, Cicero delivered in the Senate a brilliant speech, which has come down to us, the *pro Marcello.* This Marcus Marcellus had been Consul in the year 51, and had taken a very active part against Cæsar. Among his enemies exiled after Pharsalia, there was not one whom Cæsar had greater reason to regard with feelings of vindictive indignation. Knowing that one of the strongest of Cæsar's political principles was the enfranchisement of the Transpadane Gauls,—nay, more, the theory that of right they were actually full Roman burgesses,—Marcellus in his consulship had seized the opportunity of wounding him in his most sensitive part. A distinguished citizen of Como, one of the towns recently enfranchised by Cæsar, was staying in Rome. In the view of Cæsar this man was a full burgess of Rome, and as such enjoyed as complete an immunity from corporal punishment as the Consul himself. Marcellus had him publicly scourged. So much for Cæsar and his Transpadanes! After Pharsalia, Marcellus retired to Mitylene. Cicero, who was at this time leading a pleasant enough life in Rome, on terms of the closest intimacy with leading Cæsarians, such as Dolabella, Hirtius, and Pansa, to whom he was teaching declamation in return for their instruction in the art of dining, no doubt felt that there was an invidious contrast between his own lot and that of the exiled Optimate. He felt that while a great patrician, a consular and a devotee of republicanism, was living in obscurity in Mitylene, it looked awkward (*ἄμορφον* or *σόλοικον* he himself would have called it) that he should pass a gay existence among the leading men of Rome. It was almost essential to his dignity, even to his comfort, that Marcellus should be restored. But he encountered a very obstinate resistance in the staunch republican, who much preferred the freedom of Mitylene to an enslaved life in the metropolis. At last he obtained the consent of Marcellus to accept pardon if tendered to him. Cicero approached Cæsar, probably without much hope of success; but, to his infinite delight, found him ready to offer to his enemy a full pardon. This striking act of magnanimity broke down Cicero's resolution to hold his peace. Carried away by his enthusiasm in his first speech since Pharsalia, he gave a loose rein to his unbounded powers of panegyric in the oration *pro Marcello.* It is on this speech that Froude has based his fiercest attack on the character and motives of Cicero.

'Such,'

'Such,' he writes, 'was the speech delivered by Cicero in the Senate in Cæsar's presence within a few weeks of his murder.'

The speech was delivered in the autumn of 46, more than a year and a half before the deed, which was done on the Ides of March in the year 44. The sentiments of admiration for Cæsar and confidence in his patriotism, which Froude so scathingly contrasts with the language of the 2nd Philippic, written two years afterwards, were sincerely felt by Cicero when he delivered the speech. In his private correspondence, which he never intended to meet the eyes of anyone except his correspondent, the sentiment is in spirit the same, though of course the tone is that of a private letter, not of a public speech. Writing to his friend Servius Sulpicius immediately after the incident, he relates how Cæsar, after dwelling severely on the 'bitter spirit' (*acerbitate*) shown by Marcellus, declared that he would not allow 'his opinion about an individual to bring him into opposition to the declared will of the Senate.' Was it any wonder that Cicero interpreted such a statement as an official declaration that Cæsar intended to restore the republic, and had abandoned all thoughts of establishing a monarchy?

'You need not ask me,' he proceeds, 'what I thought of it. I saw in my mind's eye the Republic coming back to life. I had determined to hold my peace for ever; not, God knows, through apathy, but because I felt my former *status* in the House was lost beyond recall. But Cæsar's magnanimity and the Senate's loyalty swept away the barriers of my reserve.'

Froude gives copious extracts from this speech, which he represents as being at best a cowardly effort to curry favour with a conqueror, and which he hints was designed to lull Cæsar into a false security, and thus facilitate the assassination, which he supposes to have taken place in the course of a few weeks, but which really was perpetrated more than a year and a half afterwards. It is fortunately possible, chiefly by means of Cicero's correspondence, especially since the fruitful labours of Mendelssohn and Schmidt have arranged it so accurately in its chronological order, to trace the steps by which the sincere admiration of Cæsar's character expressed throughout the speech for Marcellus was converted into the feeling that produced the scream of delight at the assassination of Cæsar, preserved for us in that extraordinary little scribble to Basilus—the shortest letter extant—to which we shall have occasion to recur. It may be premised that in making this attempt we shall have sometimes to advert to incidents and expressions which to a

careless reader of the correspondence might seem trivial. If we are right in thinking that the untrammelled utterances of a great thinker and an unrivalled *littérateur*, on events which passed under his eyes, and in which he took an important part, at a most critical period of the world's history, will always have a deep interest for English students of the past, we feel that no apology is needed for details, and that no reader will suggest, as Horatio did to Hamlet, that ''Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.' And let it not be forgotten that in nearly every other case in literary history, to look for an author's mind in his letters as in a mirror would be to meet a reflection far too flattering. In Cicero's letters we find even a distorted image. Had he been dressing himself up as a figure for history, we can judge what a portrait he would have made. But in submitting himself to the judgment of his friends, and of them only, he laboured to put his case at the worst, and thus best to profit by their advice.

The speech of Cicero was not at the time regarded as overstrained. Even the uncompromising Marcellus himself, in thanking Cicero for his services to him, has not a word to say about undue praise of Cæsar. In the letter already quoted in which he describes the scene in the Senate to Servius Sulpicius, Cicero attributes the miserable condition of affairs at Rome 'not to the victor—nothing could surpass his moderation—but to the fact that there has been a victory, which, in civil warfare, cannot but be outrageous.' Writing to Cornificius probably about this time, Cicero refers to the celebrated incident of the humiliation of Laberius by Cæsar, which produced the manly protest of Laberius preserved by Macrobius, ending with the words:

'Certes, I've lived a day too long.' *

The letter is interesting, because it puts the part which Cæsar took in a more amiable light than that in which we are accustomed to regard it. In recording the presence of Munatius Plancus, a bitter enemy of Cæsar, at the games, and the enforced appearance of Laberius as an actor in competition with Publilius Syrus, his comment is:

'Peace prevails here, but one marked with incidents which would give you no pleasure if you were here, *which indeed give no pleasure to Cæsar.* That is the worst of civil wars. When they are over, the victor must not consult his own wishes merely, but must humour those to whom he owes his victory.'

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* 'Nimirum hoc die
Uno plus vixi quam mihi vivendum fuit.'

In

In a letter to Cæcina, he dwells on the 'kind and clement nature of Cæsar,' his sympathy with literary excellence, and his willingness to give ear to 'expressions of feeling which have the fervour of sincerity rather than those which are insincere or dictated by self-interest.' All his letters to exiled Pompeians during this autumn express the highest opinion of Cæsar, and it was about this time that Cicero made a *mot* which is recorded by Plutarch. Cæsar had ordered the restoration of statues of Pompey which had been thrown down. 'By this act of generosity,' said Cicero, 'he is setting up the statues of Pompeius, but firmly planting his own.' Indeed, we have to turn to the speech for Marcellus, which, according to Froude, 'most certainly did not express his real feelings, whatever may have been the purpose which they concealed,' to find anything approaching a criticism of Cæsar, anything pointing to an obligation still resting on him, a solemn duty still unfulfilled. This we have in the most unambiguous language in the speech itself. The whole eighth chapter is devoted to the consideration of what Cæsar has yet to do, and it ends with the words, 'This then is what still remains, this is the act necessary to complete the drama, this the crowning feat, *the restoration of the Republic.*' The reader of 'Cæsar, a Sketch,' will look in vain for any allusion to these words in the pages in which Froude gives 'in compressed form, for necessary brevity, the speech delivered by Cicero in the Senate in Cæsar's presence within a few weeks of his murder.'

Cæsar obviously had despotic power within his grasp. His actions seemed to show that he was not about to seize it. Why should not Cicero, who saw that the soul of Cæsar had room in it for much beside the statesman, foster the thought of which his ardent wish was father? Why should he not hope that Cæsar might rise to the same act of self-renunciation which elevates to dignity the somewhat narrow character of Pompey? Nearly a year after this time Brutus still cherished the same fond dream which now beguiled Cicero. 'So Brutus thinks Cæsar is being converted to constitutionalism,' writes Cicero in the autumn of 45. He had himself been disillusioned considerably before that time.

Tracing the growth of Cicero's feelings about Cæsar, we find him receiving with expressed reluctance his son's desire to join Cæsar in Spain:

'He wants to join Cæsar in Spain, and he wants a liberal allowance. I told him I would give him an abundant allowance, as much as Publilius or the Flamen Lentulus allowed their sons. But as to Spain, I urged first, that people would say, *Was it not enough to abandon*

abandon Pompey's cause? must they even embrace Cæsar's? Secondly, I urged that it would be galling to him to be distanced in the race for Cæsar's favour by his cousin Quintus.'

As a matter of fact the boy did not join Cæsar, but went to the University of Athens, where his father allowed him about 800*l.* a year. About two months and a half after the *pro Marcello*, Cicero delivered the *pro Ligario*, of which Plutarch gives us such a lively account. He tells us that when Ligarius was put on his trial, and it became known that Cicero would be his advocate, Cæsar said, 'Of course it is well known that he is a villain and a traitor, but why should we not have the pleasure of a speech from Cicero?' The trial, accordingly, proceeded. Cicero at once made an impression; as he went on, by his appeals to the feelings on every side and by his amazing charm of style, he so strongly moved Cæsar that his colour was seen to come and go. When the orator touched on Pharsalia, Cæsar was quite transported, his whole frame shook ('Tis true this god did shake,' as Cassius says), and he let fall from his hands some papers which he was holding (probably proofs of Ligarius' treachery). Finally he was coerced by the orator into an acquittal. The speech for Ligarius is not pitched in so high a key as that for Marcellus, delivered more than two months before, but it shows no suspicion of Cæsar.

The first sign of distrust is given in a letter to Atticus, written about a month after he pleaded the cause of Ligarius. Cæsar had left for Spain. He had given directions to Lepidus, his Master of the Horse, to procure his election as sole Consul for 45. He had also chosen the tribunes and ædiles for the forthcoming year. This wound to republican feelings, which rankled sorely afterwards, drew from Cicero his first recorded taunt since Cæsar's clemency towards Marcellus had given him hopes that he might apply to Cæsar, whom he loved and admired, the affectionate *noster* which he had always reserved for the cold and unsympathetic Pompey. Cicero is not certain if the report is true. He asks Atticus to find out from his father-in-law, 'Will the Master proceed to the Plain of the Fennel-bed or the Plain of Mars for the purposes of the election?'—that is, will Cæsar nominate the magistrates in Spain, or leave the election to the people in Rome? As a matter of fact Cæsar did not trouble himself about the Field of Fennel or the Field of Mars. He elected no magistrates, but left the administration in the hands of *præfecti*, nominally subject to Lepidus. The real power was held by Balbus and Oppius, as we learn from a letter to Aulus Cæcina, written in December 46: 'I have thoroughly ascertained that all the acts of

of Balbus and Oppius during the absence of Cæsar will be upheld by him.' When Cicero wrote those words, he must have almost begun to fear that Cæsar had abandoned, if he had ever entertained, the thought of restoring the Republic. In the remaining letters of 46 and the beginning of 45 up to February, when Cicero was afflicted so severely by the death of his beloved daughter Tullia, we have occasional allusions to the clemency of Cæsar, alternating with gloomy comments on public affairs, as, for instance, when he comforts his friend Titius for the loss of his children, by the reflection:

'The best source of consolation is the state of public affairs . . . Those who are in your case now are far less to be pitied than such as lost their children when there was a good, or indeed any, form of free constitution.'

Early in January 45 he tells Cassius that his best chance of happiness will lie in avoiding vain pursuits such as the restoration of the free State. Cassius, in reply, writes:—

'Let me know what is going on in Spain. I declare I am nervous about this young Cn. Pompeius, and I prefer the clemency of our present master to the possible ferocity of a new one. You know what a dullard he is, and how he mistakes cruelty for firmness. He fancies we are always making fun of him. I fear his repartee will be an unpolished one—a slit weasand.'

In the end of March 45, shortly after the news reached Rome that Cæsar had been saluted as Imperator on the capture of Ategua, we find Cicero attempting a literary *tour de force*, an experiment whether originality could be achieved in a letter of introduction. The whole composition, recommending one Precilius to Cæsar, is stilted—studded with not very apt quotations, four from Homer and one from Euripides. It has a strained and unnatural tone of gaiety, such as might well have been assumed by a writer with an aching heart—Tullia had been about two months dead. But he is still appreciative of Cæsar's personal courtesy. In the middle of April he speaks of 'that leisure which his kind permission allows us.' But he is in deep depression. He says to Lucceius on May 10–12, 'Your love is acceptable and desirable; I would say *pleasant*, were it not that I have lost that word for ever.' And to Atticus a few days afterwards he writes, 'What pleasanter word than *useful* is now possible to me?'

After he has recovered from the first agony of his grief for Tullia, we trace in his letters a growing antipathy towards Cæsar. A statue of him, with the inscription *Deo Invicto*, was now

now erected in the Temple of Quirinus, near the house of Atticus, on the Quirinal Hill.

'I see,' he writes on May 17, B.C. 45, 'that your house will rise in value now that you have Cæsar for a neighbour. Well, I would rather see him share the honours of Quirinus than be enshrined with *Salus* in the same Hill,'—that is, 'I should not care to see him in *Safety;* I should rather see him in the situation of Romulus, who was torn to pieces just before he was acknowledged as a God.'

We have here a sentiment which goes far to prepare us for Cicero's exultation over the death of Cæsar, and his expressed regret that he was not an active participator in the deed. A little more than a week after, May 25, writing to Atticus concerning a projected letter of political counsel to Cæsar, like the *συμβουλευτικόν* of Aristotle to Alexander, he says:—

'Yes, I always was for submitting the letter to those friends of yours and his, Hirtius, Oppius and Balbus. I am glad they did not conceal their real opinion, and gladder still that they suggest so many changes as to give me a good reason for dropping the whole thing. What, indeed, would it all have been but kotowing (*κολακεία*)? If I told him what I really thought he should do, should I have lacked words? The whole thing was uncalled for. When I can't make a *coup* (*ἐπίτευγμα*), and a *coup manqué* (*ἀπότευγμα*) would be painful, what is the use of running the risk? Besides, he might suppose that I had waited till the war was completely over before writing, or might even think I wanted to gild the pill of my *Cato.*'

Brutus, Gallus, and Cicero had written *Catos*, or panegyrics on Cato, while Hirtius and Cæsar himself had countered with *Anti-Catos.* Cæsar greatly admired Cicero's *Cato*, which he compared favourably with that of Brutus. Finally, at the end of May, Cicero dismisses the subject with these words: 'As to the letter to Cæsar, I give you my honour I *cannot* write it. It is not the baseness of it that stops me, though it ought to be; how disgraceful is this complaisance, when even to be alive is ignominious! But that is not what stops me: I wish it was; then I should be what I ought to be. But I can think of nothing to say.' A few days afterwards, in a letter to Atticus, he declares, 'such *kotowing* is almost criminal,'—an independent utterance of which the editors since Gronovius have deprived Cicero by coolly striking out the *non* in the words *istæ autem κολακεῖαι non longe absunt a scelere.* On the 13th of July of the same year he has a sneer at Cæsar's scheme of rebuilding the city, 'as if it were too small to hold him,' which reminds us of Shakespeare's play on the word *Rome*—

> 'Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
> When there is in it but one only man.'

At

At the *Ludi Circenses* the statue of Cæsar was carried amongst those of the gods beside that of Victory; and at the same time it was rumoured that Cotta was about to bring before the Senate a proposal that Cæsar should have the title of *King*, as Parthia was alleged to be declared by the Sibylline books to be unconquerable save by a royal invader. This was no doubt a *ruse* of Cæsar, who now unquestionably craved the external insignia of a monarch.* Cicero's comment is bitter:—

'How delightful to get your letter, though the procession was a bitter pill to swallow! But it is high time for us to know everything, even Cotta's rumoured proposals. How well the people acted in not even applauding Victory, on account of the bad company she was in!'

But sorely as he feels about Cæsar, he dismisses with curt expressions of absolute disbelief (in which he says Brutus concurs) charges inconsistent with the character of Cæsar, such as his complicity in the murder of Marcellus by Magius Chilo, or alleged rapacity:

'Babullius,' he writes, 'has left one-twelfth of his property to Cæsar, and to Lepta one-third. Lepta is afraid Cæsar won't allow the will to take effect: absolutely without cause.'

On August 2, in a letter to Atticus, for the first time he actually calls Cæsar King. Young Quintus, whom Cicero justly calls 'a thorough scoundrel,' was trying to blacken not only Cicero, but his own father, in the estimation of Cæsar, while Hirtius was defending them with all his might.

'Nothing,' says Cicero, 'is so *vraisemblable* as his statement that I am utterly opposed to Cæsar, but he adds that he ought to be on his guard against me—which might alarm me were I not aware that the King knows I have no fight in me.'

Cæsar had now returned to Rome, and had assumed the title of *Præfectus Urbis*. This seemed to Brutus so hopeful that he announced to Atticus the conversion of Cæsar to constitutionalism. Cicero is less optimistic. He writes on August 7 or 8:—

'So Brutus announces the conversion of Cæsar to the cause of the Optimates. Good news indeed! But where will he find them? Unless he hangs himself and goes to join them in another world.

* Shakespeare has caught the right view, as it were by inspiration, when he makes Casca say, 'I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it.'

What

What is Brutus himself going to do about restoring the Republic? You say, *it is idle to expect it.*' *

So at this time, about seven months before the Ides of March, even Atticus thought a blow for the Republic was out of the question. We agree with Schmidt that the counsel of Atticus so allusively and obscurely referred to in Att. xiii. 47*a*, dated August 13th, 45, was that Cicero should abandon the philosophical works on which he was then engaged, and apply himself to some composition in honour of Cæsar. But Cicero shrinks from the task. In the same letter he says that Dolabella is to visit him for the purpose of instructing him in the proper attitude to be observed towards Cæsar. 'Oh,' he exclaims, 'what a tiresome taskmaster I shall find him!' A few days afterwards, in a letter to Gallus, he declares that he will no longer endure the insolence of Cæsar's creature, the Sardinian musician Tigellius, mentioned also by Horace. There was a certain Cipius who, having a frail wife, was, in the words of Juvenal, *doctus spectare lacunar*. On one occasion, when a slave, taking advantage of his simulated slumber, was making away with a cup, Cipius started up with the words *non omnibus dormio*. This expression, which became proverbial, is parodied by Cicero in the form *non omnibus servio*. He passionately resents some insolence on the part of Tigellius:—

'There are cases in which I will not play the slave, and this is one. When I was at my zenith, I had no greater observance than I now enjoy from all the leading Cæsarians, save only this creature. It is, however, clear gain not to have to endure the society of a fellow who is more pestilent than his pestilential birthplace; one moreover who has been knocked down as a cheap lot by the scazontic hammer of Calvus.'

Calvus, the rival of Catullus, had written on Tigellius a poem in scazons, beginning

'Sardi Tigelli putidum caput venit.'
(For sale, Tigellius, the Sardinian oaf.)

This outburst shows that Cicero feels far from satisfied with the attitude which he holds towards Cæsar. So does a letter written to the same friend a few days after:—

'So you are afraid that if we offend Tigellius we may have to laugh at the wrong side of our mouths. But, I say, Hands off the slate, sir; the schoolmaster has come back sooner than we expected: I am afraid he will give us Catonians the cat. Well, we will stick to the pen, come what may.'

* Att. xiii. 40. We read partly with Schmidt, *Tu 'futilum est.'*

Gallus,

Gallus, it will be remembered, was the author of a *Cato.* In the very next letter we find Cicero apologizing to Atticus for having forgotten to send him a copy of a letter which he had written to Cæsar, praising his *Anti-Cato:*—

'It slipped my memory; it was not, as you hint, that I was ashamed to show it to you. I did not assume in it *the humble friend* too much, nor yet was I *hail-fellow-well-met* with him. I have really a high opinion of his *Anti-Cato*, as I told you when we met. So I wrote to him without any *soft solder*, but in a way which, I fancy, must have been very pleasing to him.'

In the end of this year, December 5, we meet a portion of a letter which takes us by surprise. Vatinius, whose successes in Dalmatia had been recognised by a *supplicatio*, was forced by the severity of the winter season to abandon a town which he had captured. He writes to Cicero asking him to use his good offices with Cæsar on his behalf. What a strict account Cæsar exacted from his generals, and how strongly must have been the confidence in Cicero's influence with Cæsar when the ablest of Cæsar's lieutenants applies to him for help!

We now come to the celebrated dinner-party given by Cicero at Puteoli to Cæsar on his return from Spain:—

'Oh, what a formidable guest! yet I have no reason to regret his visit: we had a very pleasant party . . . In a word, we were very friendly together, but he was not the sort of guest to whom you would say, *My dear fellow, you must drop in on me again when next you are coming this way.* No; once is enough. We had no political, but much literary talk.'

The last words are very significant. Cæsar knew that he could have no political sympathy with Cicero until he fulfilled the aspiration of the *pro Marcello* and restored the Republic, a course which was very far from his thoughts. In the end of December Cicero went to Rome, and we have no letters to Atticus until the 7th of April, about three weeks after the death of Cæsar. The last letter to Atticus just before he left is dated from Tusculum. It ends thus:—

'But, I say, you know my birthday is on January 3. You will come and see me here. Just as I write these words, lo and behold a pressing call to Rome from Lepidus! He wants me to be with the other Augurs at the dedication of the temple to *Felicitas.* Go I must, or else I shall catch it.' *

* Att. xiii. 42. The last words are *eatur:* μὴ σκόρδου (sc. φάγω). The proverb σκόρδα, or σκόρδου φαγεῖν, for 'getting into trouble,' is recognised by the Schol. on Aristophanes, Lys. 689, and is quite appropriate here. It involves hardly any change, the MSS. giving μιασκορδου. The common reading, μίασμα δρυός, besides being palpably absurd, involves a far greater departure from the MSS.

The

The letters of the next year show much depression. Cicero begs Curius in February to come to him, 'lest the very seed of wit be lost to Rome, together with her liberty.' Others avoid all allusion to public topics. Hence we are the more startled by the scream of triumph in the hurried little note of nineteen words which was written on the fatal Ides of March to Basilus, and which reads like a telegraphic despatch :—

'Congratulations! Delighted! My love and complete sympathy! Do send me (with your love) a full account of what you are doing, and what is going on.'

We have now followed the shiftings of opinion in the mind of Cicero during more than a year and a half, from the time when in the speech for Marcellus he declared, 'We will stand as sentries over your safety, and will interpose our own bodies between you and any danger which may menace you,' to the day when he despatched to Basilus his almost inarticulate shout of exultation over the death of Cæsar. The two expressions of feeling were equally sincere. Cicero would never have derogated from the sentiment of the first, if Cæsar had restored the Republic. Whether his projected measures were as good as Froude thinks them, and whether his accomplished acts were valid or invalid, needs not to be discussed. For ourselves we completely agree with Mr. Strachan-Davidson, who has so brilliantly vindicated for Cicero his place among the Heroes of the Nations, that Cæsar's action was quite unconstitutional; that 'to appeal directly to the people against the opinion of the Senate was at Rome precisely what appealing to the personal wishes of the Sovereign against the policy adopted by Parliament would be in England'; and that 'he transgressed in just the same way as Charles I. when he met the stoppage of supplies by levying ship-money without consent of Parliament.' *Intercessio* and *obnuntiatio* were, no doubt, constitutional fictions; but they were fictions essential to the working of the cumbrous machine of government. An English historian ought not to be surprised when he meets institutions which have no real basis in the Constitution, but which are essential to administration. What would be thought of a Cabinet Minster who should refuse to resign office, though opposed to all his colleagues on a cardinal question of policy? Yet the members of the Cabinet have no legal *status* different from the rest of the rank and file of Parliament. When Cæsar refused to submit to the perfectly constitutional *obnuntiatio* of Bibulus, he was guilty of treason to the constitution. But whether his measures were good or bad, legal or invalid, it was not his measures which led

led to his death. Cicero puts the question in a nutshell when writing to Matius, the close friend of Cæsar, he says:—

'You are to be commended for loving the memory of a friend who is no more; but you are bound to prefer the liberty of your country to the life of your friend, *if you allow that he made himself King.*'

If anyone had advised Cicero to qualify the glowing eulogy of the *pro Marcello*, he would probably have replied in words used by him three years and a half before, when certain expressions of his in a letter to Cæsar were criticised as too adulatory: 'When my theme was the liberty of my country, the charge of adulation had no terrors for me: in such a cause I would gladly have thrown myself at his feet.'

The conspiracy against the life of Cæsar could not be more completely misrepresented than when it is described by Froude as arising from the hatred felt by the Senate for the person of Cæsar, and their indignation against his good and righteous determination to check their career of misgovernment. After the victory at Pharsalia it began to grow clearer and clearer every day that Cæsar was determined not to restore the Republic. He had a far better opportunity than presented itself afterwards to Octavian. He had never shed the blood of Roman fellow-citizens except in open fight. Yet he did not attempt to conceal his design of making himself King. He was heard to say that the Republic was an empty name, and that when Sulla threw down the dagger and abdicated his dictatorship he showed himself to be a fool. He had established himself by refusing to respect the forms of the constitution. When established, he took a malignant pleasure in heaping scorn on them. He repudiates religious ideas before all the augurs and pontiffs in the Senate assembled. When Cicero jests on the vigilance and ascetic rigour of the consul who never slept while he held office, and during whose tenure of it no one breakfasted, we can see that

'The bubbles of his mirth all spring
From the deep anguish round his heart.'

The idea of taking Cæsar's life arose simultaneously in two widely different quarters,—among the vanquished at Pharsalia, and among his own victorious generals. Cassius conceived the design of murdering him on the banks of the Cydnus; Trebonius was on the point of assassinating him at Narbonne. Cassius was no doubt the originator of the plot, which united defeated enemies like Brutus and Cassius with attached generals like Trebonius and Decimus Brutus. Personally the latter were not more attached than the former to Cæsar; both were equally

equally animated with hatred against 'the King.' Cicero, who was not taken into the confidence of the conspirators, did more than any of them to bring about the event, and to justify it when over, not only by the sentiments constantly expressed in his private letters, but by an occasional thunder-word in those philosophical works on which he was then engaged. 'I am ashamed to be a slave,' he writes to Cassius. 'Freedom never bites so savagely as after she has been muzzled' slips from the writer of the 'De Officiis.' He recognises himself that his philosophical works are often the vehicles of political reflections. 'My books take for me the place of the Senate and the public assembly'; and in the 'Brutus' he apostrophises his friend with the words, 'The ruin of the Republic descended in the bloom of your youth on your triumphant career, and robbed it of the glories that were its due. The State lost its Brutus, and Brutus lost his State.'

It seems to have been regarded as essential to the success of the conspiracy that Brutus should take an active part in it. It is not easy to see how this young man—he was only seven-and-thirty when the battle of Pharsalia was fought—had acquired such a commanding position in Rome. His usurious transactions in Asia have been described in a former paper in this Review; but neither they nor his cold unsympathetic nature rendered him less picturesque in Roman eyes. Atticus said to Cicero when he was starting for his Province, 'If you bring back nothing from it except the friendship of Brutus, you will have done well'; and Cicero wrote to him about the same time, 'He is already the most promising of our youth; soon I hope he will be the leading man in the State.' It was perhaps the extreme respectability of Brutus, affording such a contrast to the blackguardism of the Milos, Antonies, and Dolabellas of the time, which attracted a people who still remembered what *gravitas* was. 'Who was ever more respectable (*sanctior*) than you?' exclaims Cicero in the 'Orator' 34, which he dedicated to this paragon.* Yet Brutus was cold and unsympathetic. When he sent Cicero a copy of the speech which he delivered in the Capitol on the death of Cæsar, Cicero remarked to Atticus, 'It is excellent as an example of his method of oratory; but on such a theme I should have written with more fire.' To Brutus he writes with warm eulogies on the speech; but we meet, in a letter to Atticus, a very shrewd reflection which qualifies his praise:—

* In Fam. ix. 14 he ascribes his affection for Brutus to his brilliant talents, his charming manners, and his remarkable moral excellence and strength of character.

'Here

'Here is an *allgemeiner Grundsatz* for you, on a subject of which I am a past master: *Never was there poet or orator who thought any one better than himself.*' *

Cicero complains somewhat bitterly of the coldness of Brutus' commendation of his consulate in his *Cato:* 'An excellent consul, indeed! Could an enemy be more niggard of his praise?' But he recognises fully his immense public importance. In this same letter Cicero writes: 'You think I am wrong in saying the State depends on Brutus. It does. It will be lost or will be saved by him'; and again, in reproaching his friend for daring to plead Epicurus as an authority for abstention from politics, he says, 'Does not the phiz (*vulticulus*) of Brutus scare you away from such an idea?' He uses a jocular word to describe the severe face which spoke the unbridled respectability, as well as the boundless influence, of the incomparable and immaculate prig.

Brutus, if left to himself, would probably not have put himself at the head of the conspirators. Shakespeare justly makes him say of himself,—

> 'I do lack some part
> Of that quick spirit that is in Antony,'

to whom Cicero afterwards ascribes *Cæsarina celeritas.* Cæsar, on his return to Rome, had given Brutus the very desirable province of Cisalpine Gaul. Thapsus had been fought and won. His uncle Cato was dead, and he had experienced in the Pompeian camp the horrors of civil war. Probably, not even the bitter epigrams of Cicero, the taunts of Cassius, and the hints conveyed to him constantly in anonymous letters,

> 'In several hands in at his windows thrown,'

would have influenced him, were it not that his marriage with his cousin Porcia, daughter of Cato and widow of Bibulus, served at this juncture to outweigh the influence of his mother Servilia, who hitherto had used all her efforts to draw him under the influence of her old lover Cæsar. Brutus, we can infer from Cicero's letters, was much influenced by the ladies of his household. To this may be added a motive ingeniously suggested by Dr. Schmidt. In the autumn of 45 Cæsar had adopted Octavian, thus crushing all the hopes of Brutus and his friends that he would be Cæsar's successor. That such surmises were rife, appears from a passage in Plutarch, 'Brut.' 8:—

* Att. xiv. 20. The words which we have rendered in German are καθολικὸν θεώρημα.

'When

'When Brutus was denounced to Cæsar, the latter said, "*What, do you not think Brutus can wait till this poor body of mine* (σαρκίον) *goes the way of all flesh?*"—thus implying that Brutus was his natural successor.'

The hesitation of Brutus to put himself at the head of the conspirators was of a piece with his subsequent action. It was mainly his fault that 'when the despot was slain, contrary to all experience the despotism survived.' Cicero was not admitted to their councils; but we have not the slightest doubt that, through Cassius, he did all he could to make the wretched business a success. Antony, at least, should have felt the daggers that despatched Cæsar. 'Oh that you had asked me to the banquet! There would have been no leavings,' writes Cicero, in words severely condemned by Froude. Yet his view of the situation was, according to the ethics of his time, just. If murder is to be accepted at all as a political expedient, it ought certainly to be thoroughgoing. We must not forget that till comparatively recent times, among Southern nations, political assassination was regarded as quite defensible morally. Cicero confesses that he urged Octavian to the attempt which he made on the life of Antony on Oct. 5 or 6. The death of Antony might have spared Rome the horrors of Octavian's proscriptions. At all events, the brainless reprobate, who afterwards so completely 'lost his way in the world,' would not have disgraced the last scene in the Fall of the Roman Republic. The Republic might have perished at least with dignity, like Polyxena with folded robe, and the curtain would not have descended on

> 'The triple pillar of the world transform'd
> Into a strumpet's fool.'

Brutus was all for peace—'peace, peace, where there was no peace.' In Cicero's letters he is synonymous with peace. Cicero calls his friend Matius 'a bitter foe of peace, by which I mean Brutus.' It was, no doubt, Brutus who suffered the public funeral and the speech which Cicero in his wisdom declared to be fatal. Another remark of Cicero in the same letter is so good that the editors, from Gronovius downwards, have grudged it to him. Cicero distinctly records his conviction that if the Pompeians had taken a firm stand after the assassination they would have prevailed over the Cæsarians.

'It would have been better,' he writes, 'that at his death we should all have been destroyed—which would never have happened—than that we should have to look on the present state of public affairs.'

The

The editors make this remark almost pointless by reading *utinam* for *numquam* in the words *quod numquam accidisset.* In fact, as we read the letters of this period, we find Cicero distracted, indeed, by conflicting hopes and fears, but very wise in his counsel and his forecast of events. He is a prey to conflicting emotions, but, when we enter the perplexed paths of the wood that spreads betwixt republican Rome and the Empire, his dead finger points out to us the way. He recognises his own instability: 'I have become a perfect featherhead.'* But in a very interesting letter to the exiled A. Cæcina he enumerates the occasions on which he may fairly claim to have made a just forecast of the future, premising the remark, 'I am only afraid you will think I have manufactured the prophecy after the event.'

'If,' said Cicero, in the Senate, 'the resolutions of this house are to be at the beck and call of the veterans, it is better to take refuge in death, which Romans have always preferred to slavery.'

In these words Cicero foreshadowed the history of the Empire.

Italy welcomed with delight the death of Cæsar, but the Liberators were without plans and did nothing. Some champions of the murdered Dictator erected an altar and a memorial column to Cæsar in the Forum. It was Dolabella, a close friend of Cæsar, who pulled it down and punished the promoters of the object. It was the inaction of the Liberators which placed the destinies of Rome at the mercy of the standing army. Cicero describes a sort of council of war which was held at Antium, at which were present Brutus, his mother Servilia, 'dear Tertia' (*Tertulia*) his sister, and Porcia his wife, together with Cicero, Cassius, and Favonius, whom Mommsen calls 'Cato's Sancho.'

'I,' writes Cicero, 'advised that Brutus and Cassius should accept the Commissionership of the corn supply and go to Sicily. "*What,*" said Cassius, with a look of great determination, his soul in arms, and eager for the fray, "*I to accept from Antony an insult in the guise of a favour! I will not go to Sicily.*" "*What then will you do?*" said I. "*I will go to Greece.*" "*Well, what will you do, Brutus?*" "*I will go to Rome, if you approve.*" "*Certainly not; you would not be safe there.*" "*What if I could be safe there? Would you approve of it then?*" "*Certainly; but I don't advise you to risk living in Rome.*" Then Cassius dwelt bitterly on the opportunities we had lost, and complained how D. Brutus had been making raids on the mountaineers of Savoy and Piedmont with a view to a triumph, instead of opposing Antony. I said there was no use in dwelling on the past,

* Att. xiii. 40: 'ego ipse κεκέπφωμαι.'

but agreed with him. Antony should have felt the dagger that slew Cæsar, the Senate should have been summoned, the people roused up.'

Cicero winds up his account of the scene with the remark that he got no good out of it but the applause of his conscience, for having done what he did not want to do, but what he knew was his duty, in going to attend the conference. The letter puts in a strong light the complete want of concert and mutual trust in the Republican party. But not only as regards the sparing of Antony on the Ides of March was Cicero antipathetic to Brutus. His whole attitude towards Antony and the violent invectives of the Philippics were gall and wormwood to the cold and formal declaimer, who hated to introduce any personal element into public matters. Still less did he like to see Cicero throwing the Republic at the feet of the 'divine young man sent by the gods to be the champion of his country.' As to him, Brutus was right and Cicero was wrong. But we cannot accuse Cicero of any want of public spirit in his enthusiasm for Octavian. He looked on him as the only counterpoise to Antony, that debauchee whom he boasts of having cast, 'hiccuping and puking,' into the toils of Octavian.* Cicero's first judgment on him expresses some uneasiness: 'Tell me about Octavius. Are there crowds to meet him, and is there anything which suggests an *émeute?*' His next is not unfavourable:—

'We have here Octavius, whom his friends call Cæsar, though his stepfather Philippus does not, and I follow his example. I maintain that no good patriot can give him that name now. Too many stand round him threatening death to our friends.'†

It would have been disloyal to address Octavian as Cæsar, which was a name to conjure by at this time (April 44, a month after the Ides of March), and would have proved a rallying-point for the disaffected. About two months afterwards he writes:—

'I find in him much talent and spirit, and I think he will have the right feeling towards our heroes. But it is doubtful how far we can trust him when we think of his age, his name, whose heir he is, and what has been his upbringing.'

And to this judgment he recurs more than once. He tells us, 'the country towns are wonderfully enthusiastic for the lad';

* 'Quem ructantem et nauseantem conjeci in Cæsaris Octaviani plagas.' (Phil. xii. 25.)

† Att. xiv. 12. Most editors inserting *esse* after *quem nego posse bonum civem* make this comment of Cicero distinctly condemnatory of Octavius. There is no reason why we should put such a self-contradictory judgment into the mouth of Cicero without any MS. authority.

and

and again, that 'Oppius guarantees that he will not only renounce all enmity against the Liberators, but will frankly accept their friendship.' Cicero afterwards takes this pledge on himself. Writing in October to Cornificius, he says, in reference to a rumoured attempt made by Octavian on the life of Antony, 'He inspires high hopes: he is regarded as capable of anything that will win for him glory.'

It is not till the middle of November that we find his confidence wavering.

'If Octavian succeeds, all Cæsar's acts will be more valid than ever, and that will be bad for Brutus. If Antony prevails, he will be absolutely intolerable.'

And again, 'Octavian has plenty of spirit, but very little influence.' And about the same time, while agreeing with Atticus that 'the lad is checking Antony beautifully,' he strongly condemns a harangue of his to the people, and exclaims in Greek, 'I would not have such a man even for a deliverer.'

If at last he grovels before this 'mere lad,' after he has unmistakably abandoned the cause of the Republic, fostering 'hope's wan bloom,' it is that he may kindle a spark of patriotism in the breast of this cruel and heartless youth. For the sake of his country he stoops to an attitude of submission which he never would have assumed to save his own life. We read among the fragments of his letters to Octavian, 'Henceforth let me know what you want me to do: I will surpass your expectations in carrying out your commands.'

But we are anticipating. Long before he wrote these words of self-abasement and despair, three weeks after the eventful Ides, we find him indignant with Matius for exulting in the inextricable tangle into which things had come in Rome; and mentioning with a kind of affection certain sayings of Cæsar which were going the rounds in Rome: his well-known criticism on Brutus, that 'if he wants a thing, he wants it in earnest'; and a complimentary allusion to himself, 'If a man like Cicero is kept waiting for an audience, he cannot but hate me, good-natured as he is.' Yet Cicero had not hated Cæsar, much as he detested King Cæsar. In a letter written a month after this time, he says:—

'It would have been less dangerous to speak against that rascally junto (the Cæsarians) in the lifetime of the tyrant than now that he is dead. He would endure anything from me.'

He now sees that

'the Ides have given us nothing more than the pleasant satis-

faction of our indignation at his usurpation,' and 'the joy of having seen with our own eyes his well-deserved death.'

He begins to think of his own death with pleasure. 'Brutus is thinking about going into exile: I have in my mind's eye a readier haven for a man of my age'; but death, exile, or anything is better than submission; 'the tree has only been lopped, not plucked up by the roots, and so it is putting forth shoots afresh.'

'If things go on as they are going—forgive me for what I am about to say—*I have no pleasure in the thought of the Ides.* I enjoyed such an influential position with Cæsar (damn him all the same!) that I need not have shrunk from such a master at my age; the more, seeing that even after the master's death we are still not free. I blush, believe me. But I have written the words, and I won't blot them out.'

He laughs at Servius Sulpicius, who took on himself the task of bringing about a general good feeling by his personal exertions. He ought to have known that there is now no appeal but to the sword. Ridiculing his abortive mission, he writes that

'he and his young secretary appear to have gone on an embassy of their own, armed as lawyers against all the quips and quiddities of the law.' *

By the middle of the year he has made up his mind that there must be an appeal to arms, and that Antony, who has surrounded himself with a body-guard in pretended fear of a plot against his life, is meditating a massacre. His aspiration now is to die in open fight, not in the massacre which he apprehends. He thinks Antony—'Cytheris' man,' as he calls him—will give no quarter if victorious. Writing to Capito, a partisan of Cæsar, in July, he uses a curiously neutral word about the death of Cæsar: 'Pending the matter, the sudden death of Cæsar occurred.' So Matius speaks of Cæsar's *obitum* or 'demise.' The excellent letter of Matius to Cicero, and the letter of Cicero to which it is a reply, put excellently the two sides of the question concerning the moral import of Cæsar's death. They are familiar to most readers of the letters, and should be read in their entirety.

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* Att. xv. 7: 'Servius . . . cum librariolo . . . videntur.' The plural verb is a neat hint that the young secretary has as much chance as the jurisconsult himself of bringing about the desired result. In the case of a substantive connected with another by *cum*, the plural may be used when the thing predicated applies equally to both. The Germans, of course, read *videtur* in spite of the MSS.

We

We have now followed the fluctuations of Cicero's mind from the time when he fondly hoped that he could see in Cæsar a restorer of the Republic to the day when he exulted over his death, and subsequently to the bitter hour when he has to own that he has no pleasure in the Ides, and that the death of Cæsar was no benefit to the State and a loss to himself personally. Henceforth Cæsar drops out of the correspondence, though Cicero alludes to his death more than once as a glorious deed, and no less sounding title than *heroes* or 'demigods' will serve him for those poor semi-demigods who plunged their daggers in the body of Cæsar. His place is taken by Antony. Immediately after the death of Cæsar, we find the comments of Cicero on Antony uniformly unfavourable, though he declares himself,

'I was always friendly to him until I saw that he was openly, and even with savage joy, making war on the Republic.'

We hear how he has helped himself to the treasure in the temple of Ops; how corn is being collected in his house in Rome, as if with a view to standing a siege; how he forges documents (the word ψευδέγγραφον, 'bogus,' now appears in his letters) purporting to be Cæsar's, and his wife Fulvia disposes of them for money. He states distinctly that Antony received 'a large sum of money' for producing a law enfranchising the Sicilians, and for a bribe administered to Fulvia restored the tetrarch Deiotarus to his kingdom of Little Armenia. He repeats the same charge in Phil. ii. 93–95, and says that the bribe given by Deiotarus was ten millions of sesterces, or nearly 90,000*l.* We are familiar with the fierce invectives with which, in the Letters as well as in the Philippics, he lashed Antony, after the latter made on him in the Senate an attack which was incoherent and almost inarticulate with rage.

A very different state of feeling, however, is expressed in a letter from Antony to Cicero, written a little more than a month after the Ides of March, and in Cicero's reply. The letter of Antony begs the good offices of Cicero in helping him to bring about the restoration of Sex. Clodius, a retainer and henchman of Cicero's old enemy, who had now spent eight years in exile. He urges the excellent moral effect which such an act on the part of Cicero would have on young Clodius, now an inmate of the house of Antony, who had married his mother Fulvia, the widow of P. Clodius. The letter is so wretchedly expressed that we can hardly conceive the writer of it as making the great speeches put into his mouth by Dio Cassius, Plutarch, and Shakespeare, though he very probably 'disgorged' (to use Cicero's term in Phil. v. 20) a rattling appeal to the feelings of the mob,

mob, full of bad grammar, but strong enough to make them 'throw up their greasy caps.' It has often been noticed how inferior to Cicero in style and diction are his correspondents, even the best of them, whom we take to be Plancus.* Perhaps the worst of them is Antony. In the letter with which we are now dealing he begins with a vulgarism *est factum ne*, which reminds us of the slipshod expression 'with the result that' which is now common in newspapers. Then, wishing to say that he fears his absence in South Italy will deprive his request of some of its weight, he writes, 'I fear my absence may be less weighty with you.' A most promising boy is said to be *in optima spe repositum.* He uses *contumacia* when he certainly meant *contumelia*, just as an ill-educated person to-day might write *perspicuity* for *perspicacity*, *deprecate* for *depreciate*, or *predicate* for *predict* (a mistake, by the way, made by Thomas Hardy in 'Jude the Obscure,' p. 220, and elsewhere). Again *rogo* with a double accusative is very inelegant. But the crowning blunder is *non contempseris*, an error which Quintilian (i. 5. 50) mentions as common among illiterate persons. All these inelegancies and actual solecisms most of the German editors would correct; but by polishing the style of Cicero's correspondents till it shines like that of Cicero, we blunt our insight into the minds of both, and lose much of the light and shade in the picture before us. It is easy to write *contumeliæ* for *contumaciæ*, and *ne* for *non*. But what do we gain by obliterating distinctions in culture between man and man which undoubtedly existed? However, we are not here so much concerned with Antony's Latin (at which Cicero has a good laugh in Phil. xiii. 43) as with a charge against Cicero which has been most unjustly based upon his reply. Cicero in a beautiful letter expresses the highest goodwill towards Antony, though at the time he represents him to Atticus in his true light.

'M. Antonius has written to me about the restoration of Sex. Clodius. You will see by his letter, of which I enclose a copy, how polite he is. How wretched the letter is, and how shameful and menacing is his conduct, *which sometimes makes one even wish Cæsar back again*, you will not fail to observe. What Cæsar would never have done, nor permitted, is now done on the authority of forged minutes, alleged to be his. However, I fell in with his humour perfectly in my reply, which also I enclose. Having found out that

* This is the L. Munatius Plancus, Governor of Transalpine Gaul under Cæsar, and Consul in 42. He has become almost proverbial with us through the Horatian Adonic *Consule Planco.* Though, comparatively with other correspondents of Cicero, he was an able writer, he was in politics a time-server and a trimmer, 'a congenital traitor,' or 'constitutionally incapable of loyalty,' as Velleius Paterculus calls him (*morbo proditor*, ii. 88).

he

he can do what he likes, he would have done it in this case, whether I complied or not.'

Let us face the question here involved with sincerity. Is there, or was there ever, a public man whose private correspondence would in no case run counter to his publicly expressed opinions? Surely there is such a thing as official language, and a public man writing to a public man adopts a tone different from that which he would use in discussing the same matter in a private letter to an intimate friend. This distinction seems obvious, but it is invariably treated as non-existent in analysing the character of Cicero, and those who urge it are treated as special pleaders of a bad cause. Rather, then, than pursue this argument, we will resort to an illustration. After the death of Cardinal Manning his biographer published all the private letters of the prelate on which he could lay his hands. The result has injured the reputation of the Cardinal in the minds of those who do not recognise the existence of official speech. The more intelligent have defended the inconsistencies alleged on grounds which apply completely to the case of Cicero. We crave leave to quote here an extract from a recent pronouncement on this interesting question.

'Rarely indeed can the self-analysis and accusations of a soul be given to the general public with advantage. Too much or too little is said. The truth of the entries is not absolute but relative. It is said that the Cardinal was double-voiced and insincere. It is true that he did not give his whole mind to every one. Was he bound to do so? He would often throw himself into sympathy with the speaker who came to him, and discuss one side of the medal with one person and the other with another, sometimes perhaps with an appearance of contradiction more apparent than real. Those who knew the Cardinal well knew that he had two moods of character—one of great caution and self-restraint when he spoke or wrote for the public, another of singular freedom and playfulness of speech when he thoroughly unbent with those whom he trusted in private. If all private and intimate correspondence were to be conducted with a view to its being presently cast upon the four winds, such a change in our customs would revolutionise the familiar intercourse of friendship, and would perhaps in the end dry us all up into prigs and pedants.'*

We shall be quite satisfied if the indulgence, here claimed by and on behalf of a prominent ecclesiastic, is extended to him

* These are almost the very words in which Cicero himself rebukes the ill-breeding (*inhumanitas*) of Antony, when he read aloud to the Senate the letter from Cicero which we have been considering: 'quid est aliud tollere ex vita vitæ societatem, quam tollere amicorum colloquia absentium' (Phil. ii. 7).

whom

whom we still, in spite of Froude, make bold to pronounce worthy of being described as 'Rome's least mortal mind.' With the letter of Cicero to Antony should be read the dignified despatch of Brutus and Cassius to Antony about a month later (Fam. xi. 2), and especially that written nearly four months after from Naples. The whole missive is admirable. We will quote only the concluding words:—

'We desire to see you hold a high and honourable position in the State. We are far from defying you, but we hold our independence to be a more precious possession than your friendship. Consider again and again what you are really undertaking and what you are able to carry out. Reflect not on the length of Cæsar's life, but on the shortness of his reign. God grant your policy may be good for the State and yourself. If that is past praying for, God grant that, without imperilling the welfare and honour of the State, it may be as little harmful as possible to yourself personally.'

With what almost supernatural clairvoyance has Shakespeare, who never saw this letter, read the character of Brutus and Cassius:—

'*Brutus.*

For your part
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.
. . . . . Our hearts
Of brothers' temper do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius.

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.'

As regards his public position, Cicero was in the forefront of political life at the beginning of his long and glorious struggle with Antony. He was in fact, in the words of Mr. Strachan-Davidson, Prime Minister of Rome:—

'Under the Roman constitution the duty of leading the debates and guiding the counsels of the Senate was not bound up, as it is under our own parliamentary system, with the tenure of executive office. It was open to the private senator to make any motion on the subject in hand; and this motion, if approved by a majority of voices, became a binding instruction to the executive. Thus Cicero, though without any formal office, took the responsibility of the initiative and shaped the policy of the Republic.'

His private life was far from happy, and would have been almost intolerable but for his devotion to literature, which has enriched us with that admirable series of philosophical works of which he speaks with such modesty—'they are translations: I have

I have only to supply the words, and of them I have plenty,' —but which are quite unrivalled as literary feats.

'If we were required,' writes Mr. Strachan-Davidson, 'to decide what ancient writings have most directly influenced the modern world, the award must probably go in favour of Plutarch's Lives and of the philosophic works of Cicero.'

It is not only their matchless charm of style which gives to these masterpieces their paramount place in literature. Without claiming for them philosophic insight or originality of speculation, qualities which Cicero himself expressly disclaims, we are bound to acknowledge to him an inestimable debt for the vast body of philosophic thought which he has preserved and embellished for us. One could not, of course, seek a system in these works. A watchmaker's shop is the worst place in which to look for the time of day. This, we suppose, is the ground on which Mommsen pronounces the philosophical work of Cicero a complete failure, adding, with 'Batavian grace'—

'Anyone who seeks classical productions in works so written can only be advised to study in literary matters a becoming silence.'

In other words, the world is to keep silence while the German *savant* bays at the splendid Moon which sheds on us so exquisitely the rays borrowed from the Sun of Greek philosophy.

His anguish for the death of Tullia was acute: he writes, 'My agony haunts me; not, God knows, because I foster it, but in spite of my struggles against it.'* His only comfort is the thought of the shrine which he has vowed to consecrate to her memory, and the reflection that

'the long ages when I shall be no more are more important in my eyes than the brief span of present life, which indeed seems all too long.'

This beautiful sentiment, found also in Sophocles,† is the motto of George Eliot's poem, 'Oh may I join the choir invisible!' His divorced wife, Terentia, seems to have been harassing him with proposals about some pecuniary transaction which he does not consider sincere. On this subject he finely writes to Atticus, 'Let the first consideration be what my duty demands. If it proves to be a bad bargain for me, I should rather have to feel dissatisfied with her for overreaching me than with myself for any neglect of duty on my own part.' The divorce

* Att. xii. 13. Here again the editors insert a *non*, and ascribe to Cicero a sentiment the very opposite to that which the MSS., our only evidence, present to us—a sentiment inconsistent, too, with other letters of this period.

† Antigone, 74; Att. xii. 18.

of

of Publilia, the extravagance of his son at Athens under the tutorship of Gorgias, who seems to have been an ancient Dr. Pangloss, and, above all, the unkindness of his brother and nephew, who are seeking to influence Cæsar against him, fill the cup of his affliction. Yet of his son he writes in the most fatherly manner. He owns that he does not quite believe the favourable reports of Herodes and other hungry Greek professors, but he adds frankly, 'In a matter like this I readily allow myself to be imposed upon, and find a pleasure in my own gullibility.' Of young Quintus he speaks most bitterly as 'our ruffianly kinsman.' In fact, the project of deifying his daughter and his literary activities are the only solace of his 'life's downward slope.' His indifference to money matters is a very graceful trait in his character:—

'I am more vexed that (through Tullia's death and the misconduct of Marcus) I have no one to leave anything to than that I have really nothing to spend.'

He constantly asserts his indifference to the minor vexations of life. He receives the news of the fall of two houses belonging to him and the insecure condition of others with the words, 'Many call such things misfortunes; to me they are hardly even inconveniences.' He alludes with a jest to the difficulty of recovering Tullia's dower from Dolabella.

'Yes; Dolabella is acting well. A score for him! I wish he could be got to think of the score he has got to settle with me.'

Cicero, with the intellect of a man, had the heart of a child. He could not bear to be, in the child's phrase, 'out with' anyone. He would sacrifice some of those feelings which we miscall manly rather than endure that aloofness from natural friends, the sting of which was felt by Coleridge when he wrote the immortal lines:

'And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.'

Hence his noble forgiveness of Quintus and his wretched son. Hence even his complaisance towards Dolabella, who had rendered miserable the last years of the life of Tullia, the creature on whom Cicero poured out all the riches of his loving heart. We cannot but feel surprised to find Cicero quite cordial with the man whom his daughter had at last been compelled to divorce after repeated provocations patiently endured. In Rome the marriage bond held no sanctity, and hardly even gathered round it tender associations. This is, according to some of our modern novelists, 'a consummation devoutly

devoutly to be wished.' When we find Cicero, who was so much superior to his contemporaries in refinement, divorcing Terentia on no very positive grounds; contemplating a match with 'the ugliest woman I ever saw'; marrying Publilia, who might have been his granddaughter; almost immediately divorcing her, and living on friendly terms with the divorced husband of his beloved Tulliola, we are enabled to judge how baneful the old Roman attitude towards marriage would be to the rank and file of modern humanity. A short letter to Atticus on the death of a favourite slave or freedman in his friend's household, puts in a strong light Cicero's gentleness of disposition:

'Poor Athamas! My dear Atticus, your grief is natural, but you must struggle against it. Let philosophy bring about the result that time must effect. Now let us take care of your other slave, Alexis, who is sick at your house in Rome. Is the Quirinal insanitary? If so, you must send him and Tisamenus, who is in charge of him, to my house. The whole upper part is empty, as you know. The change might, I think, have a decided effect.'

It is interesting to observe the deep interest which Cicero takes in questions of diction and style. We are told by Quintilian that he was a severe critic of his son's Latinity, which indeed called for animadversion, if it is true, as Servius tells us on Æn. viii. 168, that young Cicero once wrote *direxi litteras duas*, a sentence which must have grieved his 'judicious' father.* It has been observed that Cicero reminds one of a modern Englishman more than any other character in so-called ancient history. He might have written this passage from Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, except that his language would have been less severe:

'I come now to another part of your letter, which is the orthography, if I may call bad spelling orthography. You spell *induce enduce*, and *grandeur* you spell *grandure*, two faults which few of my housemaids would have been guilty of. Orthography is so necessary for a gentleman that one false spelling may fix a ridicule upon him for the rest of his life.'

It is not only to his son that he plays the censor. The most striking example of his purism about words occurs in a letter to Atticus. He needed a Latin word to represent ἐποχή in the philosophic sense of the suspension of judgment. He had hit on *sustinere*, but Atticus had suggested *inhibere*, with which at first he was delighted; afterwards he writes:

* *Duas* should of course have been *binas*, and *dirigere*, 'to draw up,' can be paralleled only in late Latin.

'Now

'Now I do not like it at all. *Inhibere* is a nautical expression, but I thought it meant to lie on the oars and keep the vessel stationary. I learned that I was wrong when a ship put in yesterday here at Astura. *Inhibere* does not mean to keep the vessel stationary, but to row backwards, which is quite unsuitable to illustrate the meaning of philosophic suspense in the *Academica*.'

He then goes on to give authority for the use of *sustinere*, which he wishes to be restored, and finally remarks :—

'You see how much more interest I take in the exact meaning of *inhibere* and *sustinere* than in the political news, than in the career of Pollio in Spain, and, certainly, than in the news about Metellus and Balbinus.'

Cæsar could forgive his enemies, especially those who used against him only the sword and not the pen. But his clemency, not always based on the noblest motives, has been much exaggerated. Gaul was the scene of terrible acts of retribution. He executed the whole Senate of the Veneti; he permitted a massacre of the Usipetes and Tencteri; he sold as slaves 40,000 natives of Genabum, and cut the right hands off all the brave men whose only crime was that they held to the last against him their town Uxellodunum. Bacon quotes the 'desperate saying of Cosmus, Duke of Florence,' that though we are commanded to forgive our enemies, it is nowhere enjoined on us to forgive our friends. Cicero, as we have seen, could pardon even his friends. When his 'blackguard kinsman,' young Quintus, had grace enough to tell his uncle that he felt keenly the estrangement between them, Cicero replied at once with exquisite kindness, 'Why then do you permit the estrangement to exist?' adding, 'I use the word *pateris* in preference to *committis*,' which would have meant, 'Why do you bring on yourself his anger?' and indeed would have been none too hard. At the beginning of the epoch which we have been considering, in April 46, Cicero wrote to his learned friend Varro, words which neatly sum up his view of the way in which men, such as they were, should get through the troublous times on which they fell:

'Be it ours to adhere firmly to a life of study, a practice once essential to my happiness, but now essential to my existence; to be ready to come, ay and eager to run, to help in building up the constitution, if called to that task, whether as master-builders or even only as common masons; if not wanted, to write and read about the science of politics, and from our study, if the Senate and Forum are closed to us, to do our best to guide the destinies of the State.'

ART.

ART. V.—*Queen Elizabeth.* By Mandell Creighton, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough. London, 1896.

THERE is no period of English history so enveloped in an atmosphere of sentiment and romance as that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The triumphs of her rule in politics and war, the splendid services of unrivalled statesmen and warriors, the gay galaxy of wits, courtiers, poets, and dramatists that adorned her reign, arouse the interest and quicken the imagination of the student of the history and literature of England. She was great 'Gloriana,' the object of a unique chivalrous devotion when the spirit of chivalry had begun to fade, who moved through her Court like a goddess, setting an example of fashion and extravagance which her admiring courtiers only too rapidly followed, and which she at times found it necessary summarily to check. From shire to shire she would pass in triumphal procession in a whirl of shows, while 300 waggons followed with bag and baggage necessary for her domestic comfort, and a 'smutty regiment who attended the progresses rode in the cars with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace.' Fauns and satyrs fled before her as she rode through the woods, and Diana and her train received her in a masque returning from the chase. Cupid presented her his golden shaft as she passed through the gates of Norwich; and the mythological deities and heroes of Greece and Rome, and the denizens of the New World, mingled in a strange medley with the chivalry of the Middle Ages in the stately courts of Kenilworth.

It is fitting that an age so brilliant, and a personality so striking, should be illustrated with all the splendour that the taste and art of the ninteenth century can command. To say that a book is worthy of the reign of Elizabeth is to give high praise. But we may say it with truth of the volume which we have placed at the head of our article. Throughout its pages Dr. Creighton bears his train of learning with a skill and ease which would not disgrace the most practised of courtiers. In it publisher, artist, and printer vie with one another to produce a work which shall rival the magnificence of the age of Elizabeth. The result is one of the most sumptuous volumes which have ever been published. Different readers will read it for different reasons. For ourselves, in the present article, it is a storehouse of fashions, a wardrobe of the richest costumes which the wealth and fancy of the Elizabethans could devise. The age was one of pageantry and show, pomp and glitter, as well as an age rich in ideas, when the mind of man, freed from the trammels of

of centuries, surveyed at once under the new literary impulse the treasures of the Old World, and by the triumphs of naval enterprise the great wonders of the New. The black shadows of the Middle Ages, under which man moved a pilgrim and a stranger given up to the dominion of Satan, and where to many there was no joy except in utter scepticism or in direct compact with him, had now passed away, and a fairer vision of Earth and Heaven was revealed to man in the new light of the Renascence. Men now turned aside from the terrors of a Dantean hell and took refuge in the contemplation of the glories of earth, whose far-off regions were no longer in the possession of satyrs, griffins, and demons. The practical mind of Trinculo, at sight of Caliban, gives expression to the regret:—

'Were I in England now, as I once was, and had this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

The dream of discovering an El Dorado, the hope of plunder, and religious fervour sent men on expeditions of discovery or conquest across the Spanish Main, and often with most profitable results. The contents of the *Madre di Dios* taken by Drake, consisting of calicoes, linen, damask, taffetas, silks and other Indian goods, were bought by the City of London for 140,000*l.* Life became one of enthusiasm, exciting enterprise, and enjoyment under the new conditions for its development. The 'lust of the eye' was appeased by the splendour of attire, the pomp and magnificence of the shows and pageantry. The 'lust of the flesh' gratified itself in a higher standard of living and domestic comfort. Cecil complains 'that England spendeth more on wines in one year than it did in ancient times in four years.' The 'pride of life' gloried in the possession of knowledge, giving an impetus to the New Philosophy, the outcome of the age which reversed the scientific method of two thousand years in the immortal aphorism, *Homo naturæ minister et interpres.* The splendour of the age warmed the imagination even of Bacon with a sensuous glow of colour, as he turned contemplatively to buildings, gardens, masques and triumphs,—'toys to come amongst such serious observations, but yet, since Princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost.' It was under such an environment as this, having for its centre 'London and the Queen,' that the great epic of the age, Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,'

Queene,' was written, with no higher aim than how to 'fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline'; and hence it soon became the 'delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier.'

The pomp and pageantry of the sixteenth century had appropriate setting in the stately mansions which then began to spring up in profusion throughout the country. After the destructive warfare of the previous century, resulting in the ruin of most of the great Barons of England and the downfall of Feudalism, men could now 'sacrifice strength to convenience and security to sunshine' under the new Italian influence. Battlemented walls, moats, barbicans, narrow windows, and gloomy halls made way for the graceful gables rising over the spacious court with arched entrance and fretted front. Diamond-paned windows, with mullions and transoms and painted arms, gave light and grace to the carved, open, oak staircase, leading to spacious rooms with costly hangings or wainscotting, hung with armour, with lofty ornamental panelled ceilings, and elaborately classic-carved chimney-pieces rising high above the spacious fireplaces. Without, pillared galleries looked down on stately terraces descending by broad flights of steps into Italian gardens, with spacious alleys of quaintly-devised yew leading to soft retreats or ornamental fountains, or bathing pools embellished with storied pavement or stained glass. The delicious gardens of the royal retreat at Nonsuch made it 'a place,' says Hentzner, 'pitched upon by Pleasure herself, to dwell in along with Health.' Audley End, Saffron Walden, was designed to eclipse all that had previously been erected, and is said to have cost 190,000*l.* Charlecote, Kenilworth, Somerset House, Hatfield, Stoneyhurst, Burleigh, and a host of others, showed the end of the old order of Feudalism and the beginning of a new era in the social life of England. Beryl ceased to be used in the houses of the nobles, and glass from Normandy and Flanders as well as of English make came into general use. Bacon complains that sometimes houses were 'so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or cold.' Aubrey, writing of Gorhambury, built by Sir Nicholas Bacon, mentions the 'stately Gallerie, whose glasse windows are all painted, and every pane with severall figures of beast, bird, or flower.' Cabinets filled with gold and silver vessels occupied the recesses, sometimes, as we are told, of the value of 2,000*l.* Hentzner, describing the curiosities of Hampton Court, mentions 'a certain cabinet called Paradise, where besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle one's eyes, there is a musical instrument made

made all of glass, except the strings.' There was a profusion of Turkey work, tapestry, silk hangings, brass ornaments, and fine table 'naperie'; 'whereby,' says Harrison, 'the wealth of our countrie (God be praised therefore, and give us grace to imploie it well!) dooth infinitelie appeare.' Mistress Otter in Jonson's 'Silent Woman' says her damask table-cloth cost her 18*l.* Sir Thomas Elyot says:—

'Semblable deckynge oughte to be in the house of a nobleman or man of honour. I meane concernynge ornamentes of halle and chambres, in Arise, painted tables, and images containynge histories, wherin is represented some monument of vertue, moste cunnyngly wroughte . . . wherby other men in beholdynge may be instructed, or at the lest wayes, to vertue persuaded.' ('The Boke Named the Governour,' vol. ii. p. 22, edit. 1883.)

Elyot's æsthetic taste would have been gratified in the next generation by the general adoption of his principle of wall decoration. Harrison could say of his day:—

'The wals of our houses on the inner sides be either hanged with tapisterie, arras worke, or painted cloths, wherin either diverse histories, or hearbes, beasts, knots, and such like are stained, or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainescot brought hither out of the east countries.' ('Description of England,' bk. ii. p. 235, edit. 1877.)

The century was the golden age of tapestries. In the Tower, Hentzner was shown above 100 pieces of arras made of gold, silver, and silk. Describing Hampton Court, he says: 'In short, all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver.' Warton, speaking of the admiration in which the chivalrous deeds of past heroes were held, says: 'These fables were not only perpetually repeated at their festivals, but were the constant object of their eyes. The stories of the tapestry in the royal palaces of Henry VIII. are still preserved'; * and he enumerates a long list of those woven in the hangings at the Tower, Durham Place, Windsor, Woodstock, Moor Park, Richmond, Westminster, &c.

Gremio, in 'The Taming of the Shrew' (Act ii. sc. 1), bids for Bianca thus:—

'My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

* 'Hist. of Eng. Poetry,' vol. ii. p. 192 (1871).

In

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice, gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping.'

The royal beds were covered with quilts of silk or velvet, shining with gold and silver work, or embroidered counterpanes lined with ermine, surmounted by crimson testers or canopies 'most richly ornamented with pearl.' Italian, French, and English books were to be had with illustrations of patterns and devices for silk, crewel, and lace work. The ladies were adepts in the use of the needle, and many specimens of work of the Tudor period which have come down to us are of the highest order of excellence. Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Pembroke were noted for their skill in needlework. Among the populace 'straw pallets,' writes Harrison, 'covered onelie with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain, and a good round log under their heads in steed of a bolster,' gave place to mattresses of flock, beds and pillows, which previously 'were thought meet onelie for women in childbed.' Farmers were enabled to buy feather beds and cover them with tapestry. Pewter was taking the place of 'treene platters,' and wooden spoons were being replaced by silver or tin. Glasses became, as Falstaff put it, 'the only drinking'; and Harrison notes the rage among the upper classes for vessels of Venetian glass.

'The poorest also,' he says, 'will have glasse; . . . but sith the Venecian is somewhat too deere for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home, of ferne and burned stone.' ('Description of England,' bk. ii. p. 147, edit. 1877.)

According to Stow, Venice glasses were first made in England about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian.

Never was the infatuation for dress and the vagaries of fashion greater than in the Elizabethan age. Travellers from the sunny South, accustomed to brilliant costumes and outdoor display, were astonished at the variety of gay apparel, the show of the train-bands in their red and white barred uniforms, the slashed doublets and feathers of the gallant courtiers, and the ruffed and jewelled silk- or velvet-robed beauties that followed in the Queen's train. 'We weare more phantasticall fashions,' says a writer early in the next reign, 'than any Nation under the sunne doth, the French onely excepted.' The wealth and

 magnificence

magnificence of the London shops astonished the eyes of travellers. The author of the 'Italian Relation of England,' writing early in the century, says that in the Strand 'there are fifty-two goldsmiths' shops, so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together, I do not think there are to be found so many or of the magnificence to be seen in London.' The display of goods of every variety in the open booths, of home and foreign material, brought in the vessels of the new trading companies from many lands to meet the demands of fickle fashion-mongers, was equally magnificent.

Harrison says of Andrew Boorde, the quaint physician and wit, and assistant attendant on Henry VIII., that, in attempting to write on the dress of his day,

'when he saw what a difficult peece of worke he had taken in hand, he gave over his travell, and onelie drue the picture of a naked man, unto whome he gave a paire of sheares in the one hand, and a peece of cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparell after such fashion as himselfe liked, sith he could find no kind of garment that could please him anie while togither; and this he called an English man.' (Book ii. p. 167.)

The satire applies to-day as well as then to many who lay themselves at the mercy, as Harrison puts it, 'of fickle-headed tailors' and milliners, whose object is to 'draw fond customers to more expense of monie.' It is difficult to do justice to a description of the apparel of the period, and much easier to inveigh with Harrison against the enormity, the fickleness, and folly of the attire, than to describe it with certainty.

Queen Elizabeth revelled in gorgeous apparel and a display of jewellery and in a luxurious adornment of her apartments. Her wardrobe was largely supplied from her New Year's gifts, and is said to have contained 3,000 dresses at her death. Presents were made to her by all attending Court and by all officials, from the highest in rank to the lowest, even down to her Majesty's dustman. Inventories of these were yearly made, showing large gifts of money and costly plate and an infinite variety of articles of dress and jewellery. The gift of the Earl of Leicester in 1571–2 is thus described, and contains the first mention we have met with of a watch bracelet:—

'One armlet, or shakell of golde, all over fairely garnishedd with rubyes and dyamondes, haveing in the closing thearof a clocke, and in the fore parte of the same a fayre lozengie dyamonde without a foyle, hanging thearat a rounde juell fully garnished with dyamondes, and perle pendant, weying 11 oz. qu. dim., and farthing golde weight: in a case of purple vellate all over embrauderid with Venice golde, and

and lyned with greene vellat.' ('Nichols's Progresses,' vol. i. p. 294, edit. 1823.)

In each case presents of gilt plate were presented to the donors in return. The weight, we are told, in 1578 amounted to 5,882 ounces. The weakness of the Maiden Queen for personal admiration was notorious. To take advantage of this, was, as in Raleigh's case, to rise in her good graces. Du Maurier says: 'I heard from my father, that at every audience he had with her Majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.' Melville, the ambassador from Mary Queen of Scots, writes in a similar strain. He says she had clothes of every kind, English, French, Italian, &c., which she changed daily.

'She asked me, which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair, rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally.'

Her apparel was the envy of the Court, who followed her extravagance in the profusion and display of farthingales, stomachers, ruffs, feathers, and tires. She crowned her head with feathers and cunning devices of serpents and other monstrosities in a style worthy of an Amazonian Queen. It was as true of her reign as of that of her father, that 'Many broke their backs with laying manors on 'em.' The ribald Carlo, in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' says to Sogliardo, the clownish aspirant to the name of gentleman, that ''twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel.' The shoes worn by Raleigh as he rode by 'the English Cleopatra' in silver armour were valued by Drexelius at six thousand six hundred gold pieces. Men gambled fortunes at a sitting, knowing that money could be gained in a commercial voyage to Ind, or in a few months' trip to the Main, 'to tear gold out of the Spaniards' throats.' The Puritans and moralists of the time, as well as the satirists, fiercely assailed the outlandish costumes and useless waste of wealth in the inordinate passion for display and gaiety. In Henry the Eighth's reign the 'Supplicacyon for the Beggers' complains that of the misery of the time

'the pryncypall cause herof is their costly apparell, and specially their manyfolde and dyverse chaunges of fasshyons whiche the man, and specially the woman, muste weare upon bothe headde and bodye. Sometyme cappe, sometyme hoode; nowe the Frenshe fasshyon, nowe

the Spanyshe fasshyon; then the Italyan fasshyon, and then the Myllen fasshyon; so that there is noo ende of consumynge of substaunce, and that vaynely, and all to please the prowde folyshe man and womens fantasye.' (Early Eng. Text Soc. ed., p. 52, edit. 1871.)

The literature of the century teems with reference, satire and ridicule of the prevailing taste and extravagance in dress. The clergy were not exempt from the general tendencies of the age. Latimer inveighs against the prelates in his 'Sermon of the Plough,' saying, 'They hawk, they hunt, they card, they dice; they pastime in their prelacies with gallant gentlemen, with their dancing minions, and with their fresh companions, so that ploughing is set aside.' There was an improvement in this respect in Harrison's day, who remarks that the clergy were spurred to apply themselves to their books,

'which otherwise (as in times past) would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipling at the alehouse, shooting of matches, and other like vanities.' ('Description of England,' bk. ii. p. 18.)

He notes also the improvement in apparel compared with the clergy of the Roman Church—'the blind Sir Johns' who dressed in

'colours like plaiers, or in garments of light hew . . . with their shooes piked, their haire crisped, their girdles armed with silver, . . . their apparell for the most part of silke, and richlie furred; their cappes laced and butned with gold: so that to meet a priest in those daies, was to behold a peacocke that spreadeth his taile when he danseth before the henne.' (Ibid., p. 33.)

Of all the writers of the age none maintains a higher standard of invective than the Puritan Stubbes in his 'Anatomie of Abuses,' that wonderful impeachment of a nation's sins, follies, and wickedness.

'Their religion doth consist in apparell,' he says; 'and to speak my conscience, I think there is more or as much holyness in the apparell as in them,—that is, just none at all.'

Bishop Babington more temperately declaims against the prevailing love of finery thus:

'Apparell is another of the raging desires of many. Even a worldo it is to see howe all, as dead, doe tast no sinne in it, but spend, and spare not, what possiblie may be gotten to bestowe on it.' ('Ten Commandments,' p. 11, edit. 1588.)

Portia, it will be remembered, will have none of Falconbridge, the young Baron of England.

'He

'He is a proper man's picture, but alas! . . . how oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.' *

Many attempts were made by strict sumptuary laws to regulate the taste of the age in dress, but with questionable success. In 1579 Elizabeth commanded that

'no person shall use or weare such excessive long cloakes, being in common sight mounstrous, as now of late yeares are beginning to be used in the realme, neither also shall any person use or weare such great excessive ruffes, in or about the uppermost parts of their neckes, as hath not been used before two yeares past; but that all persons shoulde in modest and semely sorte leave off such fonde, disguised, and monstrous manner of attyring themselves, as both was unsupportable for charges and undecent to be worne.'

A splendid example of 'Satan reproving Sin,' her own costumes far exceeding in extravagance, size, and cost those of any of her subjects. Hentzner saw her when she was sixty-five, and thus describes her when attending prayers on Sunday at Greenwich: she looked

'very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown . . . Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels . . . That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels.'

The University authorities and the Benchers of the Inns of Court attempted to check, or prevent, the prevailing extravagance in dress among the members of their respective societies. Orders were issued to all the Inns of Court in 1557, proclaiming—

'That none of the Companions, except Knights or Benchers, wear in their Doublets or Hoses any light colours, except Scarlet and Crimson, or wear any upper Velvet Cap, or any Scarf or Wings in their Gowns, White Jerkyns, Buskins, or Velvet shoes, Double Cuffs on their Shirts, Feathers or Ribbens on their Caps, upon pain to forfeit for the first default iii*s.* iv*d.*, and the second, expulsion without redemption. That none of the Companions of the said Houses shall

* For a parallel passage see Field's 'Amends for Ladies,' iii. 3.

wear

wear their Study-Gowns into the City any further than Fleet Bridge, Holborn Bridge or to the Savoy, upon like pain as last before. That none of the said Companies, when they be in Commons, shall wear Spanish Cloak, Sword and Buckler, or Rapier; or Gowns and Hats; or Gowns girded with a Dagger on the back, upon like pain. That none of the said Companions under the degree of a Knight being in Commons do wear any Beard above three weeks growing, upon pain of xls.' (Dugdale, 'Origines,' p. 310.)

Similar regulations were made by the Judges in the first year of Elizabeth, forbidding the wearing of sword and buckler in the town, silks, furs, great hose, &c., under pain of fine and banishment for third offence, the wearing of beards being limited to a fortnight's growth.

Thomas Dekker fiercely inveighs against the fashions in his 'Seven Deadly Sins of London.'

'Women,' he says, 'will not be behind men in any new-fangled fashions. If men get up the French standing collars, women will have the French standing collar too. If Doublets with little thick skirts, women are thick-skirted too.'

Some of our own moralists of the present day make similar complaints against like infringement on masculine fashions. They say that the few poor smoking carriages allotted to men on railway trains (not enough, since most men smoke) are invaded by lady passengers. They complain further that they invade the billiard and smoking rooms in private houses, and the stable, betting ring, and salmon pools, aping men's horsey, cycling, and fishing attire, putting a restriction on the freedom of the men, while the gain in liberty is of questionable benefit to the women. To such critics we may recommend the issue of a revised version of the 'Seven Deadly Sins.'

In somewhat similar words to those of Portia, Dekker assails the prevailing vice :—

'An Englishman's suite is like a traitor's bodie that had been hanged, drawn, and quartered . . . The collar of his Doublet is in France, the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy, the short waist hangs over a Dutch butchers stall in Utrecht, his huge Slops speak Spanish, Polonia gives him the boots, the block for his heade alters faster than the felt-maker can fit him, and thereupon we are called in scorn Blockheads. And thus we that mocke every nation for keeping one fashion, yet steal patches from every one of them, to piece out our pride, are now the laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.'

Shakspeare, in 'Much Ado About Nothing' (Act iii. sc. 3), hits strongly at the prevailing sin of the age :—

'*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry . . . .

'*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.'

The rage for fashions at this period could not be better expressed than it is by Harrison in the aphorism: 'Nothing is more constant in England than inconstancy of attire.' A Dutch writer in 1575 says that the 'English dress is elegant, light and costly, but they are very inconstant and desirous of noveltie, changing their fashions every year, both men and women.' John Hall, in his 'Courte of Vertue' (1565), also says:—

'But we here in England, lyke fooles and apes,
Do by our vayne fangles deserve mocks and japes,
For all kynde of countreys dooe us deryde,
In no constant custome sythe we abyde,
For we never knowe howe in our array
We may in fyrme fashion stedfastly stay.'

There existed a passionate desire for the pomp and display that wealth alone could give. In Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels' (Act iv. sc. 1), the qualification of a gentleman for approval is that he is 'able to maintain a lady in her two coaches * a day, besides pages, monkeys, paraquettoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn.' In the 'Calendar of State Papers' (Domestic, 1580–1625, Add. p. 137) we read how the Countess of Leicester rode 'through Cheapside drawn by four milk-white steeds, with four footmen in black velvet jackets, and silver bears on their backs and breasts, two knights and thirty gentlemen before her, and coaches of gentlewomen, pages, and servants behind.'

It had become the custom for members of the aristocracy to

* Coaches were first introduced into England in 1564, according to Taylor, the Water Poet, who says: 'It is a doubtfull question, whether the divell brought Tobacco into England in a Coach, or else brought a Coach in a fogge or mist of Tobacco. . . . One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of Coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeths Coachman; for indeede a Coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great Crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the Canibals adored the divell: but at last those doubts were cleared and Coach-making became a substantiall Trade . . . and what spoyle of our Velvets, Damaskes, Taffataes, Silver and Gold Lace, with Fringes of all Sorts, when many of the poor distressed members of Christ goe naked, starving with cold, not having anything to hide their wretched carkasses.' (Works, p. 240, edit. 1630.)

ally

ally themselves with 'City people,' and so recruit their broken fortunes,—a custom so well practised in our own time that we might say, 'Every gate is thronged with suitors.' John Taylor writes that 'many a rich lubberly Clowne, the sonne of some gowty extortioner or rent-racking Rascall (for his accursed mucks sake), may be matched with a beautiful or proper wel qualified and nobly descended Gentlewoman.'

The Lord Mayor says, in Dekker's 'Shoemaker's Holiday,' that

> 'Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
> Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
> More in one year than I am worth by far.'

But the 'City Madams,' when promoted to a higher sphere by a noble alliance, were often fully competent to assume the magnificent airs, pride, and arrogance of the *haute noblesse.* There is a letter extant from the wife of Lord Compton and daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, written shortly after her marriage, making certain stipulations which she considers necessary for her comfort and which her immense fortune could well afford. She was to have '3 horses for my owne saddle,' and 'two gentlewomen, leaste one should be sicke'; and when hunting, hawking, or travelling, they were to accompany her on horseback. She must have '6 or 8 gentlemen,' and her 'twoe coaches, one lyned with velvett to myself, with 4 very fayre horses, and a coache for my woemen, lyned with sweete cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlett, and laced with watched lace and silver, with 4 good horses.' Laundresses and chambermaids were to travel before her with the carriages and the grooms, that her 'chamber may be ready, sweete, and cleane.' It would be 'undecent to croud upp myself with my gentl. usher in my coache,' she wrote, and he was to accompany her on horseback, and two footmen finishing the list of functionaries who were necessary for the domestic felicity (but it did not prove so) of the daughter of the London citizen.

'The starched gallant,' the 'fashion-mongering boy'—the fop or 'masher' of the period—is the individual who meets with the most scathing satire and abuse from the moralists, dramatists, wits, and satirists of the Elizabethan period. He was always 'neat and trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reaped . . . He was perfumed like a milliner, and 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held a pouncet box.' Thus Hotspur describes the 'popinjay'; and Shakspeare again pours his contempt on the 'prince of cats—the courageous captain of complements—the antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes,' exclaiming

ing through Mercutio what a lamentable thing it is 'that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.' He stuck at nothing in the way of padding and bombast to give himself a good figure, and adored his calves like Simon Tappertit; indeed it is said of Amorphus, in 'Cynthia's Revels,' that 'he put off the calves of his legs with his stockings every night.'

This 'point-device' Ganymede was precisely the youth 'to have the quotidian of love upon him' and 'hang odes upon hawthornes and elegies on brambles.' He was not a whit behind the ladies in the use of scents, flowers, garters, gloves, and mirrors. 'He smelt all of musk and ambergris' as he walked 'before a lady to bear her fan,' and 'the Provincial roses on his razed shoes' were often 'big enough to hide a cloven foot.' This 'walking frippery' placed a mirror in his hat, put jewels in his ears, and 'wore three men's livings in the shape of a seal ring on his thumb.' His hair 'he had knit up in silken strings with twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.' 'The spruce silken-faced courtier' fastened his mistress's favour —a little three or four inch square lace-edged handkerchief— with a fair jewel in his beaver felt, and would 'stand every morning two or three hours learning how to look by his glass, how to speak by his glass, how to court his mistress by his glass.' He was 'a mincing marmoset made all of clothes and face . . . one who dares not smile beyond a point for fear to unstarch his look; that hath travelled to make legs,' and who would 'lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.' He was an elder brother of the 'crutch and tooth-pick' dandy of our own time, for with an 'apish monkey fashion of effeminate niceness' he posed with the 'pick-tooth in the mouth, the flower in the eare, the brush upon the beard, the kisse of the hand, the stoupe of the head, and the leere of the eye,' altogether 'a most dainty man'; like Don Adriano de Armado, polished in the art of profanity, 'most sweetly would he swear.' He was ever ready for quarrel. His hand flew to the hilt of his rapier on the slightest provocation,—one who, as Shakspeare again says, 'would lie, cog, and flout, deprave and slander . . . speak off half-a-dozen dangerous words, how they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.' The alehouse brawler, as Mercutio in his estimate of Benvolio describes him, would quarrel with a man for cracking nuts because he himself had hazel eyes, with another for coughing because he wakened his dog, with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, and, when he entered a 'tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says,

says, "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.' Exaggerated in fashions and manners, he was equally fantastical and euphuistic in speech. He trusted to 'speeches penn'd,' and 'wooed in rhyme.' The Piercie Shafton of the day spoke 'not like a man of God's making, but in taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, three-piled hyberboles.' He was chief speaker wherever he went, and usurped all the conversation at tavern tables, where often 'the wife of the ordinary gave him his diet to maintain her table in discourse.' He rode a Spanish jennet in going to dine at the ordinary at half-past eleven, his servant preceding him, carrying his cloak. There he met with 'silken fooles' like himself; and there, as Ben Jonson says in his Twelfth Epigram, 'he plays at dice his borrow'd money.' This Epigram on Lieutenant Shift is a perfect epitome of the life of the town 'Squire' of the day. He cultivated the art of making 'strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovoli, fagioli, and caviare.'* When low in purse, he picked his teeth, making pretence that he had dined, although he had walked all day long among the fashionable crowd of idlers, gulls, lawyers and clients, players, poets, cheats and cut-purses, who made the middle aisle of St. Paul's their rendezvous. Cards, dice, the ordinary, drinking, and street adventure filled up the measure of his time, and he became a danger and a nuisance to peaceable citizens, though many of his 'straggling cavalier' class might have stood in physical meanness for the originals of Hall's satire:—

> 'Lik'st a strawne scar-crow in the new-sowne field,
> Rear'd on some sticke the tender corne to shield.'

Stow tells us that he was called the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruff and the longest rapier, and remarks that

> 'the offence to the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject, that came by the other, caused Her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffes, and breake the rapiers points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes.' ('Annales,' p. 869, edit. 1631.)

The law was carried out, for in 1580 the French Ambassador was stopped in riding through Smithfield, because his sword was over the regulation length. In a similar manner a Russian

* 'Cynthia's Revels,' ii. 1.

emperor

emperor in more recent times cured the fashion of wearing long trousers.

The beard of the gallant caused him as much pain and anxiety as in later days did the red hair and irrepressible 'feather' of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. The variety of cuts given to the beard and the dressing of the moustache are constantly commented on or satirised in the literature of the period. Men dyed their beards, and Bottom would discharge his part 'in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.' In Lyly's 'Mydas' (iii. 2) Motto asks:—

'How, sir, will you be trim'd? Will you have your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip, or an ally on your chin? A low curle on your head like a bull, or dangling locke like a spaniell? Your mustachoes sharpe at the ends like shoemakers aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates flakes? Your love-lockes wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?'

The love-lock fell in a plait from under the left ear, and was tied at the end with a rose or a silk knot. Gower, in cautioning Fluellen as to the true character of Pistol, says, 'What a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on.' Amorphus ('Cynthia's Revels') says of the soldier that 'the grace of his face consisteth much in a beard'; and Jaques describes him as 'bearded like the pard,' and the Justice with a 'beard of formal cut.' The wit and the euphuist affected a tufted chin by which he was known, and hence the musty proverb which says, 'Bush natural, more hair than wit.'

Harrison describes how the hair was sometimes polled or curled, or allowed to grow long 'like womans lockes,' or cut round by the ears like 'a woodden dish.' Sometimes the chin was shaven Turk fashion, or

'cut short like to the beard of Marques Otto, some made round like a rubbing brush, others with a *pique de vant* (O fine fashion!) or to grow long . . . If a man have a leane and streight face, a Marquesse Ottons cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter like, a long slender beard will make it seeme the narrower; if he be wesell becked, then much heare left on the cheekes will make the owner looke big like bowdled hen and so grim as a goose, if Cornelis of Chelmeresford saie true: manie old men doo weare no beards at all.' ('Description of England,' bk. ii. p. 169, edit. 1877.)

The barber's ingenuity, like the tailor's, ran mad in the invention of fashions for wearing the beard. They were worn twisted

twisted like a rope, hammer cut, spade or fork cut, circular or pointed stiletto fashion :—

> 'That heights, depths, breadths, triform, square, oval, round,
> And rules geometrical in beards are found.'

The trimmers of men were ready to cut their customers French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, bravado or mean, so as 'to looke terrible to your enemie, or amiable to your freend, grime and sterne in countenance, or pleasant and demure'; and, as Stubbes continues, 'their mowchatowes must be preserved and laid out from one cheke to another, yea, almost from one eare to another, and turned up like two hornes towards the forehead.' Then comes in 'this tragedy,' washing the face with 'sweete balles,' and other cleansing operations, sprinkling with Orient perfumes and laving with fragrant waters.*

Still more were women subjected to scathing satire and abuse on the dressing of the hair and the tiring of the head. Lyly in 'Mydas' (i. 2) says of the head 'purtenances':—

> 'It is impossible to reckon them up, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, earerings, borders, crippins, shadowes, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them: these be but a few notes.'

The moralists made much of St. Peter's admonition against 'outward adorning, of plaiting the hair.' Women were sometimes so disguised that Harrison complains that it passed his understanding to distinguish their sex, for 'the women are become men, and the men are transformed into monsters.' The fiercest and most bitter satire was poured forth unrestrainedly against them. The extravagance of fashion drew forth the utmost extravagance and licence of speech. Marston, in his 'Scourge of Villanie' (Sat. vii.), furiously assails them thus :—

> 'Out on these puppets, painted images,
> Haberdashers shops, torch-light maskeries,
> Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, glowe-worms bright,
> That soyle our soules, and dampe our reasons light!'

In Tourneur's 'Revenger's Tragedy' (iii. 5), Vindici, looking on the skull of his love dressed up in tires, says—

> 'Does every proud and selfe-affecting Dame
> Camphire her face for this, and grieve her Maker
> In sinful baths of milk—when many an infant starves?'

* 'Anatomy of Abuses,' pt. ii. p. 50.

In

In a similar vein, Volpone tempts Celia, when he says—

> 'Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
> Spirit of roses, and of violets,
> The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
> Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.'
> ('The Fox,' iii. 5.)

Gosson, in his 'Pleasant Quippes,' lashes them thus:—

> 'These flaming heads with staring hair,
> These wyers turnde like hornes of ram:
> These painted faces which they weare:
> Can any tell from whence they cam?
> Dan Sathan, Lord of fayned lyes,
> All these new fangels did devise.'

Euphues warns Philautus against these syrens and tame serpents. He counsels him to have more strings to his bow than one, for it is safe riding at two anchors. He says—

'I loath almost to thincke on their oyntments and appoticary drugges, the sleeking of their faces, and all their slibber sawces, which bring quesinesse to the stomacke and disquiet to the minde. Take from them their perywigges, their paintings, their jewells, their rowles, their boulstrings, and thou shalt soone perceive that a woman is the least parte of hir selfe . . . Looke in their closettes, and there thou shalt finde an Appoticaryes shop of sweete confections, a surgions boxe of sundry salves, a pedlers packe of new fangels.'

We are offensively reminded of Swift's anatomical description of 'A Lady's Dressing Room.' Otter, in 'The Silent Woman,' revenges himself on his wife in a public description of her 'make up,' with great coarseness: 'Her false teeth were made in Black-friars, her false eyebrows in the Strand, and her false hair in Silver Street; and at bed-time, when she takes herself asunder, she is packed into twenty boxes.'

Stubbes inveighs at length against oils, ungents, and washes with which women decorate their faces, but deform their souls, and sink deeper into the displeasure and indignation of the Almighty. He warns them to 'take heed and amend their wicked lives, or they shall have stench and horrour in the nethermost hel.' In Greene's 'Looking-Glasse for London and England,' Alvida, at the threatened destruction of Nineveh by 'Jonas,' cries to her ladies—

> 'Come, mournful dames, lay off your broider'd locks . . .
> Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
> Our rich array, that foster'd us in sin!'

They wore the hair plaited, curled or frizzled, and raised in wreaths

wreaths or piles upon the head. Steel wire and pins were used for building it up and adorning it into the tire which raised the wrath of the Puritan and the satirist. Gold and silver chased bands adorned the forehead, and trinkets of these metals and of glass were fastened or hung with silken streamers and feathers from the fantastic construction. Falstaff, imagining that he is fooling Mrs. Ford to the top of her bent, tells her that she has 'the right arched bent of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.' Tourneur, in the 'Revenger's Tragedy' (ii. 1), complains that 'women walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,' and with nice analogy, that to ornament the head 'faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the field, are cut to maintaine head tires.'

Painting the face and wearing false hair were common fashions and made a marked impression upon Shakspeare, judging by his frequent allusion to these customs. Hamlet has heard of 'your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourselves another'; and, moralising over the skull of 'poor Yorick,' he says, 'Get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick: to this favour she must come.' Bassanio, commenting on the caskets, reflects that the 'crisped snaky golden locks' are often known 'to be the dowry of a second head, the skull that bred them in the sepulchre'; and in a parallel passage of equal force and greater beauty, in the 68th Sonnet, Shakspeare says:—

> 'Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchre, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head.'

He mourns, too, in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect.' And again, in 'Twelfth Night,' Viola says that Olivia's face 'is excellently done, if God did all'; to which she replies, ''Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.' Galatea declares in 'Philaster' (Beaumont and Fletcher) that her hair was her own, and as for her face 'it ne'er cost a penny painting.' Ben Jonson in 'Cynthia's Revels' speaks of the 'painted beauties,' and how vice is wooed 'in spight of all the impostures, paintings, drugs, which custom dawbs her cheeks withal.' Again, he says that between the ladies and their apothecary 'there is this reciprock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.' The palinode to the play is a perfect text of the follies of the time, and in it Phantaste sings: 'From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivelled faces, good Mercury defend us!'

us!' Of the extravagant notions existing in regard to salves and washes, the receipt of an unsavoury 'nightmask,' given by Bold to Lady Bright in Field's 'Amends for Ladies,' is a good example. The head was surmounted by French caps, or 'cawles of golden plate' or silver thread, or the peaked minever, 'the usuall wearing of all grave Matrons,'—white three-cornered caps with raised peaks three or four inches above the head. They began to go out of fashion early in the Queen's reign. The merchants and better class of artisans' wives wore hats of velvet, and Stubbes complains that even the 'poor cottagers daughter has her taffeta or woollen hat lined with silk, heedless who pays for it untill they have filled up the measure of their evill to their owne perdition.'

Men's hats were made of silk, wool, velvet, taffeta, or of fine hair. They were highly wrought and bound with gorgeous bands of gold or silver work or twisted silk, and mounted with feathers, fastened with jewels or crystal buttons. A hat of Henry VIII. was of green embroidered velvet, ornamented with silk lace and lined with green sarcenet. Fastidious Brisk, in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' says: 'I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat, of massy goldsmiths work, the brims being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles.' In 'Patient Grissel' (Act iii. sc. 2), Emulo speaks of his velvet cap 'with a band to it of Orient pearl and gold, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten pound price or so.' Elaborately wrought scarves were very fashionable, and we read in Stow's 'Annals' that some cost from 5*l.* to 30*l.* apiece.

Early in Elizabeth's reign the caps ceased to be worn of the flat shape called the 'City flat cap,' so familiar to us in the pictures of Holbein of her father's time, and the style became as varied as other articles of costume of the age. Amorphus tells Asotus in 'Cynthia's Revels' that his beaver 'will take any block; I have received it varied on record to the three thousandth time.' In 'Much Ado About Nothing,' Beatrice says of Benedick, 'He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.' In 1571 a statute was enacted commanding all persons above the age of six years —except the nobility and gentry—to wear woollen caps of home production on Sabbath and holy days, and it was strictly enforced among the citizens, mechanics, and labourers, 'or the forfeiture of three shillings and four pence for every day so neglected to be worn.' This was done to secure a monopoly of the woollen manufactures against felt on an appeal to Parliament by the knit-capmakers of England. Soon, however, the

the superiority of felt hats made them fashionable, and the wear of woollen caps rapidly declined. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' Rosaline says, 'Better wits have worn plain Statute caps.'

Feathers of the rarest and most expensive kind were used on the heads of both sexes and also as horses' plumes, though not to the same extent as earlier in the century. In 'Tom Tel Trothes Message' we have the following complaint:—

> 'It seemes strange birds in England now are bred,
> And that rare fowles in England build their nest,
> When Englishmen with plumes adorne their head,
> As with a cocks-comb or a peacocks crest.'

In 'Father Hubburd's Tales' an empty fop is thus described:

'His head was dressed up in white feathers like a shutlecock, which agreed so well with his brain, being nothing but cork, that two of the biggest of the guard might very easily have tossed him with battledores.'

In an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII. are

'plumes of feathers for helmets, of white ostrich feathers richly garnished with passemayne, and fringes of Venice gold, and gold spangles intermixed with small copper ones, and either of the plumes having a toppet of heron's feathers; large plumes of feathers for horses, of all colours, chiefly heron's feathers, garnished with spangles and toppets.'

The most conspicuous article of apparel of both sexes at this period was the ruff, which was worn round the neck and the cuffs of the sleeves. When low and small, they were generally becoming; but when high, fan or wheel shaped, they were justly the subject of satire and ridicule. They were supported by a framework of wood, steel, or fine wire, and were starched plainly and got into shape by 'poking-sticks of steel,' as Autolycus says, or tinted in colour. Early in Henry VIII.'s reign they appeared small in size, and it was not until the middle of Elizabeth's reign that they began to assume those dimensions which made them the subject of the bitterest satire and abuse on record in the fashions of any age. We are told that the Queen wore higher and stiffer ruffs than any other Sovereign or subject in Europe except the Queen of Navarre, because, it is said, she had a yellow throat and was desirous of concealing it with a 'chin ruff.' John Stow, who was a tailor—the trade of his father and grandfather—takes a professional pride in entering into many details of the costumes of the Court.

'Divers

'Divers noble personages,' he writes, 'and other of speciall note, made them Ruffes a full quarter of a yeard deepe and twelve lengths in one ruffe: this fashion in London was called the French fashion, but when Englishmen came to Paris the French knew it not, and in derision called it the English Monster.'

They were made of linen, holland, cambric, 'cobweb lawn,' and were often wrought with silk, lace, gold, and silver. Stubbes' whole soul revolts at these abuses, and he proclaims against the men's ruffs that 'the devil in his fulnes of malice first invented these great ruffes, and hath found out two great stayes to beare up and maintaine his kingdome of great ruffes.' One of these 'arches' or 'pillars' was

'a certaine kinde of liquide matter which they call Starch, wherin the devill hath willed them to wash and dive his ruffes wel.* . . . The other piller is a certain device made of wyers, crested for the purpose, whipped over either with gold, thred, silver, or silk, and this hee calleth a supportasse or underproper.' ('Anat. of Ab.,' pt. i. p. 52.)

Dekker, in the 'Guls Horn Book,' declares that in Adam's days there was not 'your treble-, quadruple dædalian ruff, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride to row under than can stand under five London bridges.' In Hall's fine satire on the gallant he refers to the ruff thus:—

> 'His linnen collar Labyrinthian-set,
> Whose thousand double turnings never met.'

The ladies' ruffs were worn excessively large, with 'three or four degrees of minor ruffes . . . under the Maister devil ruffe.' We all remember Leech's illustrations of the crinoline-enveloped ladies in difficulties with a cab-door, a gale of wind, or other inconveniences. Stubbes's eye had seized upon like perplexities with the ruff. When

'*Aeolus* with his blasts or *Neptune* with his stormes chaunce to hit uppon the crasie barke of their brused ruffes, then they goe flip flap in the winde, like rags flying abroad, and lye upon their shoulders like the dischcloute of a slut.'

Neither law, satire, nor censure could control the ruff; it expanded with every breeze of scorn, and spread its wings with every blast of sarcasm for many years after Elizabeth's reign. The clergy who preached against their use were among the last

* Stow tells that, in 1564, 'Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, Flanders, with her husband, came to London, and professed herself a starcher, wherein she excelled.' She charged four or five pounds to teach ladies her method of starching, and one pound for her receipt for making the starch.

to drop the fashion of wearing them. Mrs. Turner, who was the inventor of the yellow starch so largely used in the dressing of ruffs, rabatos, and collars of all kinds, was executed for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury at Tyburn in 1615, wearing a 'cobweb lawn ruff of that colour.' It was expected that the ruff would then 'receive its funeral'; but five years afterwards we find the Dean of Westminster giving orders that no one of either sex wearing ruffs should be permitted to enter any pew in his church, but, finding he had displeased the King, he withdrew the order and apologized for the 'mistake.' The fashion died soon afterwards, however, but the recently introduced Medici collar may perhaps be the sign of its resurrection.

The cloaks of the period were made of the richest materials of every kind and colour, and were fastened with clasps of gold or silver. The length varied from waist to knees, and from that to trailing the ground. They were most curiously wrought and laced, fringed with gold and silver tassels and glass bugles, and the lining was as gorgeously worked as the outside. They were worn with or without sleeves and hoods. In 'Patient Grissell' we have 'my silk cloak loaded with pearl, and the buttons illustrious and resplendent diamonds.' In Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass,' Wittipol bribes Fitzdottrel with his cloak, which 'was never made, sir, for three score pound: the plush, sir, cost three pound ten shillings a yard; and then the lace and velvet.' The apprentices early in the Queen's reign wore blue cloaks in summer and blue gowns in winter, and no one was allowed to have his gown lower than the calves of his legs unless he was over sixty years of age. Their doublets were of cloth, canvas, leather, or fustian. Their stockings and breeches were of cloth, white, blue or russet, and worn as if made of a single piece. Their shoes were of plain hide; they wore plain ruffs or collars, and on occasions of attending their master or mistress at night they carried a lanthorn, and were armed with a long club fastened round the neck, and often a knife in a sheath attached to their leathern girdle.

The merchant or citizen wore richer material: his cloak generally russet, with kersie breeches and stockings without ornament or 'guards.' The Aldermen wore satin doublets and furred scarlet gowns; the lawyers were robed in loose black gowns, and they wore a close-fitting cap.

The doublet was a most important article of dress, and was probably so called from being thickly padded and stuffed. It was a close tight-fitting article, and was worn with or without sleeves or collar. It was made of a great variety of materials and was 'slashed and jagged,' stuffed and bombasted, and often worn

worn to a peak, like the ladies' stomachers in the Italian fashion, and hence called 'peascod-bellied,' and so stiff that the wearer could not stoop and barely bend the body. The dandy in 'Father Hubburd's Tales' wore a 'doublet of a strange cut: the collar of it rose up so high and sharp as if it would have cut his throat by daylight.' It had small wings, which were excrescences on the shoulders. In Greene's 'James IV.,' there is an amusing scene (iv. 3) between Slipper and his tailor, shoemaker, and cutler, to whom he gives instructions. His doublet is to be 'of white northern, five groats the yard,' cut 'like the battlements of a custard, full of round holes: edge me the sleeves with Coventry blue, and let the linings be of tenpenny lockram.' In 'Every Man out of his Humour' (Act iv. sc. 4), Fastidious Brisk, in describing his imaginary duel, tells how his adversary

'grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cutwork band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange . . . strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the lining and skips the flesh . . . not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and, being Spanish leather and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings, . . . a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half inch deep into the side of the calf . . . I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt.'

The ladies wore their doublets buttoned up the breast, with high puffs, points or 'wings' on the shoulders, which have been imitated in recent fashions. The sleeves were variously worn, either tight from the shoulder-puff down, or in several distinct puffs, laced and slashed in costly colours. Buttons of silk, hair, gold and silver thread, and fine crystal were used in ornamenting the doublet, and became fashionable early in the Queen's reign. The use of crystals in the hatband as a distinguishing mark of the gentry then ceased. A whaling expedition was sent out to Cape Breton in 1593, and at the entrance of St. Lawrence's Bay a collection of 800 whale fins which had been left there was found. They were brought home, and soon afterwards we first hear of whalebone being used in articles of dress. The gowns were equally magnificent and costly for both sexes, and were made of velvet, taffeta, or fine cloth, ten, twenty, or forty shillings a yard. They were richly embroidered, overlaid with fine lace or guarded with broad strips of velvet fringed with lace. The sleeves were variously worn, some long, cast over the shoulders and tracing the ground, or short and divided

and tied with true-love knots. Strutt quotes the following description from an inventory of Henry VIII.'s wardrobe:—

'A gowne with a square cape of crimson vellat and crimson satten, all over embraudered with pirles of damaske, golde, and silver; having a riche border and gaurde of crimson vellat, embraudered with damaske, golde, and perles, faced with crimson satten, also alover embraudered with the same damaske, golde, and perles, with a like border cut the length of the said faceing; being upon the sleeves of the same gowne twenty-six diamonds set in buttons of golde, the same gowne is lined throughout with crimson satten.'

Capes were also worn of velvet, silk, or taffeta, and richly fringed with lace, gold, or silver work. The kirtles and petticoats were also of fine and costly material and richly fringed. In the 'Taming of the Shrew' Petruchio, in his mad humour, well satirises the extravagant cuts given to this garment:—

'Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy! . . . what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what i' the devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?'

The stomacher was long and narrowing to a point; finely coloured and often exquisitely jewelled. Tight lacing and pinched waists were the consequence of special attention being given to so striking a development of this unsightly structure. Montaigne says: 'I have seene some swallow gravell, ashes, coales, dust, tallow, candles, and for the nonce labour and toyle themselves to spoile their stomacke to get a pale-bleake colour. To become slender in wast, and to have a straight spagnolized body, what pinching, what girding, what cingling will they not indure.' (Bk. i. ch. xl.) Men were also given to this objectionable fashion, Raleigh being noted for the slender symmetry of his waist. Hall, in the satire already quoted, says:—

'But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in humane show?
So slender waist with such an Abbot's loyne
Did never sober Nature sure conjoyne.'

Girdles of great richness and variety were also worn, from which were suspended Venetian steel hand-mirrors, fans, charms, and a missal or book of prayer. The dandy wore the mirror as an ornament in the hat, to which reference is made in 'Cynthia's Revels'

Revels' (ii. 1). Ladies also wore them on their breast and in their fans, and many passages in our old writers show how general was the custom. Stubbes in a very coarse passage has no better names for them than the 'devils spectacles' and the 'devils bellowes.'

The farthingale, vardingale or fardingale,* was, with the exception of the ruff, the most striking feature of the female fashion of the age. It was introduced from France, and enveloped the body like a barrel, being a series of hoops or cage-shaped construction worn under the petticoat. It gradually increased in size until in Elizabeth's reign, like the trunk-hose of the men, it reached the extreme limit of extravagance and folly. Women who could not afford farthingales provided themselves with rolls which they wore under the dress, thus puffing out the skirts similar to the fashions of our own time.† 'I was a lady,' says Chloe in Jonson's 'Poetaster,' 'before I debased myself from my hood and my farthingale to these rolls and your whale-bone bodice.' Falstaff flatteringly assures Mrs. Ford thus: 'The firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale.' Latimer denounces them, saying that 'Mary had never a vardingal,' that it was a sign of pride for women to envelope themselves in these 'round-abouts'; and he has no doubt 'but if vardingals had been used in that time, St. Paul would have spoken against them too, as he spake against other things which women used at that time, to shew their wantonness and foolishness.' Bulwer tells us that when Sir Peter Wych went as Ambassador to the Grand Seignior in the reign of James I., his wife was invited by the Sultana to visit her. She and her waiting-women went attired in their farthingales, and the Sultana and ladies of the harem were astonished at what they thought was the physical deformity of the Western ladies. Catharine of Braganza arrived in England dressed in a farthingale, and Sir Roger de Coverley speaks of his great grandmother as 'standing in a drum.' The farthingale disappeared in Charles II.'s reign, but was practically revived in our own time in the crinoline or hoop, and, later, in the 'dress improver.'

Early in Elizabeth's reign the wearing of great trousers or trunk-hosen, like that of the ladies' farthingale, was carried to an absurd extent. From the time of Edward IV. downwards, they

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* Old French *vertugale, vertugarde,* &c.

† We once saw a lady descending from an omnibus, and her dress, catching in the steps, loosed the puffing, and a copy of the 'Times,' neatly arranged fan-shaped, fell from under the skirt.

had

had been worn tight, but they now took various shapes, such as French, Gally, or Venetian hosen. Stubbes states that 'ten pound, twentie pound, fortie pound, yea, a hundred pound' was paid for a pair of these puffed and unsightly-looking garments; so we need not wonder at the stern Puritan's pious ejaculation, 'God be merciful unto us!' They were worn down to the knee or below it, sometimes with several tight gatherings or intermediate puffs, or rolls of ornamented stuff or cloth of gold or silver called 'canions.' They were slashed, guarded with lace edgings, and firmly tied with silk points.* In 'Pierce Penilesse,' Gredinesse is described as wearing breeches 'bumbasted like beer barrels.' Nash in 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden' vehemently satirises Gabriel Harvey's letters, saying that the 'unconscionable vast gorbellied volume is bigger bulkt than a Dutch hoy, and far more boystrous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches.' The Dandy in 'Father Hubburd's Tales' wore breeches 'full as deep as the middle of winter,' or the roadway between London and Winchester. But in 'Pride and Lowlines' the tailor had

> 'His upper stockes of sylken grogerane,
> And to his hippes they sate full close and trym,
> And laced very costly every pane;
> Their lyning was of satten, as I wyn.'

The upper parts finally took a most extravagant shape, and they were stuffed with bombast or any soft material, rags, or sawdust. Downright in 'Every Man in his Humour' (ii. 1) says to Kitely: 'I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel slop of yours with somewhat, an' I have good luck; your Gargantua breech cannot carry it away so.' In the 'Pedigree of an English Gallant' we are told of a man wearing a pair of breeches beyond the statutory regulation size who was brought up and tried for the offence. In defending himself, he drew from his slops a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, nightcap, and other articles, and said, 'Your worship may understand, that, because I have no safe store-house, these pockets do serve me for room to lay up my goods; and though it be a strait and narrow prison, it is big enough for them.' Bulwer gives an amusing account of a gallant whose immense trunk-hose was pierced without his knowing it by a nail of a chair on which he sat; and in paying his court to the ladies of the house, the bran with which it was

* The tags or aglets (aiguillettes) of the points were sometimes small figures, and hence the force of Grumio's 'aglet baby.' ('Taming of the Shrew,' i. 2.)

stuffed

stuffed poured out as if from a mill, until half the cargo was unladen on the floor.

Isaac Disraeli says they 'resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaux.' Strutt, quoting from a Harleian MS., says:—

'Over the seats of the Parliament House, in the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth, were to be seen certain holes about two inches square in the walls; in which formerly were placed posts to uphold a scaffold, round the inside of the House, for those to sit on who (in the beginning of the reign) used the wearing of great breeches, stuffed with hair like wool-sacks, which fashion in her eighth year being left off, the scaffolds were taken down and never since put up.'

The fashion, however, continued into the next reign, and the well-known picture of James I. and attendant hawking represents them in trunk-hosen of very wide dimensions. In a ballad of the period entitled 'A Lamentable Complaint of the Poore Cuntrye Men agaynste great hose for the loss of their cattelles tales,' are the lines:—

'For now of late in lesser things
To furnyshe forthe theare pryde
Wyth woole, with flaxe, with hair also
To make theare bryches wyde.
What hurt, what damage dothe ensue
And fall upon the poore,
For want of wool and flaxe of late
Whych monstrous hose devoure.'

French-hose, gally-hose or gally-gascoynes, and Venetian were the names usually applied to these garments, the former developing into fantastic dimensions, the latter retaining a more modest size. The nether-stocks were made of many kinds of material besides cloth, 'silke, guernsey, worsted, crewell, fyne yarn or thread,' and of such 'wanton light colours' that no 'sober, chaste Christian' should at any time wear 'except for necessitie sake'; but, judging from their general use, the sober, chaste Christian found the necessity constant. They were curiously knit with open seams down the legs, and ornamented with gold or silver thread, or 'quirks and clocks about the ancles,' like the fashions of our own time, which Mr. Gilbert refers to in 'Iolanthe': 'Your socks—the black silk with gold clocks.' As much as twenty shillings was paid for these hosen. Stow tells us that in the second year of Queen Elizabeth her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her with a pair of black knitted silk stockings for a New Year's gift, and they pleased her so well that she would not wear any more cloth hosen.

hosen. There were but few silk shops then in London, and those were kept by women. The coarser materials prevailed in earlier reigns, and Andrew Boorde, in his 'Dyetary of Helth' (1542), writes, 'Use lynnen socks or lynnen hosen next your legges.' Stow further tells us that in 1599 'was devised and perfected the art of knitting or weaving Silke Stockings, Wastecoates, and divers other thinges by Engines or Steele Lomes, by Wm. Lee, Master of Arts of Saint Johns Colledg, Cambridg.' Thirty years before, one William Rider introduced knitted worsted stockings; the Earl of Pembroke, Stow says, being the first nobleman who wore them. In Jonson's 'Silent Woman' (iii. 1), Mrs. Otter allows her husband yearly 'four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted.'

High wooden-heeled shoes or chopines were, as in our own day, worn by ladies. Cork was largely used in the manufacture of shoes and slippers. They were worked in many colours and embroidered in gold and silver. In Dekker's 'Shoemakers Holiday,' Margery says: 'Let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too.' In Greene's 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' we have, 'I will gather up all your old pantoffles, and with the cork make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton.' Stubbes feels for the unfortunate wearer of elevated heels, when 'with their flipping and flapping up and down in the dirte they exaggerate a mountain of mire and gather a heape of clay and baggage together, loding the wearer with importable burthen.' Hamlet takes note of them when he says to the youth who personates the Queen in the play, 'Your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine.'

Gosson, in his 'Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen,' satirises them as follows:—

> 'These worsted stockes of bravest die,
> And silken garters fring'd with gold;
> Those corked shooes to beare them hie
> Makes them to trip it on the molde.'

Men wore them with tops 'wide as the mouth of a wallet,' with fringes hanging round the ankles. Gradually, too, buckles of silver or gilt copper, according to rank, came into use, and roses and garters of great variety, beauty, and cost.

Provence roses, or rosettes of ribbon, to which Hamlet refers, were commonly worn. Randle Holme, in the 'Academy of Armory' (bk. iii. ch. 1), says that 'pinked or raised shooes have the over leathers grain part cut into Roses, or other devices.' In Massinger's 'City Madam' we have:—

'These

'These roses will show rare: would 'twere in fashion
That the garter might be seen too.' (i. 1.)

These roses, as may be seen from old paintings, were often of a most extravagant size. In 'The Devil is an Ass,' Fitzdottrel says that those worn by Pug 'were enough to hide a cloven foot.' And again, in the same, Satan thus apostrophises:—

'Tissue gowns,
Garters and roses, fourscore pound a pair,
Embroider'd stockings, cut-work smocks and shirts.'

'But,' as Strutt naïvely remarks, 'perhaps as the Devil is the father of lies, he may have stretched a little beyond the truth.'

Gloves of leather, 'cheveril' (kid), silk, and worsted, 'of an excellent perfume,' embroidered with gold and silver, were worn, and gallants placed them in their hats as a favour from their mistresses. Shakspeare makes repeated reference to this in 'Henry the Fifth' and other plays. They indulged in an excessive passion for jewellery, clogging their fingers with rings of gold, silver, and precious stones, and their wrists with bracelets. Gosson, in his 'School of Abuse,' complains that,

'if our gallantes of Englande might carry no more linkes on their chaynes nor ringes on their fingers then they have fought fieldes, their necks should not bee very often wreathed in golde, nor their handes embroidered with pretious stones.' (Arber's edition, p. 48.)

Shirts bordered with lace and curiously embroidered were worn by the nobility and gentry. They were made of 'Cambricke, Holland, Lawne, or els of the finest cloth that may bee got.' Stubbes rails at the wrought work expended on them; but the Puritans satisfied their conscience in this respect by substituting texts of Scripture for the usual embroidered patterns, to which custom reference is made in 'The Citye Match':—

'Sir, she's a Puritan at her needle too:
She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets: besides,
My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparell will be quoted by some pure instructor.'

Extravagant prices were paid for these embroidered articles. Three pounds a smock is the price mentioned in Marston's 'Eastward Hoe'; but Stubbes states that while the meanest article cost but a crown or a noble, as much as five pounds and ('which is horrible to heare') even ten pounds were sometimes paid

paid for indulgence in this 'nicenes in apparell.' In Stow 'Annales' we are told that up to about 1570 it was customary at baptism for godfathers and godmothers 'to give christening shirts, with little bands and cuffs, wrought either with silke or blew thread, the best of them for chief persons weare, edged with a small lace of black silke and gold, the highest prices of which for great mens children were seldome above a noble, and the common sort two, three, or foure, and five shillings apiece.' Collars of various kinds were worn equally extravagant and eccentric. In the comedy of 'George à Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,' we find: 'She gave me a shirt-collar wrought over with no counterfeit stuff . . . it was better than gold. Right Coventry blue.' The dyes and woollen manufactures of Coventry were celebrated early in the sixteenth century, and 'as true as Coventry blue' became a proverb. In one of the Acts of Elizabeth, it was forbidden for any person under a knight to wear pinched shirts, or pinched partlets * of linen cloth, or plain shirts garnished with silk or gold or silver. Gradually, however, their use became so general that Stubbes complains of every one wearing alike, and that the bands and ruffs of their fathers were made of 'grosser cloth and baser stuffe than the worst of our shirtes are made of now-a-dayes.'

Strict sumptuary laws were passed in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, regulating the wearing of fur by the nobility and gentry. It was worn as a general ornamentation of dress to mark the distinction of ranks and professions. In Mary's reign, the woollen manufacture being endangered by a too general use of foreign furs, the home industries were protected and a restriction placed upon the importation of skins. The wearing of sable was forbidden to all persons beneath the rank of an earl, the fur of black genet or luserne to all below the rank of knight, and no one under the receipt of 100 marks a year was allowed to wear any fur 'whereof the like groweth not within the queenes dominions, except foynes, gray genet, calaber, budge, outlandish hare, or fox.' Sable then as now was of great value, and was considered the appropriate adornment of a grave and dignified personage, and hence the force of the passage in 'Hamlet' (iv. 7):—

> 'For youth no less becomes
> The light and careless livery that it wears
> Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
> Importing health and graveness.'

Rich sable-trimmed gowns were handed down as heirlooms,

* The loose collar of a doublet.

and

and frequent mention is made of such bequests in the 'Testamenta Vetusta' of Sir N. Harris Nicolas.

Lawyers, who dressed in 'rusty black,' were not allowed to wear any fur or skin except that of the fox and lamb, to which regulation Shakspeare refers in 'Measure for Measure' (iii. 2):—

> ''Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.'

The wearing of the fur of the ermine was chiefly confined to royalty, and its spotless purity and cleanliness was a fitting emblem of the honour and integrity of princes. The number of powderings or spots—small pieces of the black fur of other animals—permitted to be worn on the various furs were also strictly regulated according to the rank or position of the wearer. A gentleman's wife, she being a gentlewoman born, was allowed one powdering on her fur bonnet, and an esquire's wife two. On their dresses, a knight's wife could wear seven spots, a baroness thirteen, a viscountess eighteen, a countess twenty-four, and for ladies above that rank there was no limitation.

This extraordinary phase of social life, of which the portraits and reproductions in 'Queen Elizabeth' afford numerous examples, resulted, as we have shown, from many causes; but amongst them must not be forgotten the accumulation of wealth beyond the means for employment, and the mischievous attempts to restrain the development of trade. When money was hoarded owing to the mistaken economic idea that the wealth of a nation depended on the amount of gold in the country, there was no option but to allow it to accumulate or to find an outlet in the fashionable extravagance, indulgence, and follies of the age. To express how great that was we can only say with Stubbes, that, 'Weare I never so experte an Arithmetician, or Mathematician, I weare never capable of the halfe of them, the devill brocheth soe many new fashions every day.'

ART.

ART. VI.—1. *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance.* With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. London, 1894.

2. *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance.* With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. London, 1896.

3. *Lorenzo Lotto, an Essay in constructive Art-Criticism.* By Bernhard Berenson. London, 1895.

4. *Antonio Allegri da Correggio: his Life, his Friends, and his Time.* By Corrado Ricci, Director of the Royal Gallery, Parma. From the Italian, by Florence Simmonds. London, 1896.

THE charge of insularity which was commonly brought against Englishmen in former days is now happily less frequently made. The spread of general culture and the increased facilities of travel have alike tended to dispel the prejudices which too long blinded our eyes to the claims of foreign scholars, and to the progress made by men of other nationalities in every branch of learning. Perhaps even more is due to the example of two or three distinguished individuals whose genial temper and wide sympathies have helped to break down the barriers that divide us from our neighbours across the seas. Such, for instance, was Sir Henry Layard, whose own knowledge of Italian painting and friendship with living connoisseurs were productive of important results in the literature of art. Such, above all, was the late Lord Leighton. No man was ever more absolutely free from insularity than this accomplished master, whose personality lent lustre to his high office; whose knowledge of Greek and Italian, of French and German art, was displayed in the admirable discourses which he delivered to the Academy students; and who found himself as much at home among the most intellectual circles of Paris and Rome, as with the gondoliers of Venice and the *contadini* of the Apennines.

And yet, when all this has been said, it must be confessed that, as a nation, we are still very slow to recognise the achievements of foreign scholars or to profit by their discoveries. How else can we account for the singular fact, that a writer of Mr. Pater's distinction, a man so remarkable for his attainments and culture, should have remained a stranger to the writings of Morelli and his followers, and in his eloquent essay on Raphael should have absolutely ignored the results of their researches? The same lamentable blindness or apathy, the same reluctance to correct the errors of past generations, is evident in the official Catalogue of the National Gallery, where pictures are still ascribed

ascribed to Sandro Botticelli and Giovanni Bellini, to Giorgione and to Raphael, although competent authorities have long ago recognised them to be the work of other hands.

Under these circumstances, it is the more gratifying to find how rapid has been the progress lately made in this country by the new and scientific method of art-criticism. The name of Signor Morelli, the founder of the new system, needs no introduction to our readers. It was in these pages that the important results of his investigations were first made known to Englishmen, and that, only five years ago, a worthy tribute was paid to the memory of the great patriot and critic who had just passed away. But some account of the work which his followers are doing may not be without interest to the large number of persons who devote their attention to the serious study of art.

The new science is still young, but it has already outlived the first stage of ridicule and opposition, and is every day giving some fresh proof of its vitality. Morelli is generally recognised as the Darwin of this new branch of evolutionary science, and the knowledge of his writings is held indispensable to the systematic study of Italian painting. In France and Germany, in Italy, and even in America, his followers are engaged in applying his methods to individual masters, and are working out his theories in a variety of different directions. On every side old mistakes are rectified and new facts collected, and a store of valuable information is being garnered up for future use. An excellent English translation of two volumes of Morelli's works has been published by Miss Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, whose own knowledge of Italian art and personal acquaintance with the great critic fitted her in an especial manner for the task. The warm welcome which these books have received lead us to hope that they may be soon followed by the third and last volume, which was published after Morelli's death by his faithful friend Dr. Frizzoni, and is in many respects the most important of the series. Meanwhile the frequent contributions made by Dr. Richter, Mr. Claud Phillips, and other well-known writers, to periodical literature, have helped to correct many long-standing errors, and have brought the results of scientific criticism within the reach of general readers. In a small pamphlet on Italian Pictures at Hampton Court, written by Mary Logan and published by the Kyrle Society at the modest sum of twopence, we have not only an admirable account of the paintings in that rich collection, but a concise and useful summary of recent conclusions as to the authorship of many disputed pictures. But the most important works on the subject which have appeared during the last

last few years, are three books from the pen of Mr. Bernhard Berenson, the ablest and certainly the most daring of all Morelli's followers. In spite of a style which is often repellent from its apparent affectation, the acuteness of his insight, the zeal and enthusiasm with which he pursues his researches, have already placed this young writer in the foremost rank of living critics, and lead us to anticipate still greater results in the future. In some instances, the experience of riper years may tend to modify his opinions; but in the majority of cases, we are inclined to think, time will justify the truth and accuracy of his conclusions.

The first two books on our list form part of a series in which Mr. Berenson proposes to deal successively with the four great schools of Italian painting, and, in his own words, 'aims at presenting the significant facts connected with each separate school, in such a way that the reader may be able not only to grasp its historical development, but also to enjoy it æsthetically and with discrimination.' The practical value of the work is greatly increased by the list of the paintings of each school which is to be found at the end of each volume, together with an index of the churches, museums, and public or private galleries where they are to be seen at the present time. The author himself has seen and attentively examined all the works which he mentions; and while his catalogue makes no claim to absolute completeness, it is certainly far more thorough and trustworthy than any other in existence. Students and travellers who intend to visit Italy will thus find themselves provided with a cheap and portable guide that cannot fail to be of the utmost value, and with the help of which they will be in a position to correct the mistakes of popular handbooks or official catalogues. They will learn to discriminate between false and true Giorgiones, between the works of Botticelli and those of his imitators. They will recognise the varieties of style that mark the different followers of Bellini, and will be able to explain the reasons we have for knowing that Raphael was the pupil of Timoteo Viti, and that Correggio belongs to the school of Ferrara.

In its first treatise, Mr. Berenson describes Venetian painting as the most complete expression of the Italian Renaissance. That growing delight in life, with its love of beauty and joy, which was one chief element of the new spirit, was felt more powerfully in Venice than anywhere else in Italy. For many generations the Venetians had enjoyed a larger share of internal peace than any of their neighbours, and the conditions of their lives, the prosperity and splendour of their outward existence, all

all helped to develope the passion for beauty. And this new view of the world, this sense that mere living was a large part of life, found its fullest and clearest utterance in the glowing colours of Venetian painting.

The Church had first of all educated her children to understand art as a language; but when the thoughts of men became less fixed on the unseen and more occupied with this present and visible world, painting began to express these purely human aspirations. The State became the patron of art, and men like the Bellini and Vivarini were employed to adorn the Ducal Palace with representations of the stately pageants which satisfied both the Venetian's pride in his city and his inborn love of splendour and gaiety. The Confraternities or Schools, as they were called, followed the example of the State, and decorated their halls with pictures illustrating the lives of their patrons, St. Ursula or St. George, St. Stephen or St. Mark. The next step was to paint pictures for private houses; and since works of smaller dimensions were required for this purpose, the demand for easel pictures soon became general. These paintings were no longer exclusively religious; or if Madonnas and Saints were still the artist's theme, they were treated no longer with sole regard to the sacred story, but for the sake of 'the lovely landscape, for the effects of light and colour, and for the sweetness of human relations.' And as romantic scenery and exquisite views of sea and shore were first introduced in the background of altar-pieces, so the portrait, which our author calls 'the most wonderful product of the Renaissance and of the painter's craft,' crept in under the mantle of the patron saint. The donor was introduced kneeling at the Virgin's feet, the warrior was seen adoring the Child-Christ, with his page at his side holding his horse's bridle. Venice was the first Italian State which made a point of preserving the portraits of her rulers; and all through the sixteenth century, portraits became more and more popular and increased in number year by year.

If Venetian art as a whole is the fullest expression of the Renaissance, there can be no doubt that in Giorgione's works we see its highest and most perfect form. The follower of Bellini and Carpaccio, combining, as he did, the refined feeling and poetry of the one, and the brightness and human feeling of the other, with a freedom and romance that were all his own, the young master of Castelfranco worked a sudden and silent revolution in the realm of art.

'Stirred with the enthusiasms of his own generation, as people who had lived through other phases of feeling could not be, Giorgione painted pictures so perfectly in touch with the ripened spirit of the Renaissance,

Renaissance, that they met with the success which those things only find that at the same moment wake us to the full sense of a need and satisfy it. His life was short, and very few of his works—not a score in all—have escaped destruction. But these suffice to give us a glimpse into that brief moment when the Renaissance found its most genuine expression in painting. . . . It would be really hard to say more about Giorgione than this, that his pictures are the perfect reflex of the Renaissance at its height. His works, as well as those of his contemporaries and followers, still continue to be appreciated most by people whose attitude and spirit has most in common with the Renaissance, or by those who look upon Italian art not merely as art, but as the product of this period.'

In perfection of form and beauty of line, in the joyous freshness of his outlook upon the world, Giorgione came nearer to the Greeks than any artist of his age, but with this sunny gladness there is in all his creations a deep feeling, a note of yearning which the Greeks never knew. All that is fairest in nature, all that is brave and heroic in manhood or pure and tender in woman, finds a place in his art. He loved to paint the sheen of polished armour and the sparkle of the sunshine in clear pools of water, the gleam that rests for a moment on the grass and is gone; in a word, whatever heightens our enjoyment of the passing hour, and makes the pulses beat with a quickened sense of life. He sets the myths of ancient days—Apollo in pursuit of Daphne, or Evander showing Æneas the site of Rome—in idyllic landscapes, and takes us to the meadows of Arcady, where shepherds pipe melodious lays in cool woodland shades, and happy lovers meet on the banks of running waters. Whatever his subject may be, he invests it with the same charm and treats it in the same original manner. Even where he conforms to some traditional type of composition, we are conscious of the change that has passed over the painter's dream. The noble and pathetic Christ bearing the Cross in Casa Loschi at Vicenza, and the Madonna who reigns enthroned above the altar of his native city, with the Eastern carpet at her feet and the belt of quivering light on the distant sea, make us realize the presence of a new power in art. By their side, even Gian Bellini's types have a stiff and archaic air. The Sleeping Venus which Morelli discovered in the Dresden Gallery has never been equalled in purity and refinement, while the music of the painter's soul found perfect expression in the beautiful Shepherd of Hampton Court, the only genuine work by Giorgione in England, which Mr. Berenson has appropriately chosen as the frontispiece of his book.

The demand for Giorgionesque subjects that sprung up after the

the painter of Castelfranco's death, is the best proof of the completeness with which his art reflected the spirit of his age. Arcadian idylls and pastoral concerts, piping shepherds and sleeping goddesses, became the fashion. There was hardly an artist in Venice who did not try to imitate his landscapes and portraits and catch a spark of that which his contemporaries named *il fuoco Giorgionesco.* Palma, Bonifazio, Paris Bordone, each in turn fell under the spell. But Titian was above all the great continuator, the painter on whom the mantle of his dead comrade fell, and who worked on the same lines far into the middle of the century. We need only recall such pictures as the Three Ages at Bridgewater House; the Medea and Venus, formerly known as Sacred and Profane Love, in the Borghese Gallery; or the famous Concert of the Pitti, which long passed as the work of Giorgione himself. During the latter half of his long life Titian changed with the times. He felt the influence of the Spanish rule, became a courtier, and painted pictures for Charles V. But the change, as Mr. Berenson says, was towards a firmer and more intellectual grasp of reality. The works of the great master's last years reveal a deepened insight into human life and character, together with a marked advance in technical power. In such masterpieces as the Wisdom in the Royal Library at Venice, or the Dudley Madonna, now the property of M. Ludwig Mond, painted when Titian was over ninety years old, the total suppression of outlines, the largeness and force of the brushwork, strike us as curiously modern in style, and are compared by the present writer to the *technique* of the best French masters of to-day.

'The difference between the old Titian, author of these works, and the young Titian, painter of the "Assumption" and of the "Bacchus and Ariadne," is the difference between the Shakspeare of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the Shakspeare of "The Tempest." Titian and Shakspeare begin and end so much in the same way by no mere accident. They were both products of the Renaissance, they underwent similar changes, and each was the highest and completest expression of his own age. This is not the place to elaborate the comparison, but I have dwelt so long on Titian, because, historically considered, he is the only painter who expressed nearly all of the Renaissance that could find expression in painting.'

The same broad and vigorous brushwork, together with even greater skill in the treatment of light and shade, marks the colossal forms which display the energy of Tintoretto's genius and the irresistible fascination which the art of Michelangelo had for this Venetian master. It is the poetry of atmosphere that thrills in the Annunciation of San Rocco, and that gives

 a solemn

a solemn pathos to the white-robed Christ before the judgment-seat of Pilate. This it is again which fills the crowded figures on the enormous canvas of the Crucifixion with life and meaning, and lends the scene that amazing effect of reality which distinguishes it from all other representations of the subject.

When her own greatness was on the wane, Venice, like Rome in the days of her decline, drew to herself painters from the neighbouring provinces, where art, although of independent growth, became absorbed into that of the mother State. Such were Bassano, who enlivened the old Bible stories with episodes of rural life, and turned Orpheus into a farm-boy fiddling to hens and chickens in the yard; and Paolo Caliari, whose huge pictures reflect the Spanish fashions and ceremonial which had taken root in Venice, side by side with the simple and healthy feeling of his Veronese home. Paolo's chief employers, it is worthy of note, were the monks, and the way in which they appreciated his frank and joyous worldliness proves how deeply the secular spirit of the times had penetrated into the cloister. All of these last-named artists, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, and Bassano, helped to educate the great Spanish master, Velasquez; and one of the chief points of interest about the later art of Venice, on which our author lays stress, is the impulse that it gave to the school, which in its turn has exercised so remarkable an influence on the development of modern French painting.

The contrast between the art of Venice and Florence is well brought out in the opening section of Mr. Berenson's volume on 'The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance.' While the great Venetians, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoret, were exclusively painters, the Florentine masters, Giotto, Orcagna, Leonardo, and Michelangelo, were architects, poets, sculptors, even men of science, who left no form of expression untried, and attained distinction in many different branches of art. 'Painting, therefore, offers but a partial and not always the most adequate manifestation of their personality. We feel the artist is greater than his work, and the man soars above the artist.' Again, while in the art of Venice we have a course of placid and gradual development, that of Florence is pre-eminently an art formed by great personalities, who grappled successively with problems of the highest interest. First among these great personalities comes Giotto,—the man who, in the words of Poliziano's epitaph, made dead painting live again, and art become one with nature. Great as he was alike as poet, as story-teller, as composer, he was greater still in that 'power of stimulating our consciousness of tactile values,' which Mr. Berenson calls the essential thing in painting, and which,

which, by some strange mental process, makes us take greater pleasure in the object painted than in the thing itself.

> 'We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.'

We need only compare Cimabue's Madonna, in the Academy of Florence, with that of Giotto hanging on the same wall, in order to see how wide a gulf divides the two masters, and how great was the advance made in this respect by the painter who, like David of old, was taken straight from the sheepfolds. Whether he paints actual events, such as the life and death of St. Francis in Santa Croce, or symbolical themes like the Vices and Virtues at Padua, Giotto realizes the significance of his subject profoundly, and communicates as much of it to the spectator as the limitations of his skill will allow. Every line is charged with purpose: the scheme of colour, the types selected, the grouping and gestures of his figures are those which are best fitted to convey his meaning. Thus, without any knowledge of anatomy, with the simplest means and most elementary light and shade, he contrives to give his creations that wonderful sense of movement and action which we recognise in his paintings of the Ascending Christ, or of the Blessed rising from their Tombs, on the walls of the Arena Chapel.

After Giotto there was a pause. 'Art,' wrote his scholar, Taddeo Gaddi, 'has sunk to a low ebb since the death of Giotto.' His followers could only copy his types and repeat his compositions, and for the next hundred years there arose no painter who was able to take his place. Yet considerable progress was made by individual masters, in some directions, especially towards the end of the period, by Frà Angelico, whom Mr. Berenson calls the typical painter of the transition from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. If the sources of his feeling were mediæval, his power of expression was almost modern, while his flower-like grace of line and colour, his childlike simplicity and depth of feeling, lend indefinable charm to the frescoes which he painted on the walls of his own convent of St. Mark. The dawn of the fifteenth century brought a new Giotto to life in the person of Masaccio—Hulking Tom, as Browning translates the name—a shy and silent youth, if Vasari's description is to be trusted, slovenly in dress and abstracted in manner, who only cared to paint, and who, after leading a lonely and poverty-stricken life, died young and comparatively unknown. But in those few years Masaccio gave Florentine art a new impulse, and laid the foundations of all its

future greatness. Those wonderful frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, which he painted, became the training-school of all the great Italian masters, and are still, in their ruined condition, the wonder of the world.

During the next generation, the current of Florentine art was mainly naturalistic. A naturalist painter, Mr. Berenson tells us, is a man with a native gift for science who has taken to art, whose purpose is research, and who has nothing but facts to communicate. He illustrates this definition by a reference to the works of Uccello, Pollaiuolo, and Verrocchio, all of whom made great progress in the representation of movement and of landscape; while two other popular and industrious artists, Ghirlandajo and Benozzo Gozzoli—'a Frà Angelico, who had forgotten heaven and become enamoured of earth and the spring-time'—excelled in the realm of *genre* illustration, but seldom rose above mediocrity.

The chapter on Sandro Botticelli will be read with especial interest. No artist of the Renaissance has appealed to the present generation with greater force. None has been the object of more patient and attentive study both in this country and in Germany. The intensity of his feeling and the mystic note of his conceptions first attracted the notice of Mr. Ruskin and his disciples. Mr. Pater, following in their steps, analysed the distinctive qualities of Botticelli's art with a delicay and charm of language that served to heighten the peculiar fascination which his work possesses for certain minds. The real secret of this attraction, according to Mr. Berenson, lies in his unequalled power of representing life and movement. Whether his theme is religious, as in the Coronation of the Virgin and the Magnificat, or political, as in the newly-discovered Pallas and the Centaur, in which we have an allegory of the triumph of the Medici over the Pazzi conspirators; whether he paints Venus rising from the Sea, or the angels embracing the shepherds at the manger of Bethlehem, this vivid sense of life and motion is always present. We see it in floating draperies and waving locks, in the roses that flutter and the waves that rise and fall at the feet of the new-born Venus, in the tossing olive-boughs and dangling crowns of the seraphs who dance in exultant rapture above the pent-house roof as they chant their *Gloria in Excelsis.* We realize how in all Botticelli's works these undulating lines lend themselves to the painter's scheme of decoration, and help to make him 'the greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had.'

The extraordinary popularity which Botticelli enjoyed in Florence is shown by the countless number of inferior copies and

and replicas of his pictures still in existence, and the task of discriminating between his own work and that of his followers is often no easy process. Most of the Madonnas which bear his name in the Louvre, at Dresden, at Berlin, and in the galleries of Rome and Florence, are now recognised to be the work of his scholars; and of the eight pictures that are ascribed to Botticelli in the National Gallery Catalogue, only three are accepted as genuine by the best critics. These are the Mars and Venus, the Portrait of a Youth, formerly given to Masaccio, and the famous Nativity, painted in 1500, with the mystic inscription relating to Savonarola's martyrdom and the persecution of his followers. On the other hand, Mr. Berenson recognises two Adorations of the Magi (592 and 1033), now attributed to Filippino Lippi, as early works of Botticelli. He also acknowledges the Fortezza, of which Mr. Ruskin once wrote an eloquent description, but which has been rejected by later critics, to be a genuine early work; while the Munich Pietà, which even Morelli describes as one of Sandro's most dramatic and vigorous pictures, is now given to his pupil, Raffaellino del Garbo.

All that Giotto and Masaccio, that Frà Angelico and Frà Lippo, Pollaiuolo, and Verrocchio had accomplished by slow and painful steps was gathered up in the art of Leonardo, the one artist of whom it may be said with perfect truth, 'Nothing that he touched but turned into a thing of eternal beauty.' A man of his universal genius, taking delight as he did in sculpture, in music, in engineering, and in scientific studies, naturally painted few pictures and seldom finished the work which he began. But the little he has left us is of a rare and exquisite quality. His portrait of Mona Lisa, his profile of a maiden, which formerly belonged to Morelli, and is now the property of Madame Minghetti, and his wonderful cartoon of the Virgin and Child and St. Anne at Burlington House, rank among the supreme masterpieces of the world. The standard of human attainment, we feel, has been for ever raised by this one man's work. But an adequate idea of Leonardo's greatness is only to be gained by the study of his drawings, of which excellent reproductions are now to be obtained, and many of which are given in Dr. Richter's valuable book on the Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, to which volume Mr. Berenson refers his readers.

All that remains of Florentine art after Botticelli and Leonardo is summed up in one name, that of Michelangelo. Unfortunately the influence which he exercised on his contemporaries was of a distinctly baneful nature. Artists of real talent

talent and charm, such as Frà Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto, sacrificed both the spiritual and material meaning of their art in the mistaken endeavour to imitate their great countryman's colossal forms and statuesque effects; while Pontormo and Bronzino, both of whom painted admirable portraits and had a fine decorative sense, were led by the same blind passion to waste their strength on the production of exaggerated nudes, devoid alike of beauty and of meaning. Michelangelo, then, comes before us as the last of his race, the artist in whose genius all the remaining vitality of the stock was gathered up, and in whose achievements Florentine art found its logical culmination.

'At last appeared the man who was the pupil of nobody, the heir of everybody, who felt profoundly and powerfully what to his precursors had been vague instinct, who saw and expressed the meaning of it all . . . Michelangelo had a sense for the materially significant as great as Giotto's or Masaccio's, but he possessed means of rendering, inherited from Donatello, Pollaiuolo, Verrocchio, and Leonardo, —means that had been undreamt of by Giotto or even by Masaccio. Add to this that he saw clearly, what before him had been felt only dimly, that there was no other such instrument for conveying material significance as the human nude.'

Mr. Berenson proceeds to show that draperies are a hindrance in expressing the material significance of the human body and the actual play of its muscles, and to express his conviction that the perfect rendering of life and movement is only to be accomplished by means of the nude. All art which is occupied with the human form must find its chief interest in the nude, which was in fact the most absorbing problem of Greek sculpture. And in modern times the first man to realize this identity of the nude with great figure art was Michelangelo. 'Before him, it had been studied for scientific purposes—as an aid in rendering the draped figure. He saw that it was an end in itself and the final purpose of his art.'

To this keen perception and purely artistic faculty Michelangelo joined creative powers, such as few painters of any time or race have possessed. Never has a more glorious ideal of humanity been held up before the world than that which this Florentine artist displayed in the eyes of his generation; nowhere else do we find more perfect types of strength and manhood than in the genii which look down upon us from the vault of the Sistine Chapel. But a tragic fate dogged this great master's steps and clouded his life with gloom and failure. His days were spent in the service of despotic and capricious pontiffs, and the best years of his life were wasted

wasted on gigantic schemes, never destined to be completed. By a strange piece of ill-fortune, the one subject requiring genuinely artistic treatment which he painted in the prime of life and the fulness of his powers, the cartoon of Soldiers bathing before the Battle of Pisa, has perished. A few fragments of copies made by his scholars are all that is now left us of a work which Benvenuto Cellini pronounced to be even finer than the frescoes of the Sistine. The fresco of the Last Judgment and that of the Crucifixion of St. Peter in the Cappella Paolina were subjects little suited to his genius and were executed forty years later, when, as he said himself, he was already too old for fresco-painting. As his latest biographer, John Addington Symonds, remarks, they bear unmistakable signs of discontent and weariness, of the scorn and bitterness with which the great master looked upon an age that was no longer worthy of his powers. For Michelangelo outlived his generation, and found himself left alone of all the giants of the fifteenth century, to lament the degeneracy of his race and the decadence of the great art of the Renaissance. The moral which Mr. Berenson draws from his study of Florentine painting is clearly expressed in the following paragraph, with which he concludes his interesting survey of this school:—

'In closing, let us note what results clearly even from this brief account . . . namely, that although no Florentine merely took up and continued a predecessor's work, nevertheless all, from first to last, fought for the same cause. There is no opposition between Giotto and Michelangelo. The best energies of the first, of the last, and of all the intervening great Florentine artists were persistently devoted to the rendering of tactile values, or of movement, or of both. Now, successful grappling with problems of form and movement are at the bottom of all the higher arts; and because of this fact, Florentine painting, despite its many faults, is, after Greek sculpture, the most serious figure art in existence.'

The terms which Mr. Berenson employs and the form in which his theories are expressed may not always agree with our ideas, but it is impossible not to be impressed by the originality of his criticism and the thoughtful and suggestive nature of his remarks. And he always leaves us eager for more information. We feel how many points there are upon which he could enlighten us, if he chose, and can only regret that the form of these little volumes does not allow him sufficient space in which to give a more complete account of any single artist. A life of Giotto, for instance, from his pen, would, we are convinced, meet with cordial and ready appreciation at the present time, and would be a work of great and permanent value.

value. Meanwhile, we are glad to think that, in one case at least, Mr. Berenson has already given us a more complete sample of his powers. His book on the Venetian painter, Lorenzo Lotto, is the fullest and most elaborate work of the kind that has yet been attempted by any professor of the new criticism. Morelli, as our readers will remember, was the first to dwell on the high merit of this comparatively unknown master; but, as in the case of Raphael and Correggio and many more, he never found time to work out the subject fully. What the great founder was unable to accomplish in his lifetime has now been done very thoroughly by his able and energetic follower.

In his opening chapter, Mr. Berenson explains at length the method of analysis and comparison which makes it possible to reconstruct the artistic personality of a painter. The careful study of an artist's early works will not fail to reveal the existence of certain types which have been acquired from his first teacher, and will thus enable us to recognise the model upon which his style has been formed. It is, naturally enough, in the less expressive and least noticed features, such as the ears and the hands, as well as in such details as the hair and draperies, that the habits of execution which a painter has derived from his teacher will be detected. And these consequently will supply the best clue to an artist's origin and to the history of his education. Side by side with these peculiarities, we shall note certain varieties of form, of colouring and expression, in which the artist's personal and individual character reveals itself. And in the course of his career, we shall find traces of the presence of other influences which have helped to modify these original tendencies and to mould his style. We commend this clear and simple explanation to those writers who still think it necessary to sneer at the new connoisseurship and to deride what they are pleased to call the cult of the big toe or the ear-toe-and-nail test. It is only necessary to recall Morelli's own writings, in order to prove how little this reference to minute points of detail need preclude a larger and more liberal method of criticism. In Lady Eastlake's oft-quoted words, the best connoisseur in the end will always be 'he who compares on the largest scale and with the narrowest nicety.'

Following this method, Mr. Berenson gives us an exhaustive criticism of the art and character of the interesting Venetian master who forms the subject of his volume. First of all, he refutes the statement first made by Vasari and accepted by all later writers, including Morelli, that Lotto was the pupil of Giovanni

Giovanni Bellini, and proves conclusively that he received his early training in the rival school of the Vivarini. He investigates the whole question with minute care, and brings forward much evidence in support of his contention. He points out not only the close analogy that exists between the types and colouring of Lotto and Alvise Vivarini, but the evident connexion there is between Lotto's style and that of Jacopo di Barbari, Bonsignori, Montagna, and Cima da Conegliano, all of whom were trained in the same *atelier*. The chapter on Alvise Vivarini is of the deepest interest. We are made to realize that this master was the head of a flourishing and independent school, which existed in Venice side by side with that of the Bellini, and carried on the older and more austere traditions of Muranese art. In the charming Madonna of the Redentore, long ascribed to Gian Bellini, in the fine portraits of the Louvre, the Layard and Salting collections, above all in the beautiful full-length figure of S. Giustina at Milan, which Mr. Berenson calls Alvise's artistic autobiography, we see at once the merits and defects of this master's art. The same habits of execution, the same types and ideals, meet us in the works of Lotto, and are as evident in the pictures which he painted in his old age as in those of his early youth. To the last, we find the same oval faces, the same movement of the hands, and the same decorative use of fruits and flowers, of corals and Eastern draperies, that was common to the Murano school.

Unlike most of the great Venetian masters, Lotto was a native of Venice itself and was born there in 1480. But from his early youth he was a wanderer, and comparatively few years of his life were spent at home. His first altar-pieces were painted in the district of Treviso and in the March of Ancona, which remained one of the chief spheres of his activity throughout his career. From 1508 to 1512 he was in Rome, and received a hundred ducats for frescoes in the upper story of the Vatican, at the time that Raphael was painting the Stanze. Traces of the great Urbinate's influence appear in a Transfiguration which he painted at Recanati, in a Pietà of 1512 at Jesi, whilst a St. George which Mr. Berenson discovered at Credaro, a village near Bergamo, is an evident reminiscence of the celestial rider in the Stanza di Eliodoro. The influence of Palma, whom Lotto probably met at Bergamo, becomes apparent in the works which he painted during the twelve years which he spent in that city. This was the most prosperous and fruitful period of the artist's life, when his genius began to assume a more individual character, and blossomed in a great variety of different forms.

'His

'His pictures of this time, particularly those still preserved at Bergamo, have an exuberance, a buoyancy, and a rush of life which find utterance in quick movements, in an impatience of architectonic restraint, in bold foreshortenings, and in brilliant, joyous colouring. . . . In these years Lotto felt that immense joy in life, that exultation of man realizing the beauty of the world and the extent of his own capacities, which found perfect expression in Titian's *Assunta* and Correggio's Parma *Assumption*.'

Lotto's great altar-piece at S. Bartolommeo of Bergamo has indeed been repeatedly compared to Correggio's Madonna of St. Francis at Dresden, and both the figure of St. John and the *putti* who hover about the Virgin's throne and spread the Turkey carpet at her feet recall Allegri's youthful masterpiece. But while the sensitive and emotional side of Lotto's nature shows a certain affinity with that of Correggio, his mind was in reality of a far more profound and reflective order. The two essential elements of his character were a deep interest in spiritual things, and a quick sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of his fellow-creatures. While Correggio is never known to have painted a portrait, Lotto's fame rests in a great measure on his achievements in this direction. Here he reveals the 'psychological bent' of his genius, and, in his biographer's opinion, gives us 'a finer interpretation of individual character than any one of his contemporaries.' Many of his best portraits belong to his Bergamasque period. Among others we may recall the Bridal Couple at Madrid, a portrait of *Messer Marsilio et la sposa sua*, which he painted in 1523, for one of his wealthy patrons, Zanin Casoto of Bergamo. The bridegroom, a dull, stolid-looking youth, is in the act of placing a ring on the finger of his handsome bride; while Cupid, flying up behind, with a mischievous glance at the husband, lays a laurel-wreathed yoke upon their necks. The humour of the situation is evident, and no doubt is left in the mind as to which of the newly-wedded pair will have the upper hand. The same subtle touch marks the Family Group at the National Gallery. Here, instead of a mere collection of portraits, we have a family story, in which characters are as vividly realized and situations are as complicated as in the modern novel. But all Lotto's portraits are of the same unconventional and individual type. 'They all have the interest of personal confessions.' Whether he paints the noble Venetian, Andrea Odoni, in his fur-trimmed robe, holding his precious Greek statuette in his hand and surrounded by the marbles that he has collected, or the dark-eyed beauty standing by the empty cradle with the untold tragedy in her eyes; whether

whether his sitter is some young architect with a keen, intellectual countenance, or venerable dignitary with refined features and smooth-shaven face, he lays bare the secrets of their heart and shows us the whole of their inner life. Even where the subject fails to inspire him with interest, as in the case of the old man of the Brera with the cold stony eyes and wrinkled brow, his kindly sympathy seems to throw a veil over the faults and ugliness of the sitter and to bring out the best side of his character. One or two of his later portraits have a pathetic significance which is almost overwhelming. There is the Borghese nobleman with the look of inexpressible sadness on his face, as he stands at the open window on a bright summer evening, laying one hand on his heart and the other on a small skull wreathed in flowers, which tells of the terrible grief that has turned life's fairest hopes to dust and ashes. And there is that still sadder portrait in the Doria Palace, of the sick man whose brow is contracted with pain, and who presses his hand to his heart and seems to struggle for breath, while, in the background, a winged genius holds up the scales where life and death are trembling in the balance.

But this sympathetic treatment is not confined to Lotto's portraits. His religious pictures reveal the same deep feeling and penetrating insight, the same kindly sympathy with humanity. In his frescoes of the story of St. Barbara, at Trescorre, near Bergamo, and in his great Crucifixion of 1531, at Monte San Giusto, in the Marches, he makes us realize the different effect which the event that is taking place produces on the separate bystanders. Each of the buyers and sellers in the market-place, or of the peasants at work in the harvest-field, where St. Barbara comes to bless the humble toilers, each of the twenty-three figures who stand at the foot of the cross, is represented as a distinct individual, who regards the scene with a different degree of sympathy or unconcern. As the painter advanced in years, the study of character still remained his chief interest, and his feeling for others only deepened. Mr. Berenson considers the period between 1529 and 1540 to be that of Lotto's full maturity, and describes the pictures painted at this time, when he was upwards of fifty, as his finest and most characteristic works.

'It was in these years that the man at last attained the full consciousness of his own power as a thinker, poetical interpreter, and creator. In no works of Lotto's previous years do we find, as in the pictures now before us, sacred subjects so profoundly interpreted, and with so distinct a touch of the sublime, or portraits which betray so keen an interest in the human being, an analysis so searching, and a diagnosis

diagnosis so complete, combined with the ideal physician's sympathy, and with the ideal priest's tenderness.'

Among the pictures of this period are the ruined altar-piece of the Carmine at Venice; the Woman taken in Adultery of the Louvre, which bears a marked affinity to contemporary works by Titian, whose influence was strongly felt by Lotto at this moment of his career; and the Crucifixion at Monte San Giusto, which has been already mentioned, and which our author describes as the grandest and most dramatic of all his works. Towards the close of this period (1539) Lotto also painted the altar-piece at Cingoli, a remote mountain village in the Marches, which was supposed by former historians to have perished, but which Mr. Berenson found still in existence. The Madonna, seated in a rose-garden and wearing Lotto's favourite robe of blue, bends forward to present a pearl rosary to St. Dominic, while *putti* scatter showers of rose-leaves over the kneeling saint, and on the boughs of the rose-tree growing up the garden wall hang fifteen medallions, representing scenes from the life of Christ and his Mother. Each one is an interesting picture by itself, treated with all the skill to which the painter had attained in his riper years, and marked with a spiritual insight and power that have been seldom equalled. Lotto's profound interpretation of Bible history, and the way in which he drew his inspiration directly from the Scriptures, lead his biographer to conjecture that he may have had intimate relations with some of the Reformers, such as Contarini and Sadoleto, who frequented Venice in those days. The supposition is borne out by an entry in Lotto's account book, an interesting document which has been lately discovered in the archives of Loreto, from which we learn that in October 1540 he painted the portraits of Martin Luther and his wife for his own nephew, Mario, with whom he was then living.

The few records that we have of Lotto's life all bear out the impression that we receive from his works, and bear witness to his gentle and serious nature. A lonely man from his youth, with no settled home or close family ties, he spent most of his time in Venice with the Dominicans of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. In 1542 he finished his noble altar-piece of the Glory of S. Antonino of Florence, for their church, and reduced the price from 125 to 90 ducats, on condition that he should be buried by the Dominicans in the habit of their order. Towards the end of that year, he went to live in the house of a friend at Treviso, seeing, as he tells us himself, 'that I was advanced in years, without loving care of any sort and of an anxious mind.'

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But the experiment proved unfortunate; and, after three years, he tells us, 'for divers reasons, but chiefly because I did not earn enough by my art for my own support, I found it necessary to get up and go away from Treviso.' It seems strange that a painter of Lotto's reputation, intimate with Titian and Sansovino, and highly esteemed by the former, should have been unable to earn a living at Treviso, where he had long been well known. But all his life he was a generous and improvident man, working hard and receiving considerable sums, but setting little store by his gains and taking no thought for the morrow. Many entries in his account book bear witness to his liberality and kindly thought of others. For instance, at one page we read that he painted a large picture for the young widow of an artist who had lately died, on condition that 'she should marry again quickly, so as to avoid being talked about.' Another entry records the dismissal of an apprentice named Ercole, whom he had kept for a year or more, 'until he became a cross too burdensome,' and so he is compelled to send him away 'in all friendliness,' but with the firm resolve never again to take an apprentice.

In 1546, after his return from Treviso, he made a will, bequeathing all his goods to the Hospital of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where he had once more taken up his abode, and leaving the cartoons of Old Testament subjects, which he had designed twenty years before, for the intarsias of the choir-stalls of S. Maria Maggiore at Bergamo, 'as a dower for two girls, of quiet nature, healthy in mind and body, and likely to make thrifty housekeepers,' on their marriage to 'two well-recommended young men, setting out in the art of painting, who would be likely to appreciate the cartoons and turn them to good account.' A letter which Pietro Aretino addressed to Lorenzo Lotto in 1548, gives us another glimpse of the artist's personality, and is of especial interest as showing the high opinion which Titian had of his judgment and the intimate terms on which the two masters had lived during the last few years.

'O Lotto, good as goodness and virtuous as virtue itself, Titian from imperial Augsburg, surrounded as he is by all the favour and glory of the world, greets and embraces you! In a letter which I received from him two days ago, he says that it would double the pleasure that he takes in the Emperor's satisfaction with the pictures he is now painting, if he had your eye and your judgment to approve him. And indeed, the painter is not mistaken, for your judgment has been formed by age, by nature and by art, with the prompting of that honest kindliness which pronounces upon the works of others exactly

exactly as if they were your own; so that the painter may say that, in placing before you his pictures and portraits, he is showing them to himself, and asking his own opinion. Envy is not in your breast. Rather do you delight to see in other artists certain qualities which you do not find in your own brush, although it performs those miracles which are not easy to many who feel very proud of their technical skill. But holding the second place in the art of painting is nothing compared to holding the first place in the duties of religion, for Heaven will reward you with a glory beyond the praise of this world.'

A year later, Lotto left Venice for Ancona, and, after three years of active work in the Marches, settled at Loreto, attracted by the fame of that renowned sanctuary. On Sept. 8, 1554, he dedicated himself and all his worldly goods to the Blessed Virgin, 'being tired of wandering, and wishing to end his days in that holy place.' All he asked in return was to be given rooms and a servant of his own, to be treated with the same consideration as a Canon and prayed for as a benefactor, and to have one florin a month to spend as he pleased. Here he spent the last four years of his life, growing slowly feebler, and 'having,' he tells us, 'almost entirely lost his voice,' but still painting until his death in 1556. Among his last works were a Sacrifice of Melchisedec and a Presentation in the Temple, which are still to be seen in the Palazzo Apostolico at Loreto, and are described by Mr. Berenson as almost monochrome in tone and curiously modern in *technique*. To the last Lotto retained his remarkable power of expression; and the aged Simeon, lifting his worn and wrinkled face to heaven as he utters his *Nunc Dimittis*, is a touching type of the old painter who had come to die in the Santa Casa. Mr. Berenson concludes his reflections with the following words:—

'Lorenzo Lotto was, then, a psychological painter in an age which ended by esteeming little but force and display, a personal painter at a time when personality was fast getting to be of less account than conformity, evangelical at heart in a country upon which a rigid and soulless Catholicism was daily strengthening its hold. . . . But for us Lotto's value is of a different sort. His spirit is more like our own than is, perhaps, that of any other Italian painter, and it has all the appeal and fascination of a kindred soul in another age.'

The new Life of Correggio, which has made its first appearance in an English dress, is the work of an Italian writer who, with Mr. Berenson, accepts Morelli's conclusions and profits by his labours. But there the resemblance ends. While the volume of Lorenzo Lotto appeals directly to the student, Dr. Ricci's book is of a distinctly popular nature. It is profusely illustrated,

illustrated, not only with reproductions of the artist's works, but with portraits of his patrons and views of the cities and churches with which he was connected. Unfortunately these are, for the most part, of inferior quality; and the different tints of red, blue, green, and yellow, in which they are printed, seriously detract from their value. And we should like to point out, that both the Ashburton altar-piece and Hampton Court Madonna, which the publisher informs us are here reproduced for the first time, have already appeared in a far superior form, in the 'Illustrated Catalogue of the School of Ferrara' that was published two years ago by the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Again, Dr. Ricci's flowery language, his long descriptions of the courts of Correggio and Mantua, and of the strange vicissitudes that have attended Allegri's pictures, offer a striking contrast to Mr. Berenson's close reasoning and acute and delicate analysis. At the same time, we have no hesitation in saying that this is the best and most complete Life of Correggio which has yet appeared. Dr. Ricci has made good use of the opportunities which he enjoys as Director of the Parma Gallery; and if he cannot claim to have any new material of importance to bring before his readers, he has at least done the work of compilation well. He has examined whatever documents on the subject are still in existence, and has made use of them to correct a few dates and to corroborate statements previously made by Dr. Meyer and later writers.

The singularly quiet and uneventful nature of Correggio's history seems to have prompted his early biographers to a liberal use of their own imagination, and at one period his life was a fruitful theme for romance. Most of these fables, however, were dispelled by Dr. Meyer. We know now that the great master never visited Rome, and that he did not learn of Leonardo, and we have long ceased to regard Vasari's tragic tale of his poverty and death as anything but a myth. The old tradition of his Lombard training was finally proved to be a fallacy by Morelli, who first made it clear that he belonged to the Ferrarese School, and holds the same place among the painters of the Emilia that Raphael does among the artists of Central Italy. This being the case, it is of little importance whether young Allegri learnt the rudiments of his art, as Morelli thinks, from a Modena painter, or from a local artist of his native town, probably his own uncle Lorenzo. Since his name does not appear in Francia's list of scholars, Dr. Ricci is of opinion that he never actually worked in the *atelier* of the Bologna master, but that he went to Mantua when he was about seventeen, and there learnt of

Lorenzo

Lorenzo Costa and Dosso Dossi, both of whom were at that time in the service of the Gonzagas. The importance of Correggio itself as a seat of art and learning and the painter's friendship with Veronica Gambara, the wife of the reigning prince, are well brought out. The young painter, who was a boy of fourteen when Veronica came as a bride to Correggio in 1508, seems early to have attracted the notice of this accomplished princess, and Dr. Ricci mentions several incidents that tend to prove the existence of cordial relations between himself and the reigning family. In later years we find Veronica writing of him as 'our Antonio' to Isabella d'Este, and to her he may have owed his first introduction to the court of the Gonzagas, when he visited Mantua between 1511 and 1514.

The influence of Mantegna, which Morelli passes over lightly, in his anxiety to prove Correggio's Ferrarese origin, is strongly insisted upon by Dr. Ricci, who shows how memories of the great Paduan's works at Mantua lingered in the young painter's mind in his Parma days. The same influence is evident, not only in the famous Madonna of St. Francis, which was long supposed to be his first work, but in the nine little pictures which Dr. Ricci, following Morelli's theory, places between 1512 and 1515. Two of these are now in this country,—the St. Martha, in Lord Ashburton's collection, which was originally painted for a church in the artist's native town, and the pathetic Christ taking leave of his Mother, now the property of Mr. R. H. Benson. Here the poetry of landscape, the lovely effects of light, and the intensity of feeling all reveal the strong individuality of the youthful painter, whose natural instincts, as Morelli says, led him to depict the charm of the soul in every phase of joy and sorrow, in the excitement of sensuous pleasure, and in the raptures of divine love. The fame which young Allegri acquired by these works was no doubt the cause of the commission which he next received to paint a picture for the high altar of the Franciscan church at Correggio. On the 30th of August, 1514, his father Pellegrino, a small farmer and manufacturer, signed the agreement with the friars on behalf of his son, who was still a minor, in the humble room on the ground-floor (*ad terrenum*) of his small house in the Borgo Vecchio. The work, for which Antonio received the considerable sum of 100 gold ducats, was finished by the following spring, and remained in the Franciscan church until 1638, when it was secretly removed by the Duke of Modena, to be sold by his successors in the next century to Augustus II. of Saxony. As Dr. Ricci truly remarks, this picture is an extraordinary

traordinary work for a boy of twenty. The traditional form of composition in Ferrarese altar-pieces is retained, the *chiaroscuro* medallion and frieze that decorate the throne are copied from Costa, and the Virgin is taken directly from Mantegna's Madonna della Vittoria. But in the masterly handling of light and shade, in the varied attitudes and passionate sentiment of the Saints, we recognise the originality of the young painter's conception.

The second part of Dr. Ricci's book is devoted to the three great series of paintings which Correggio executed in the neighbouring city of Parma, between 1518 and 1530. Early in the spring of 1518, he was summoned thither to decorate the new suite of rooms which Donna Giovanna, Abbess of the convent of S. Paolo, had built for her private use. The nuns of S. Paolo were noted for their lax discipline and worldly lives, and the secular-minded Abbess showed her wisdom in choosing the young painter of Correggio to adorn her apartments with classical subjects. The task was exactly suited to his genius, and, in spite of the damage wrought by time and neglect, the frescoes of the Camera di S. Paolo remain one of the most lovely decorations of the kind in existence. The huntress-queen Diana, wearing the silver crescent which the Abbess chose for her arms, appears driving her car above the mantel-piece, while the vaulted ceiling is adorned with a trellis of vine-leaves and flowers, where a joyous band of *amorini*, with rosy limbs and softly-rounded forms, peep through the oval-shaped openings, and pluck the grapes overhead, or frolic with bows and arrows and other symbols of the chase. Below these merry groups of laughing children are sixteen lunettes, containing figures of Minerva, the Graces, the Infant Jupiter, and other Greek subjects in *chiaroscuro*, designed and executed with truly classical feeling. A strange fate attended these charming fancies of Correggio's invention. A few years after he had finished his work, the papal officers intervened to check the irregularities of the nuns of S. Paolo, the laws of conventual discipline were rigidly enforced, and Diana's bower was closed to the outer world. Even Annibale Carracci, who sought out and copied all that he could find of Correggio's work in Parma, never heard of the wonderful room, which remained forgotten by the world until the close of the last century, when it was discovered by an artist who was employed in the convent church. Then the members of the Academy at length obtained leave to visit Correggio's room, and its doors were once more thrown open. These circumstances give especial interest to a notice discovered by Dr. Ricci in the unpublished diary of Smeraldi,

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a distinguished engineer who visited the convent of S. Paolo on the 1st of August, 1598.

'We then went to see the rooms inhabited by the Princess, and I was shown the chamber decorated by Master Antonio da Correggio. The vault is painted with a trellis of vines and fruit, interspersed with ovals containing many lovely children in a great variety of attitudes; the lunettes are decorated with compositions in *chiaro-scuro;* below these is a cornice with a simulated drapery, against which are dispersed cups, flagons, and other vessels of silver, all beautifully rendered.'

In 1520, Correggio married Girolama Merlini, a young orphan girl of good family and some fortune, and returned to Parma to paint the cupola of S. Giovanni Evangelista. The master who had transformed the convent parlour into a fairy bower, where radiant loves are at play among the leaves and flowers, now went a step farther and filled the dome of the Benedictine church with one grand composition of the Ascension of Christ. For the first time in the history of art, we see a single composition applied to the decoration of a vast concave surface. The conception was a bold one, but it was attended with complete success. Christ is seen soaring heavenwards, in a golden sea of light, while colossal figures of the Apostles are throned on the clouds below, and St. John kneels with clasped hands, gazing at the wondrous vision. The riotous cherubs who gambol on the clouds, or play at hide-and-seek behind the draperies of the Apostles, may not, in our eyes, agree with the solemn nature of the subject; but the life and fire of the whole composition, and the mastery of drawing and foreshortening which it reveals, are beyond all praise. Dr. Ricci has carefully examined every portion of the fresco, which is now lighted by electricity, and consequently better seen than ever before; and, in spite of the cracks in the plaster and the injury which it has received from the smoke of candles and incense, speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty and freshness of the colour which lies concealed under a thick coating of dirt and grease. Correggio also decorated the apse of the church with frescoes of the Coronation of the Virgin; but this part of the building was unhappily pulled down in 1587, and a fragment of the Madonna receiving a starry crown from her Son's hands is all that is now left us. Dr. Ricci speaks of the 'gentle satisfaction' that is here visible on the Maid-Mother's face, but the phrase gives no adequate idea of the rapture which lights up the Virgin's countenance. The same expression of ecstasy meets us in the impassioned gaze of the youthful Evangelist, who, in the magnificent lunette above the transept door, is represented sitting

sitting on the architrave, pen in hand, with an open roll on his knee, writing his Revelation, and awaiting the inspiration which comes from heaven.

While the work at S. Giovanni was still in progress, the Cathedral Canons, jealous of the splendid decorations with which the Benedictine church was being adorned, engaged Correggio to paint the cupola of the Duomo. In an autograph letter inserted in the agreement and preserved in the Cathedral archives, Correggio speaks of the greatness and difficulties of the task, and concludes, in words that are full of dignity: 'I cannot, having regard to our own honour and that of the place, undertake the work for less than 1,000 gold ducats.' This accordingly was the sum which the Canons agreed to give. But the work was not begun until the spring of 1526, and the cupola was the only part of the Cathedral which he lived to paint. This time the Assumption was his theme. He painted the Apostles leaning on a balustrade round the edge of the dome; and between the eight windows, the patron Saints of Parma, looking upwards with every variety of wonder and curiosity expressed in their eager gestures, as the Madonna, with head thrown back and outstretched arms, soars upwards in a swift rush of exultant joy. Angels and cherubs circle wildly in the air above, swinging censers and playing harp and viol, leaping and tumbling over each other in mad revelry; while the Archangel Gabriel, leaving his throne in highest heaven, flings himself forward to meet her whom he had called 'blessed among women.' The sense of a great triumph sweeping through the universe has never been more wonderfully represented, and it is easy to understand the extraordinary enthusiasm which Correggio's work excited in the breast of the Carracci, and which made his disciples regard the cupola of Parma as the highest and most perfect example of Italian art. And yet the effect of confusion produced by all these interlaced and foreshortened limbs in violent motion is not to be denied, and justifies the remark of the cynical Canon, who said, when the fresco was displayed, that it seemed to him like a hash of frogs. On the whole we agree with Dr. Ricci that the frescoes of S. Giovanni are distinctly finer and more imposing than the larger and later work.

On the 17th of November, 1530, the painter received the last instalment of 350 ducats for the cupola of the Duomo, and the death of his young wife about the same time recalled him to Correggio, where the remainder of his life was spent. His family, a son born at Correggio in 1521 and three daughters, whose names are inscribed in the registers of the Baptistery

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of Parma, 'were a great care to him,' Vasari tells us; 'and although by nature good and well disposed, he nevertheless grieved more than was reasonable under the burden of those passions which are common to all men. He was by nature very melancholy.' Dr. Ricci speaks of the 'strange duality' that appears in the works of the painter and the character of the man, but an artist of Correggio's lyrical and highly strung nature could not fail to have moments of profound depression and to be keenly sensitive to the troubles and cares of life.

During his residence at Parma, he painted many of his well-known altar-pieces: the Martyrdom of SS. Placidius and Flavia, the Descent from the Cross, the Ecce Homo of the National Gallery, and the Gethsemane, which was found in Joseph Bonaparte's carriage after the battle of Vittoria and presented to Wellington by King Ferdinand VII. But all of these works are wanting in dramatic power; and although they contain single figures of rare beauty, such as the virgin-martyr Flavia or the Dead Christ, who sleeps in calm majesty at the foot of the Cross, these scenes of death and suffering were, in reality, little suited to Correggio's genius. He was more successful with the famous Notte, that was ordered by a gentleman of Reggio in 1522, but only completed eight years later, and the still finer Giorno, or Madonna of St. Jerome, executed for a church in Parma in 1528. The admiration excited by the golden-haired Magdalen in this picture may have led him to paint the single figure of the repentant Saint, which Veronica Gambara mentions to Isabella d'Este in a letter of the same year. But Morelli has proved that the Reading Magdalen painted on copper at Dresden, which long bore his name, could never have been Correggio's work, and was probably painted by some Flemish follower of the Carracci. The Madonna di S. Giorgio was the only altar-piece which Allegri painted after his return to Correggio. The traditional symmetry of the composition bears some resemblance to that of the Madonna of St. Francis, but the picture can hardly be said to have the same charm as the earlier work, which hangs in the same gallery at Dresden.

In these last years of his life, Correggio found a more congenial theme in classical myths and the loves of the gods. Here there was nothing to fetter the flight of his imagination, and his genius finds its highest and most perfect expression. Two of his mythological pictures, the Sleeping Antiope of the Louvre, and the Education of Cupid, in the National Gallery, were painted at Parma, Dr. Ricci thinks, as early as 1522 or 1523. Both were bought by Federigo Gonzaga, and passed with the treasures of the Mantuan collection into the gallery of Charles I.,

Charles I., after whose death the Antiope was bought by the banker Jabach, and the Cupid went to Spain and was ultimately brought back to England by Lord Londonderry, who purchased it in 1834 from Caroline Bonaparte, the ex-Queen of Naples. Three other pictures—the Danaë of the Borghese, the Io at Vienna, and the ruined Leda at Berlin—were presented by the Duke of Mantua to Charles V., who visited Correggio in 1532. The strange fate which befell them, and the tale of their almost miraculous preservation through untold dangers and adventures, are fully related by Dr. Ricci. All three must once have ranked among the painter's finest works, and, in spite of the cruel injuries which they have suffered, they still contain passages of rare beauty. Besides these great pictures, Correggio also painted two allegories of Vice and Virtue for the *Camerino* which Isabella d'Este adorned with masterpieces by the foremost artists of her day, and was engaged on a set of cartoons for her son Federigo, when a short illness brought his life to a sudden close. He died on the 5th of March, 1534, in the same little house belonging to his father where he had first seen the light, forty years before.

The last chapter, which Dr. Ricci devotes to a study of the painter's characteristics, strikes us, we must confess, as somewhat disappointing. The biographer spends so much time in refuting the unreasonable complaints of pedants who blame Correggio because he did not possess the qualities of Raphael or Michelangelo, that he has little space left to consider the artistic personality of his hero. He insists once more upon his Ferrarese origin, and points out rightly that the development of his original genius was, in a great measure, fostered by his isolated life. He dwells also on the high excellence of Allegri's craftsmanship, that mastery which made Mr. Ruskin once speak of him as 'Captain of the painter's art.' But Dr. Ricci omits to mention the marvellous flesh-painting, in which he rivalled the Venetians themselves, and he hardly does justice to the unstudied and spontaneous gladness that was so marked a feature of his genius. It is this intensely joyous feeling, finding expression, as it does, not only in the swift flight of his angels or the merry gambols of his *putti*, but in the magic of his colour, in the space and sunlight of his landscapes, in the rapt smiles of his women faces, that forms the real charm of his art, and which makes him, more than any other painter of his age, the unconscious prophet of the latest and most brilliant phase of the Italian Renaissance.

ART.

ART. VII.—*The Onslow Papers.* Historical MSS. Commission. 1896.

THE very interesting fragment which is all that remains of the Papers and Correspondence relating to the Onslow family, for some time preserved at Clandon Park, the seat of the present Earl of Onslow, has now been published by the Historical MSS. Commission; and though it has been seen before and been used by previous writers, the light which it throws on our political and party history in the reign of George II. has been scarcely if at all noticed. More than this, the last words of 'the greatest of English Speakers,' as Onslow has usually been called, may well be thought, in view of certain recent events, to possess a special significance for ourselves who have witnessed so many attempts to lower that authority of which Onslow was the great champion. It may be as well, perhaps, to remind all readers of the introductory notice prepared by the Commissioners, that although Onslow's direct narrative terminates with his appointment to the Speakership in 1728, it was drawn up for the benefit of his son many years later; that it alludes to numerous events long subsequent to his acceptance of the Chair, and that the opinions expressed in it are the result of his matured experience. The Papers consist of two parts: a memoir of his family, written partly in 1735, and partly much later, and two Notes, occupying about twenty pages, on 'Opposition.' Both contain references to events which occurred after Walpole's downfall, and as late as Pelham's Administration; the whole term of his Speakership just covering the reign of George II., a period rich in political memoirs, which enable us to give a tolerably good guess at what was passing through the Speaker's mind when he committed these reflections to paper.

The Onslows are descended from an ancient family of gentry long seated at Onslow, in Shropshire, and trace their pedigree direct to Roger de Onneslowe in the reign of Henry III. They remained in Shropshire till the beginning of the seventeenth century; and the immediate ancestor of the present family, Richard Onslow, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1566, was buried at Shrewsbury. Through his wife, however, a Miss Hardinge, of Knowle, in Surrey, he acquired an estate at Cranley in that county, to which the family removed about 1653. The grandson of this Richard, Sir Richard Onslow, seems to have been regarded by the Speaker as a kind of second founder of the family. He represented the county of Surrey in Parliament from 1627 to his death in 1663; and in the Civil War took the side of the Parliament, though

though always opposed to going to extremities with the King. He stood high in the favour of Cromwell, whom he would have liked to see King, because he thought the people would never settle down under any other form of government, and for the same reason assisted in promoting the Restoration, though no friend to Stuart principles. In narrating this part of the family history, the Speaker calls attention to the fact 'as a most extraordinary thing,' that 'notwithstanding the frequent and sometimes very wild changes of government that happened, especially from the dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell to the time of the King's being restored, yet the laws had their free course as to all private matters, and in which justice was as strictly administered under them as in any age either before or since.' In illustration of Cromwell's anxiety on this point, he tells the following story of Sir Matthew Hale,—which he had, he says, from undoubted authority,—namely,

'that Cromwell, having a desire to make him one of his Judges, went himself to Mr. Hale's chambers to make him an offer of it, which he, being much inclined to the King's cause, at first refused, and was free enough, upon the encouragement Cromwell gave him so to do, to own that his reason for refusing it was his scruples as to the authority he was to take a commission from and to act under. Cromwell told him that he did not come to dispute with him about his authority; he had got the power, and he was resolved to keep it; but he was resolved also to exercise it well if he could, and to distribute justice to the people. "And if you, Sir," says he, "and such men as you, will not suffer me to govern by Red Gowns, I must and will govern by Red Cloaks." Upon which Hale accepted the office and continued one of the Judges to the time of Cromwell's death, with some restrictions, however, as to his sitting upon criminal cases, which Cromwell gave into.'

Another anecdote will perhaps suggest to some enterprising writer the possibility of whitewashing even Jeffreys:—

'And now I have mentioned Jeffreys, let me tell you an anecdote relating to him which I had from Sir Joseph Jekyll, the present Master of the Rolls.

'Whilst Jeffreys was in the Tower, he sent for the famous Dr. Scott to come to him in order to assist him in his devotions, being then near his death. The doctor, in his exhortations to him to recollect the past actions of his life that required repentance, took notice particularly of the cruelty he had been charged with against those people in the West who had been prosecuted before him for their being concerned in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Upon this Jeffreys raised himself with more than ordinary emotion, and said: "Doctor, I have been very unjustly charged with this as if it had

had proceeded from my own disposition, but what I did I had express orders for, and was so far from exceeding my orders that I was not half bloody enough for the man who sent me thither"; and soon after died. The doctor told this to my Lord Somers, from whom Sir Joseph told me he had it.'

The above-mentioned Sir R. Onslow had two sons, of whom the elder was the first Lord Onslow. He was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1709 to 1710, but lost his seat for Surrey at the General Election when the Tories 'swept the board.' At the accession of George I. he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the following year was raised to the peerage as Baron Onslow, of Onslow in Shropshire and Clandon in Surrey. He died in 1717; and we must now turn to the nephew, the real subject of our article.

'I was born,' he says, 'on the 3rd of September, 1691, at Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, in the first house of the left hand as you come into the town from London.'

He was sent to school at Guildford before he was seven years old, and boarded with Mr. Vernon, a clergyman, who was, he says, one of the last of the race who used to be called 'Church Puritans,'—an expression we do not remember ever to have met with before. He was Rector of Merrow, near Guildford, and

'during all his time the Communion table stood in the middle of the chancel, and he administered the Sacrament always in that particular place, and not at the east end,—a circumstance your reading the history of your country will make you understand, and the reason of my taking notice of it; a matter of some curiosity, and the only instance of it, I believe, then remaining in England.'

This little record has its interest in connexion with the Lincoln Judgment, where one of the articles against Dr. King turned on this very point, the removal of the altar table,—that is, from the position here described to the end of the chancel, so that the ends, instead of the sides, stood north and south.

From Guildford School, Onslow at the age of fourteen was transferred to Winchester, and three years afterwards went up as a gentleman commoner to Wadham. In 1710, however, his father, who had been in business as a Turkey merchant, died in embarrassed circumstances, and his son was recalled from Oxford before he was twenty years of age. By the kindness of his uncle, Lord Onslow, he was enabled to study for the Bar, and at his house at Clandon he always spent the Long Vacation. There he was introduced to the best society; but, owing to his natural shyness—so he tells us—he did not profit by it

it as he might have done. He adds that this infirmity had always 'hung upon him'; and it may possibly account for some of the sarcasms which Horace Walpole points at his expense. Shyness in private is not incompatible with pomposity in public: indeed, is often the cause of it.

Onslow, however, did not succeed at the Bar. He went the Home Circuit, and had business where he was known. But he never could speak with any confidence, and his legal knowledge, though of a kind to be eminently useful to him in his future position, stood him in little stead as a common-law advocate. His uncle, however, got him a berth in the Post Office worth 400*l.* a year, as good as 800*l.* now, on which he lived pretty comfortably till he entered Parliament. In 1717, as we have seen, his uncle died; but he continued very good friends with his cousin, the second Lord, took a little place in the country near Clandon—became Chairman of Quarter Sessions—and, in spite of his shyness, a leading man in the county. When a vacancy occurred in the parliamentary representation of Guildford by the death of General Wroth, he was returned for that borough on the 16th of February, 1719, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

He entered Parliament at a time when the South Sea craze was at its height, and caught the infection like other people. He threw himself into the crowd of speculators; and, more fortunate than the majority, emerged with plunder. At one time he held stock worth 9,000*l.*, which his cousin Lord Onslow bought of him at that price, giving a bond for the money. When the crash came Onslow did not like to press his relation for the whole amount, and compounded with him for rather less than a third of it; and deducting from this the original price of the stock, the remainder, he says, was 'very inconsiderable.'

He has left us a very graphic account of the public madness, and also of the general fury when the bubble burst. That was the time, if ever, he thinks, for 'King James the Third' to have struck in.

'If some bold men had taken advantage of the general disorder men's minds were in, to provoke them to insurrection, the rage against the Government was such for having as they thought drawn them into this ruin, that I am almost persuaded, the King being at that time abroad, that could the Pretender then have landed at the Tower, he might have rode to St. James's with very few hands held up against him.'

Onslow was now in want of money, having resigned his place in the Post Office when he took his seat. But his maiden speech,

speech, contrary to his own expectation, was a success. He had profited greatly by the conversation of his uncle, the former Speaker and Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had instructed him in parliamentary lore, and impressed on him the necessity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the rules and procedure of the House of Commons. His position at this time, considering his close connexion with the Clandon family, was so good that he had no difficulty in picking up a rich wife: and his friend, Mr. Corbett, the Clerk of the Peace, pointed out to him an eligible young lady in the shape of Miss Bridges, of Ember Court, whom he married after a brief courtship on the 8th of October, 1720, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. She was heiress to a considerable landed estate, which soon fell in, and Onslow was now able to figure as an independent member. The following Session of Parliament was chiefly taken up with the prosecution of the South Sea Directors, and others supposed to be implicated in the fraud. Writing fourteen years afterwards, Onslow tells us that he then first began 'to see the arts of power and of faction, of party resentment, and of the personal pique of great men against one another.' He had plenty of opportunities of adding to his knowledge during the generation that followed. The bitter hatred which animated rival political leaders during the first twenty years of George II.'s reign, combined with the genius and fame of the chief actors, has caused their rivalry to be regarded as the most dramatic period in our party history.

Onslow, in fact, was no sooner in Parliament than he was brought immediately into contact with transactions revealing to him the part played in public affairs by private and personal motives, more fully even than the South Sea prosecutions. The Peerage Bill of 1719 is the first to which he calls our attention, both its principal supporter and his principal assailant being equally actuated, as it seemed to him, by purely selfish considerations. Lord Sunderland stood in danger of impeachment on account of his connexion with the South Sea Scheme, while he was conscious at the same time of a secret correspondence with the Stuarts, the discovery of which might be still more fatal. Lord Stanhope says that the King knew all about it. But Onslow expressly contradicts this statement, declaring that he has heard it and that it is false. Sunderland had incurred the implacable enmity of the Prince of Wales by siding with his father in their well-known quarrel; and should his enemies come into power, he foresaw the worst. Clearly the first thing to do was to make it impossible for the House of Lords to be packed with hostile Peers. Hence this celebrated Bill,

Bill, which has been attacked and defended on such high constitutional grounds. It is true that in the House of Commons Stanhope was accused of being a party to it. But he had no such powerful motive as Sunderland for wishing to restrict the prerogative; and he probably supported it from an honest abhorrence of the famous *coup d'état* of Queen Anne. Onslow himself does not seem to have approved of the Bill, yet he places Sir Robert Walpole's opposition to it on a footing with Sunderland's support of it, as being prompted by purely personal motives; and it is at this point that the two Notes on Parliamentary Opposition begin. It is needless to say that these are by far the most interesting portions of the Papers, and have the closest bearing on questions of the present day.

We cannot help thinking that when he penned the first sentence in the first Note he was thinking rather of Pulteney than of Walpole.

'We have often heard,' he says, 'of men who have left one party to join another, without any change of principle or inclination, avowedly, and only to force the Crown, by distressing the Administration in Parliament, to bring themselves back to or to obtain those seats of power they had lost or quitted or sought after, and without designing to continue any longer with their new friends than should be sufficient for that purpose.'

This is an exact description of Pulteney's conduct from the time when he first went into opposition about 1725 or 1726 down to the formation of the new Ministry in 1742, when his allies the Tories found themselves completely deceived. Both Chesterfield and Bolingbroke had for some time suspected that this was what was intended. Pulteney and his party had used the Tories for 'distressing the Administration,' and when their end was gained threw them over. The Tories discovered that though constituting the great majority of the opposition they had simply been used as cats-paws; and that Pulteney 'had no design to continue any longer with his new friends than should be sufficient for his purpose.' We have but to read Bolingbroke's letter to Lord Lyttelton to understand the whole situation. Onslow does not mention Pulteney in this place, and takes Walpole on the Peerage Bill as the first illustration of his meaning. Walpole's conduct, however, only corresponds to one-half of Onslow's picture. He did not go over from one party to another. His only object was to 'distress' Sunderland: and in this he fully succeeded, throwing out the Bill on the second reading by a majority of ninety-two. He persuaded the

the anti-Ministerial Whigs, who in their hearts rather liked the Bill, to vote against it, nevertheless, for the sake of annoying the Government. This was the first specimen of party tactics with which Onslow was brought into contact.

Nor was his wonder diminished when he heard the Bill supported in a remarkably eloquent and able speech by a Minister who was known to be as much opposed to it in private as any man in England, the younger Craggs; and the recollection of this speech leads him into some reflections on the practice—common, he allows, among statesmen—of supporting what they do not approve of for the sake either of keeping Government together or of putting down one man and setting up another, 'making it a point of honour and fidelity to their friends so to do.' With these remarks we may compare the language of Burke upon the same subject, which shows, we think, that between 1750 and 1780 the party system had been gradually acquiring greater consistency, and its obligations greater weight. Burke does not seem to contemplate the possibility of a difference on any question of principle between any two members of the same Government, or of the same organized opposition. When such a difference does arise, it is time for the individual dissentient to go elsewhere. Such, however, was not Onslow's view. He thought that many important questions might safely be left open questions in a Government. As to minor ones, both Burke and Onslow agreed that differences were of course permissible. But the latter did not see why Craggs, for instance, was obliged to support the Peerage Bill because it was a Government Bill. He did not think he need merely have abstained from speaking for it. He thought he might have spoken against it. Modern usage, however, is against Onslow in this respect. We remember the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson; and it may be added that when Mr. Clare Sewell Read took office with Mr. Disraeli in 1874, he was informed that he might vote against Government if he liked on agricultural questions, but must not speak against them. Walpole himself, indeed, acted on the same principle, and was applauded for it by Dr. Johnson, who declared that if he himself were Prime Minister he would not allow a member of his Cabinet to wag a finger against him. Governments may be formed, from the beginning, on the understanding that certain great questions already in existence, on which the country is pretty evenly divided, may be open questions. But that is very different from allowing liberty to each individual Minister to take a line of his own on every fresh question as it comes. No such thing

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as what we now call a Government policy could exist on these conditions. But Onslow's observations only show that in common with many other statesmen of the period—Bolingbroke included—he had not yet mastered the real nature of the party system, or correctly estimated its natural development.

The Peerage Bill is allowed by Onslow to have been in harmony with Whig principles. But Walpole did not care very much for Whig principles if he saw that political capital was to be made by ignoring them. In the very same year he went near to make his political fortune by a still more open defiance of them—a master stroke of policy on which we are surprised to find Onslow silent: we mean his opposition to the repeal of the Schism Act. He had been among its foremost opponents when it was passed through the House of Commons in 1714, but he now joined with the Tories in supporting it, and with such effect that it was only repealed by a majority of thirty-nine, thirty-four of the minority being Scottish members. By this bold change of front he disarmed the hostility of the clergy, and silenced their favourite cry, whenever the Whigs were in power, of the Church in danger. By hoisting this friendly signal to the High Church party, he probably did as much to prolong his own tenure of power, and to keep the German family on the throne, as by all the corruption of which he was guilty from first to last.

In the month of April 1721, on the death of Lord Stanhope, Walpole, says Onslow, was requested by the 'oligarchy' (these are his words) to undertake the reconstruction of the Ministry: and this was the beginning of an Administration which lasted twenty-one years. But in Onslow's opinion Walpole might have found himself very insecure in his position had it not been for the great dexterity which he displayed in unravelling the Jacobite plot of 1722, in which Atterbury was implicated. This success consolidated his power and re-united for a time all sections of the Whig party under his banner, except a very few mutinous adherents of Lord Sunderland.

'It so thoroughly broke all the measures of the party for the Pretender that they have never since been able to recover them into any formed design—of Jacobites here at least, and ought therefore to be reckoned one of if not the most fortunate and the greatest circumstance of Mr. Walpole's life. It fixed him with the King and united for a time the whole body of Whigs to him, and gave him the universal credit of an able and vigilant Minister.'

But it was these remnants of Lord Sunderland's party who were destined to form the nucleus of a new Opposition which confronted

confronted Walpole for the rest of his career, and eventually hunted him down.

'Some he succeeded with, but not with all, and of them several remained in their employments whom he could not remove, or did not dare to attempt because of the interest they had with the King through the means of the Germans: and this body of people, small but of considerable rank, remained his enemies to the time of the King's death, waiting and watching for every opportunity to ruin him, which, however, it is most undoubted they could not have done without ruining at the same time the Whig cause and party; but they thought otherwise; and now began something of the Whig opposition to his power, which grew afterwards to be so troublesome and formidable to him.'

It is this Opposition to which we are now about to turn our attention. It is well known that the death of George I. shattered all Bolingbroke's hopes, as the death of Queen Anne had shattered them twelve years earlier. Indeed, the deaths of kings and queens seem to have been specially unfavourable to the Tory party. In 1714, in 1727, and again in 1837, they were, or supposed themselves to be, on the eve of a great party triumph, when the demise of the Crown suddenly turned the key on them once more. The General Election of 1727 went strongly in favour of the Whigs; and when Parliament assembled in January 1728, and Onslow was chosen Speaker, Walpole's power seemed founded on a rock. 'The great Revolution Families' who had made him Prime Minister supported him steadily. He was their man; and, had he been willing to share his power with only a very few others, need never have parted with it.

Before the death of George I., Pulteney had quarrelled with Walpole and become the fast ally of Bolingbroke. In December 1726 appeared the first number of their joint work, 'The Craftsman,' of which Onslow speaks in terms very different from those employed by modern writers. He acknowledges not only the great ability with which it was written, but also the effect which it produced. Bolingbroke's object, says Onslow, was to frighten the King into a change of Ministry, which would have restored him to the House of Lords and have soon placed him at the head of the Government. Had the opposition to Walpole in the House of Commons been a homogeneous opposition, animated by a common principle, it is not unlikely that he would have succeeded; for the General Election of 1734, which, fought with the most desperate energy all over the kingdom, greatly reduced Walpole's majority, would in that case probably have destroyed it. But between the different sections

sections of the Opposition public opinion was distracted, and its full force incapable of being concentrated.

When Onslow took his seat in the chair, the Opposition was divided into three main parties, and his remarks on each are highly instructive. The first section, outnumbering the other two put together, were the Tories, who acknowledged Sir William Wyndham as their leader. The second in importance consisted of the malcontent Whigs led by Pulteney, most of whom had been driven into opposition by Walpole himself. The third section, more numerous perhaps in the country than in Parliament, were the avowed Jacobites, of whom William Shippen—'downright' Shippen—was the head. Over them all alike presided Bolingbroke, who from 1727 to 1735 was looked up to as their Gamaliel. Besides these, a little later on, were what were called 'the Boys,' sometimes also called the Patriots, though this was the title claimed by and commonly assigned to Pulteney's party. Bolingbroke had arguments and topics for them all. To the Boys—the Young England of 1740—he addressed himself in a high strain of classic eloquence, taught them to thunder against a perpetual Dictator, and to deplore the loss of our liberties in the tone of a Roman Republican. With the older men among the Tories, German alliances, standing armies, prodigal expenditure, the claim of the English country gentlemen to a share in the Government, which had been sacrificed to the 'policy of proscription,' begun with the accession of George I., were his principal topics. To the Whigs he expatiated on the subversion of Revolution principles, and on what he constantly alleged to be the fact, that liberty was in greater danger from parliamentary corruption than from personal government. 'Liberty was undermined for fear it should be overthrown.' This was the string on which he loved to harp; and Onslow fully admits that he was a master of his instrument.

It is obvious, however, that these various sections could not all speak to the country with the same voice; nor could they always use the same language to their constituents which they used successfully in Parliament. The alliance between the Whigs and the Tories was not so fully understood in the English counties and large towns as it was in Westminster Hall. Nor was this all. The combination was an *affaire de convenance* exclusively. There was no real cordiality between Pulteney and Wyndham. They never fully trusted one another, and each knew that the tug of war would come when Walpole was dethroned. Onslow from his elevated position was able to watch the situation with an impartial eye, and the first thing

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we learn from him is the complete truth of Lord Shelburne's account of parties given in the chapter of autobiography prefixed to the Life of that statesman by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice. Onslow repeats in several places that it was Sir Robert Walpole's constant aim to perpetuate the policy of proscription begun in 1714, to represent all the Tories as Jacobites, and to prevent any approach to an agreement between them and the Whigs. This is the testimony of one of Walpole's regular supporters, an impartial observer with nothing to gain or lose by misrepresentation, and who must have known the truth, if anybody did. Shelburne, writing in 1800, says of the Tories of 1730, that sufficient justice has never been done to their character and principles—

'owing to the never-ceasing outcry of Ministers in confounding them with the Jacobites, but in fact they were the landed interest of England who desired to see an honourable, dignified government conducted with order and due economy and due subordination, in opposition to the Whigs who courted the mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest. The Tories, being men of property and precluded from all degree of Court favour since Queen Anne's time, lived upon their estates, never went to London but to attend Parliament, and that for a short time, while the Whigs surrounded the Court, governed the two Kingdoms, knew confidentially all that passed at home and abroad, were in the secret of everything, and provided for younger brothers, cousins, nephews, and dependants, whose wits were sharpened by their advancement.'

This is the point on which we find Bolingbroke continually insisting—the absolute exclusion of the Tories from power under the new system, when by a different treatment they might have been easily reconciled to it. It was carefully instilled into the King's mind that they were all Jacobites, and therefore could not be trusted; and it seems to be the opinion of all three—Onslow, Bolingbroke, and Shelburne—that but for this selfish policy the Jacobite party, in England at all events, would very soon have ceased to exist. This is one important confirmation of statements, sometimes derided as frivolous, which we owe to Speaker Onslow. Walpole kept alive the spark of Jacobitism in the Tory party which would otherwise have died out; and though it burned very low, and perhaps in the minds of such men as Wyndham was in time wholly extinguished, it continued to leaven the country gentlemen in general, of whom no doubt Sir Everard Waverley was an excellent type,—men whose sympathies with the cause, however little they might be disposed to fight for it, kept up the Stuart party, and alone made the insurrection of '45 possible.

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The Notes contain remarks on the chief Opposition leaders, of which some have appeared in print before, but not all. The character of Sir William Wyndham has been too often quoted to warrant the repetition of it here; and the others whom Onslow singles out are the two Pulteneys, Daniel and William, with the latter of whom alone we are concerned on the present occasion, Sir John Barnard, member for the City, and as an occasional combatant on the same side, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the eccentric but honest Master of the Rolls, 'who never changed his principles or wig.' These in the House of Commons: in the Lords he mentions Carteret and Chesterfield as the two chief opponents whom Walpole had to fear, and his comparison between Bolingbroke and Carteret might have been written by Thucydides.

'They were universally esteemed of the greatest genius for parts and knowledge of any men of the age; the latter thought to be the better scholar and to have formed his eloquence more upon the Ancients, and to have more of their spirit in it than the former, but the first was far the better writer, and had been a very lively and able speaker in both Houses of Parliament. He was thought, too, to have more knowledge and skill in the affairs of Europe from his long experience abroad and intimacy there with men of the first rank for business and capacity. But neither of them were thought to know enough of the real temper and constitution of their own country, although Lord Bolingbroke wrote much on that subject. They were both of them of unbounded spirit and ambition, impatient of restraint, contemning the notion of equality with others in business, and even disdaining to be anything if not the first and highest in power. They were not famed for what is called personal courage; but in the conduct of affairs were deemed bold, if not rash, and the Lord Bolingbroke was of a temper to overturn kingdoms to make way for himself and his talents to govern the world; whilst the other, in projecting the plans of his Administration, thought more of raising a great name to himself all over Europe, and having that continued by historians to all posterity, than of any present domestic popularity or renown whatsoever. He thought consulting the interior interests and disposition of the people, the conduct of business in Parliaments, and the methods of raising money for the execution even of his own designs, was a work below his applications (*sic*), and to be left as under-parts of Government to the care of inferior and subordinate understandings, in subserviency, however, to his will and measures. But much of this perhaps was owing more to his never having been of the House of Commons than even to the natural height of his spirit, although the last had but too well formed him for those disregards. They were both, I believe, very incorrupt as to money. It was not their aim to aggrandize themselves that way. Lord Carteret's was all glory, even to the enthusiasm of it, and that made him rather

more scrupulous than the other in the means he used for his greatness. But Lord Bolingbroke's was merely power, and to be the leader of it, without any other gratification but what the present enjoyment of it might give him. In a word they were both made rather for the splendour of great monarchies than the sober councils of a free State, whose liberty is its chief concern; although upon the whole Lord Carteret seemed much the better man, and a safer Minister than the other.'

Carteret's grand scheme for clearing Germany of the French and keeping them out of it afterwards, as well as the readiness with which he threw himself into George II.'s plan for terminating the Dogedom—a plan which might have succeeded but for the cowardice or treachery of Pulteney—are exactly of a piece with the Speaker's description of him. Of the picture here drawn of Bolingbroke, the truth is substantially admitted by Bolingbroke himself in his 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham.' But it is not the whole truth.

Of Lord Chesterfield, Onslow only says that he was a stamp of man which had hardly been seen since Charles II.'s time, and that he was 'very terrible' to the Ministers in the House of Lords. He adds, however, what we did not know before, that Chesterfield wrote some of the best papers in 'The Craftsman.' Of the Duke of Argyll he says nothing; nor yet of Shippen, Bromley, or Sir John Hinde Cotton in the House of Commons, all of whom were prominent figures in debate, from 1730–1740. Shippen was the leader of a party; Cotton his most active lieutenant, and almost the only Tory who got anything when Walpole was dethroned. Bromley was chosen to move the resolution in favour of repealing the Septennial Act; but he seems to be one of the 'suppressed characters' of English History, to use a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield. At all events, he was a leading man in the Opposition during Walpole's Administration; and, as one of a family which has given a distinguished member to the House of Commons in our own time, we should have welcomed a character of him from so high an authority.

Of the general principles and objects of the different parties which together made up the Opposition during Walpole's Administration, Onslow has a good deal to say. With the malcontent Whigs, hostility to the Government was simply a desire for revenge. They were in Opposition, because they were not in office. Walpole had been the enemy of Sunderland and had deeply offended Pulteney, who was a connexion of Sunderland's. The band which Pulteney organized and led was formed mainly out of 'Sunderland's creatures.' Very different

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was the position of the regular Tories, the men who in Anne's time had regarded Lord Nottingham as their head, and were now proud to act under such a leader as Wyndham. These men as a body had little bias towards Jacobitism, and but for Walpole himself would have had none. As much, of course, cannot be said of all the country squires and baronets who constituted the Tory party in England generally. But it was true of Wyndham and his party in the House of Commons. Wyndham himself had at one time been a zealous Jacobite. He was privy to all Bolingbroke's plans during the last years of Queen Anne. He had been the head of the Jacobite interest in the Western counties; and, in 1715, had been lodged in the Tower. But he had renounced Jacobitism with his friend and mentor, and would now, says Onslow, willingly have coalesced with the Whigs, though not with Sir Robert Walpole, of whom he had quite as bad an opinion as either Pulteney or St. John. His attack on Walpole in the debate on the Septennial Act is quite as eloquent, quite as powerful, and quite as pungent as Walpole's better known attack on Bolingbroke. But he was ready to form an Administration on the basis of Constitutional Toryism, and had he lived but a very short time longer his chance would have come to him. Nobody, as the Speaker clearly thought, could have disputed his claim to be at the head of the new Government on the resignation of Walpole. In 1740, when he died, he was only fifty-three. He would have united under himself both the Hanoverian Tories and the Moderate Whigs. We should probably have escaped the war of the Austrian succession, and with it the insurrection of Forty-five, though it is difficult to wish that the most romantic chapter in the history of England had never been written. In fact, he would have anticipated the younger Pitt. But the union which Wyndham might have effected was deferred for nearly half a century, to be ultimately achieved by the son of the brilliant young recruit, whose rising star he lived to see.

But in the case we are supposing, what would have been the relations of Wyndham with Bolingbroke? There is no doubt that down to Walpole's retirement the Tory party had never drawn from their close connexion with the Church of England all the strength which might have been expected from it. Walpole had been beforehand with them; and while the country vicars and rectors were looking askance at a party which acknowledged its guide, philosopher, and friend in an avowed Deist, Walpole had stepped in between them, and by his vote on the Schism Act given them tacitly to understand that while he remained Minister they need fear nothing from Dissent.

He had contrived to jockey the Dissenters at the same time; and his reply to them in 1735 after the General Election is well known. Had a Tory Administration been formed under Wyndham, Bolingbroke must have been restored to his peerage and would probably have been leader in the Lords; and how far this might have weakened Wyndham's influence in the country generally, it is at this time impossible to say. That the Tory party did not secure a majority in 1734, while partly due to the heterogeneous character of the Opposition, must also be attributed in part to the Church's distrust of Bolingbroke, by whom the feeling was cordially reciprocated. So sensible were his own party of the difficulty thus created, that in 1736, partly at their request, he returned to France and ceased for a time to take any active share in the direction of parliamentary tactics. But his services could not be set aside. If Wyndham, once his favourite pupil, and to the last his warm friend, became Prime Minister, he must have given Bolingbroke a leading position in the Government, notwithstanding the opposition of the country clergy, then a most powerful and influential body. Wyndham himself was a High Church Anglican of the purest type: one of those who contributed to 'hand down the torch' from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth century; from Laud and Andrews to Pusey and Keble. The clergy probably would have accepted so orthodox a Premier as a sufficient set-off to a sceptic as Foreign Minister, the office that Bolingbroke would probably have held, unless he had thought himself too old to accept any. But when the pear was ripe, Wyndham was dead, and no other Tory could gather it.

Next to Wyndham and Pulteney, in the Speaker's estimation, comes Sir John Barnard, who was not indeed the representative of any particular party, but was a tower of strength to the Tories on all questions of finance. He was the only man in the House who could stand up to Walpole in money matters, and often, says Onslow, hurt him a good deal without perhaps ever quite beating him.

The Speaker's observations on 'the Boys' are particularly interesting. We have already described them as the Young England of the eighteenth century, and in many respects they correspond to the party which came into existence exactly a hundred years afterwards. That the country could be saved by its youth was a doctrine instilled into both.

'I expect little,' says Bolingbroke, in his letter to Lord Lyttelton on the Spirit of Patriotism, 'from the principal actors which tread the stage at present. . . . I turn my eyes from the generation that is going off, to the generation that is coming on, the stage. I expect good from

from them, and from none more than from you, my Lord. . . . We read in the Old Testament of a city that might have escaped divine vengeance if five righteous men had been found in it. Let not our city perish for want of so small a number; and if the generation that is going off could not furnish it, let the generation that is coming on furnish a greater. We may reasonably hope that it will, from the first essays which your Lordship and some others of our young senators have made in public life.'

Here, surely, we have a remarkable anticipation of 'Coningsby; or, the New Generation.' It was the Toryism of this period that Mr. Disraeli aspired to revive; and the resemblance therefore between the language addressed to the rising generation in 1736 and that addressed to it in 1845 is only what was to be expected.

'Toryism,' he writes in 'Sybil,' 'will yet rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the Subject, and to announce that power has only one duty—to secure the social welfare of the PEOPLE.'

Just half a century has passed away since these words were written; but the prophecy has been only partially fulfilled. That it has been fulfilled at all is due to the intrepid genius and strong convictions of the author of these memorable words. That it has been only imperfectly accomplished is due to the fact that Mr. Disraeli was to some extent the dupe of his own imagination, living habitually in two worlds, sometimes the world of Queen Victoria, sometimes the world of George II.

Onslow, however, took a very different view of the Young England of his day. Some among them, he says, were young men of great natural and acquired endowments, who saw that declamation against Walpole was the readiest means of obtaining a reputation for eloquence, and indulged in language which he says neither became their own youth nor Walpole's age. In our own day such violence would only recoil on its authors. But that was not so in the reign of George II. The Speaker owns that it did Walpole a great deal of mischief. Pitt was one of the worst offenders. He was one of the 'young gentlemen' who were said to have 'taken great personal liberties' in the debate on the Spanish Convention in 1739. The chief reason why they were really damaging to Walpole was that these sallies were 'deemed native virtue and disinterestedness, the result of untainted minds and hearts too young to be corrupted by envy of power and profit (the usual motives of older men in faction).'

Onslow readily allows that of many of them this was true; and

and that they really believed for a time, under the adroit tutorage of Bolingbroke, that they were 'saving their country from destruction, and that they only could do it.' But he goes on to say that these young orators were but the tools of older and cooler heads, who were only in opposition because they were not in power, and made use of the honest enthusiasm of younger and better men in order to obtain it. But as soon as they had got it their dupes found out how they had been cheated, and resented it accordingly. Not all of them, however. Some, says Onslow, who were rather older and wiser,

'saw the prospects the change had opened and made as able an use of it as the best experienced of their principals had done; but, alas! with a change too of style and behaviour, that has made me often mourn over them, and reflect how very wary young men should be of what they say and do in their political outset, lest the language and actings they then hold should not be able to last them through their whole journey; and I have found also that nothing can be more unfortunate for any man than to begin his public life in the schools of faction and defamation. It is unhappy enough to begin it in a servile and implicit compliance with power; but the other is far more dangerous. The middle track between these two extremes is the path that honest and wise men will take, and is the true character of a parliament man.'

Walpole seems to have been of much the same opinion. When Mr. Winnington went over to the Ministry, Sir John Hinde Cotton said to Walpole, 'Why, that young dog promised he would always stand by us.' 'I tell my young men,' replied the Minister, 'never to use "always."' This whole passage refers of course to what happened immediately after Walpole's downfall. It was soon seen, says Bolingbroke, that there was to be no change of system. The system of exclusion, of German wars, and foreign subsidies was still to go on, and no doubt, too, 'the change of style and behaviour' here referred to has special reference to Pitt himself, who when he was in office twenty years afterwards tossed to the winds all the professions which had earned him such applause in Opposition. Continental subsidies, the Hanover connexion, the exclusive claim of the Revolution families, were all upheld by him with such vigour and audacity that he fairly cowed the House of Commons and silenced criticism. It does not seem, however, that Onslow condoned his inconsistency on account of his splendid successes. He was a Whig rather of the pre-Hanoverian era, and had little sympathy with the new German policy. When Walpole asked him in the year 1741 what he would think if the King sent a message to Parliament stating that he was willing

willing to sever Hanover from the English monarchy, Onslow replied that it would be 'a message from heaven.' Pitt would have said the same thing in 1741. Onslow, we suspect, would have said the same thing in 1761. The advice here given to new members or rising geniuses in the House of Commons to beware of committing themselves to assertions which may hereafter prove inconvenient to them might be extended to parties in general, and even to veteran and experienced statesmen. But contradictions of this kind have been gradually growing more and more familiar to the public mind since 1829.

We can imagine Speaker Onslow from his coign of vantage in the House listening with a cynical glance to the imposing rhetoric which flashed from the Opposition benches, and from the lips of these juvenile Ciceros who were to save their country from ruin. Not but what there was solid truth mixed up with it. There can be no doubt that 'Revolution principles' were an expensive luxury. Bolingbroke, in his writings, may have had an eye to place and power; but there was something more than that behind. There was a real meaning, irrespective of personal objects, at the bottom of them. The protest of the Boys was none the less well founded, because there were men among their leaders who had no intention of acting up to it when they came into power. Our estimate of Walpole and his system may be found in a previous number of this Review,* and need not be pursued any further on the present occasion.

The last separate Note in these Papers refers to 1745, being the record of a conversation between George II. and the Speaker in September of that year, soon after the battle of Preston. Onslow thought he had never seen his Majesty show so much true greatness as he did on this occasion. The point of the conversation worth recording is the stress laid by the King on his own confidence in Parliament, his love of Parliaments, and so forth; the object being, we suppose, to impress upon the two Houses that in himself they had a sovereign whom they in turn could trust, as distinguished from the Stuarts whom they could not. The Speaker told him that 'his subjects in general were firmly resolved to support him and his family; and considered their own interests as involved in and united with that.' This was certainly not true. If the old Jacobite enthusiasm had to some extent cooled down in England, it had not been succeeded by any love for the new dynasty. Onslow was wrong about that. As Sir Walter Scott says, 'They stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition,' and it is possible

* No. 341, 1890.

that,

that, if Charles had continued his march into England, the bulk of them might have declared for him. But we may fairly assume that the gradual change of mind which had reconciled Sir William Wyndham to the Government had made some little progress among the provincial gentry in general, and that many of them would by the middle of the century have been satisfied with a change of system without calling for a change of dynasty. Their reason had not yet overcome their sympathies, but it had begun to make some impression on them.

Of Onslow's conduct in the Chair detraction has failed to lessen the reputation. Two of the best known and wittiest writers among his contemporaries strove their utmost to make him contemptible, but without the slightest success; and to this day his authority is still regarded as final on all questions which he was called on to decide. Horace Walpole tries to make out that his impartiality was timidity, and 'trimming,' but we have only his assertion for it; and such was evidently not the opinion of Henry Pelham when Prime Minister. Shortly before his death in 1754, he urged Mr. Onslow not to quit the Chair, as he had proposed to do, at the end of that Parliament.

'I told him,' says Onslow, 'that if I was to be Speaker again he must not expect that I would act otherwise than I had always done, and which he knew was not always pleasing to Ministers; his answer was, "Sir, I shall as little like as anyone else in my station to have a Speaker in a *set* opposition to me, and the measures I carry on; but I shall as little like to have a Speaker over-complaisant, either to me or to them."'

Horace Walpole's character of him is not too long for quotation:—

'The Speaker was master of an honesty which, though it would bend very much upon most occasions, especially when its warping would prop its reputation, was tough and steady when pushed to an extremity, and he would sometimes see that extremity as soon in trifles as in materials. His disinterestedness was remarkable, and he was fond of [exerting] it. Popularity was his great aim; impartiality his professed means, universal adulation and partiality to whatever was popular his real means, of acquiring it. He was bigotted to the power of the House of Commons, and like all zealots, ardent for his own authority, as intimately connected with the interests of his idol. He had much devotion from the House, few friends in it, for he was too pompous to be loved, though too ridiculous to be hated; had too much knowledge not to be regarded; too much dignity in his appearance not to be admired; and was too fond of applause not to miss it.'

Walpole in 1757 is very sarcastic on the Speaker's attitude towards

towards Pitt and Fox, when a question of breach of privilege arose out of the King's message to the House relating to Admiral Byng. The King announced that he had respited Admiral Byng till certain enquiries had been made, stating that he had been informed that 'a member of the House of Commons had said in his place' that he had something weighty to disclose. The member who made this statement was Sir Francis Dashwood. Pitt, who was anxious to save Byng, reported to his Majesty what Dashwood had said in the House, for which he was severely taken to task by Fox. The Speaker decided that such a communication to the Crown was a distinct breach of privilege, but did justice to the purity and humanity of Pitt's intentions. This is what Walpole calls 'trimming.' Pitt, however, did not think himself fairly treated, after all. It seems that the Speaker stopped him at one point as being beside the question, adding that two-thirds of what both he and Fox had said was nothing to the question. Pitt replied that he was surprised at being coupled with Mr. Fox, who had spoken five times while he had spoken only once, yet Fox had not been 'suppressed.' 'The Speaker vindicated himself, talked of his unbiassed impartiality and integrity, and so forth.' There had, he said, been no necessity for the words in question, namely, 'that a member of the House of Commons had made such and such a statement,' being introduced into the King's message. But when General Conway enquired whether it was necessary to enter the whole of the King's message, including these words, on the Journal of the House, Onslow thought it must be done. 'The House,' said he, 'may enter what it pleases, but it is a message sent solemnly by the King, and I never knew an instance of overlooking it.' The message accordingly was entered in full, but by Onslow's advice it was followed by a paragraph intended to guard against its being drawn into a precedent.

Walpole allows that Onslow made a 'noble and affecting speech' on the Regency Bill of 1751, which became necessary after the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in March of that year. Yet the situation was such that the part played by Onslow may have been due, to some extent, to the foible here imputed to him. The Princess Dowager was appointed Regent, but to act only with the advice of a Council of which the Duke of Cumberland was to be President. Onslow, together with Sir John Barnard and others, opposed these restrictions; and as the Duke of Cumberland was at this time at the height of his unpopularity, Onslow may have thought that he was killing two birds with one stone.

Onslow

Onslow is specially remembered for his high sense of the dignity and authority of the House of Commons, and his determination to enforce all those rules by which they were maintained. The case of Sir Alexander Murray showed that, although he himself was naturally not inclined to severity, yet that when the House had once spoken he was determined that it should be obeyed. He was also the first Speaker who rigidly insisted on the observance of the custom requiring every member on entering the House or leaving it to bow towards the Chair. The custom originated as long ago as 1580, but does not seem to have been regarded as compulsory till Onslow's time. Murray, who had been guilty of some breach of privilege, was brought up to receive sentence, and neglected, as it seems, to bow. The Speaker called out angrily to him, 'Your obeisances, Sir; your obeisances.' Then as the House had ordered that he was to receive his sentence on his knees, the Speaker told him he must kneel. This he flatly refused to do; and was forthwith committed to Newgate, where he remained till the end of the Session.

Onslow was of opinion that a strict observance of the rules of procedure was necessary for the protection of minorities. We wonder what he would have said had he lived to the present day and seen the protection of which the most powerful majorities stand in need. But it is interesting to know that the abuses which he set himself to suppress, and which broke out afresh after his retirement, are exactly those which are now employed with such mischievous effect against the Government. Hatsell, who knew him well and had frequently conversed with him on these subjects, mentions particularly the liberty claimed by members of speaking beside the question, and, under pretence of explaining, speaking several times in the same debate. He says that Onslow when Speaker did to a great extent suppress these irregularities, and that the revival of them (he wrote in 1780) had been the principal cause of the House sitting so much longer than it did formerly.

On strict adherence to one rule Onslow steadily insisted. He would allow no member to speak against or reflect upon any determination of the House unless he meant to conclude with a motion for rescinding it. Whenever a member was proceeding to argue against a former decision of the House, he always stopped him, by saying, 'This question is over; the majority of the House have determined upon it, and you, Sir, are included in that majority; it is the declared sense of the House.' It follows from this that questions once decided in Committee ought not to be re-opened, and that the decision of the

the House on the second reading of a Bill is to preclude further impeachment of its principles. We owe it to Onslow that these two important rules are now generally recognised, if not invariably observed. He is said to have succeeded in enforcing them during his own time. But attempts more or less successful to evade them continued to be made for many years afterwards. And even now, though they are obeyed in the letter, they are occasionally broken in the spirit. The present Session will supply some instances to the memory of our readers. In the case of the Benefices Bill, for instance, after the House had decided by a large majority that it should be referred to a Standing Committee, when it came back from the Committee, Mr. Foster argued for some time against that decision, asserting that the Bill ought not to have been so referred. In this, according to Onslow, he was clearly out of order. And the custom of making second reading speeches against a Bill when it has reached Committee, notwithstanding that the practice is defended by Sir W. Harcourt, clearly violates in the spirit if not in the letter the rule laid down by Onslow. But, for all this, Parliament is under deep obligations to Onslow as the first Speaker who took the question of order systematically in hand, and made it his object to establish fixed rules for the conduct of debate, which continued to be respected and to exercise a salutary effect for more than a century.

Onslow is still looked up to as our chief authority on all questions of parliamentary practice. It is enough to trace any usage up to his time to settle all doubts of its legitimacy. In 1814, when exception was taken to Lord Colchester's speech on the prorogation of Parliament in the preceding August on the ground that he had not confined himself to financial measures, but had commented on other proceedings of the House, meaning the rejection of the Roman Catholic Bill, it was chiefly by the example of Onslow that he justified himself; and when he retired in 1816, the pension assigned to Onslow was the standard by which his own was regulated. Parliament has not been prorogued by the Sovereign in person since 1854, so that the public have grown unfamiliar with the speeches on the presentation of Supply Bills. But in the above-named year Mr. Shaw Lefevre made a speech to the Queen which covered a whole page of Hansard, referring to all the principal proceedings of the Session, and not forgetting, of course, the war with Russia.

That Onslow was re-elected to the Chair five times without a dissentient

a dissentient voice, that his resignation was received with expressions of esteem and regret from all parties, and that for nearly a hundred and forty years his pre-eminent fitness for the post has continued to be recognised, are facts which sufficiently answer the attacks made upon him in his lifetime. It has been attributed to Sir Robert Walpole that he procured his election in the hope that a young man, who owed his advancement exclusively to the favour of the Prime Minister, would be a pliant instrument in his hands. If so, he was certainly disappointed; for Onslow did not scruple in some of his Prorogation speeches to attack the policy of the Government, and on one occasion he spoke strongly against all continental wars and alliances. His correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle, preserved in the British Museum, relates chiefly to patronage; and when the Duke himself referred to other matters, Onslow replied he would rather talk them over with him.

Onslow, we must remember, prided himself on being a pure Whig. 'I kept firm,' he tells his son, 'to my original Whig principles upon conscience, and never deviated from them to serve any party cause whatsoever.' Of course, if we take our estimate of him from Horace Walpole and Lord 'Fanny,' such assertions go for nothing, and his moral value as a witness is reduced to zero. But taking the more favourable view of his character, for which there is a great preponderance of testimony, we find in these Papers matter of deep historical interest. Onslow, then, was a pure Whig, an honest Whig, having no connexion with Pulteney's party, and no sympathy with their attitude towards the Government. He regarded Walpole as his friend and patron, and the Whigs who followed him even in his errors as the regular Whig party. His opinion of Bolingbroke we have already given. He considered him a statesman of brilliant parts, which he dedicated exclusively to the service of ambition; power at any price, power for its own sake, being his sole object. It would be difficult to find a better witness; and his evidence is to the effect, that the Tory Opposition in the reign of George II. was not merely the factious offspring of political disappointment or the last effort of a waning superstition, but rested upon solid public grounds, and that what is so constantly designated as mere frothy and frivolous rhetoric was really the expression of just and natural indignation. Brief as these Papers are, they supply ample material for supporting the above conclusion. Hitherto the vindication of the Tory party at that epoch has been left mainly to interested advocates. In Onslow we have a perfectly disinterested, and to some

some extent unwilling, witness, who makes us turn with renewed confidence to Bolingbroke and Wyndham, who, in the Speaker's opinion, clearly did well to be angry.

Of the Jacobite as distinct from the Tory Opposition, whatever else we may say, we cannot say that it was insincere. It represented a real principle, which has played and still plays a great part in the world's history, and has found an eloquent defender even in M. Renan: the principle, namely, of hereditary right. The Jacobites were the Yorkists of the eighteenth century; and in all the undoubted abuses of the Walpole system we had to pay the penalty of a disputed succession. 'Gie the honest man his mear again,' says Major Galbraith, 'and the distractions of the Lennox will be mended in those of the land.' This was the Jacobite view. They had plausible reasons for urging that by the Revolution we only sprang out of the frying-pan into the fire. The position occupied by Shippen and Cotton was therefore perfectly intelligible and perfectly appreciable. About the Jacobites, however, Onslow has little to say. He seems to have regarded them as a small band of 'irreconcilables' who, whatever they might fancy themselves, had no real following in the country. Here, we believe, he was wrong. If Lord Shelburne can be trusted, the north, the west, and the north-west of England were altogether in favour of them. It was thought necessary to keep cannon at Whitehall in George I.'s reign to overawe the London mob. But the Stuart star, and the Stuart character, were all against them; and Onslow, as a pure Whig of the true 1688 breed, had no inclination to consider what there was to be said in their favour, which he was perfectly willing to do for the constitutional Tory party, whose only desire was to see 'an honourable, dignified Government.'

Men who founded their opinion on a knowledge of Onslow, believed that a strong Speaker can always keep the House in order. Supposing Onslow to have been all that his admirers represent him, and the greatest Speaker who has ever presided over the deliberations of the House of Commons, we should like to know what he would say to the present state of things in Parliament, and the deliberate attempt of politicians to make all legislation impossible. The conditions of parliamentary warfare are now so completely changed, that no man, were he possessed of more than Onslow's calibre and reputation, could remedy the disorders which threaten the very existence of representative government. In his time the party struggle was conducted, so to speak, with closed doors. In our time the newspaper press has made the whole country participators in it. 'De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.'

Thule.' Party divisions are commensurate with the extent of the population. In George II.'s reign not a tenth part took any interest in the parliamentary debates. The freemen and potwallopers were riotous enough at election time, but when the poll was declared their interest in the matter ceased, except when agitated by some measure of exceptional unpopularity, such as the Excise Bill or the Gin Act. Nowadays it is not too much to say that almost the whole nation forms a ring round the parliamentary combatants for the entire session, making it a much more difficult business for the Speaker to interfere with them than it was in Onslow's reign. A still more important difference, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that the House of Commons now contains members who only submit to its rules and regulations because they are obliged, and not out of any moral respect for them; men who see nothing to regret in scenes of anarchy and disorder because they only bring the time nearer when honest folks will get their own. With all these new germs of turbulence, and this new audience ready to applaud it, we may doubt whether even another Onslow would not find the maintenance of order upon the old system a task beyond his strength. The principle of authority is indeed everywhere on the wane, and parliamentary government must take its share of the consequences as well as other institutions. Onslow lived in an age when in spite of the Revolution this principle was still venerated, and prescription, custom, and tradition were allowed the force of law.

Onslow, who lived on to 1768, must have watched with keen interest the renewal by George III. of the experiment which George II. had once been willing to try. But if he made any remarks upon it, none have been preserved. We know that he disapproved of Walpole's system of government by one set of men only, and we suppose that he would have sympathised with George III.'s reply to Mr. Pitt, who told the King that he could not carry on his government without the assistance of the great Revolution families who had placed his family on the throne. 'Well, Mr. Pitt,' was the answer, 'this won't do.' Yet we can hardly suppose that Onslow would have approved of the alternative which was adopted by the King and Lord North. However, it is something to know that there was one old Whig, at all events in the eighteenth century, who, being perfectly independent, disliked Walpole's system, and condemned the policy of proscription.

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *La Elezione del Papa, Storia e Documenti.* Per G. Berthelet. Roma, 1891.
2. *Le Conclave: Origines—Histoire—Organisation—Législation, ancienne et moderne.* Par Lucius Lector. Paris, 1894.
3. *Papal Conclaves.* By W. C. Cartwright. Edinburgh, 1868.
4. *The Papal Conclaves, as they were and as they are.* By J. A. Trollope. London, 1876.
5. *The Church in Italy.* By the Rev. Arthur R. Pennington, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln. London, 1893.

HITHERTO the history of Papal elections has hardly been touched, because the materials for writing it were, till the present day, almost inaccessible. Now, however, students are beginning to turn their attention to the Italian archives, which have recently been opened to their enquiries. The richness of these virgin mines, as they may almost be called, exceeds description. Until their treasures have been explored, the exact form of particular Conclaves cannot be recovered. But when these archives have been fully examined, the result will, we suspect, reveal a striking contrast between the petty intrigues, the paltry jealousies, the mean causes, which have often turned Papal elections, and the momentous character of the issues that have depended upon their decision.

Points of interest connected with Conclaves, involved in mystery only because they are intricate, have, however, been clearly ascertained by those writers whose works stand at the head of this article. Mr. Cartwright has examined the materials which were available for their history up to the date at which he wrote, and in a learned and laborious work has collected a store of information on their general movements, and on the laws by which they were regulated. Mr. Trollope, in a volume which shows great learning, research, and ability, has given a history of the abuses which led to the institution of the Conclave. He has explained the modifications which, as the result of experience, have altered the laws governing these assemblies, and has proved that they have not answered the end they were designed to secure. Prebendary Pennington, in his history of the Church in Italy, has traced from the earliest times the growth of the system of Papal elections. Commendatore Berthelet has lately collected a large number of previously unpublished documents, illustrating the views taken by different Pontiffs of the question of nepotism, the temporal power, the duties and rights of the Cardinals, and the mode of electing the Pope. Finally, the recent work on Papal Conclaves by Lucius Lector is at once interesting and remarkable. The author,

author, who is alleged to be an eminent prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, has drawn from original sources a full description of the election of the Bishop of Rome from the earliest times, and has given a history of the events which have necessitated changes in the method of his election. We cannot accept all his statements, nor agree with all his conclusions. But we can strongly commend his work for the frankness with which he has taken us behind the scenes, and for the careful research which has enabled him to describe with elaborate exhaustiveness the Conclave system in all its actual working.

The rule in the Church of Rome from a very early age was that the Bishop should be appointed by the clergy and bishops of the Roman province with the consent of the laity. The dignity was an object of ambition, even when the Church abode in the Catacombs, and struggled for her very existence with the armed followers of the Imperial persecutor. Much more was the office regarded as a prize to be keenly disputed when, after the conversion of Constantine, the Church degenerated from the simplicity of primitive ages; when a tide of wealth flowed in upon her in ever-increasing volume; when a mitre, rich with gems, adorned the brow of the Bishop of Rome; and when he was surrounded with the ensigns of earthly sovereignty. A fierce contest for the office was carried on in the fourth century between Damasus and Ursicinus. The clash of swords and the clang of riven helmets were heard, as the combatants fought hand to hand, and the bodies of the slain lay scattered in the streets of Rome. Even the churches were deluged with blood. The contest, often renewed, was at length decided in favour of Damasus, who was Bishop from 366 to 384.

These scenes, the natural product of a mode of election which admitted the suffrage of the people and clergy, were periodically renewed. In the year 493 the Archpresbyter, Laurentius, was brought forward as a candidate for the Papacy. The candidate of the opposite party, Symmachus, was elected before him in one church, and Laurentius was elected afterwards in another. The city was again plunged into the turmoil of a contest for the Papacy, and the slaughter was renewed. Finally an appeal was made to Theodoric the Ostrogoth, king of Italy, who, Arian though he was, respected the conscientious convictions of his subjects. Rome reaped the advantage of his enlightened toleration. His sentence was: 'The candidate first elected, if also the candidate elected by most voices, ought to be Pope.' He who fulfilled these conditions was Symmachus.

Pope Symmachus afterwards called a council in which, for the

the first time, a decree was passed forbidding the Pope to nominate his successor. In another respect his pontificate was memorable. The power of controlling the election of the Pope, which Theodoric had gained through the turbulence of the citizens, was afterwards extended by him to the appointment of Felix IV. to the Bishopric of Rome. The Emperor Justinian, after his conquest of Italy, used the precedent thus given to him to interfere in the election to the Papacy. The rule was then made, that the election should be confirmed by the Emperor. When the Holy Roman Empire took the place of the Byzantine Empire in Western Europe, Charlemagne was invested by Leo III. with the same Imperial powers, and, with the full consent of the clergy and people of Rome, confirmed the appointments to the Papal See.

For three centuries the Popes had looked to the Frankish rulers as at least a counterpoise to the policy of the Eastern Emperors. Pope Hadrian I., when he conferred on Charlemagne the title and dignity of Patrician of Rome, had spoken of him as 'a new Constantine.' It remained for Leo III. to carry to its legitimate conclusion the policy of his predecessors. In Charlemagne the Papacy found a champion. Just as some powerful baron was chosen by the monasteries to beat back the enemy from the lands which he was threatening to lay waste, so the Emperor was to defend the Roman Catholic Church, to wage war with heretics and unbelievers, and to plant the standard of the Cross in heathen countries.

But something more was needed than the protection of Emperors, who often had neither the will nor the power to defend the Church. Events soon proved how treacherous and unstable was the support of temporal potentates. From 890 onwards, for seventy years, Italy was a prey to intestine disorders. One Emperor after another was raised to the Imperial throne. The authority of none of them, however, was recognised in Italy; they were powerless to avert the evils of anarchy. The consequence was the deep abasement, almost the annihilation, of the Papacy. Men who outraged all laws, divine and human, were made Popes by the petty princes who had risen up in Italy, and by the unprincipled nobility, the intriguing clergy, and the venal populace of the metropolis. Lucius Lector has worked out with great skill the influence which political movements exercised on the position of the Papacy. The consent of the Emperor had given the Christian world some control over the election. But the Empire itself was now in abeyance. Even shameless courtesans like Theodora and her daughters, Marozia and Theodora, had influence enough

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to place their lovers and sons in the Papal chair. It is possible that the evils may be exaggerated by the historian, Luitprand; but the substantial accuracy of his statements can scarcely be denied. Whoever now obtained the mastery in Rome nominated the Pope. Many of these nominees, after a brief enjoyment of their dignity, were deposed, or hurried away to prison, where they perished by the bowl of poison or by the dagger of the assassin. A succession of Popes from 936—Leo VII., Stephen IX., Martin III., and Agapetus II., appointed by the will of Alberic, the Master of Rome—pass over the throne of the Papacy, leaving no more permanent traces of their power in Rome than the barque leaves on the surface of the ocean.

At length a remedy for the evil was found. Otho I. had already given proof of his power by consolidating the Empire of Germany. Invited by John XII. to revive the claim of his ancestors to the crown of Italy, and to terminate the reign of disorder in that country, he descended on its plains with a force which bore down all opposition, and in 962 was crowned King of Italy in Rome. One of his first acts was to depose Pope John on account of his vices, and to nominate Leo VIII. in his place. The Pope and the Roman citizens were now obliged to yield to the Emperor an absolute veto on Papal elections, a power which was handed on to his successors. The Papacy was disposed of by his son Otho II., and his grandson, Otho III. The Romans, however, indignant because their privilege to appoint the universal Bishop was taken from them by the hand of a foreign potentate, resented the loss of their privileges. No sooner had the Imperial standards disappeared in the gorges of the Tyrol, than they rebelled against the will of the Emperor, deposed his nominee, elected another Pope, and relapsed into their condition of stormy independence. From the year 1002 to 1046, the Papal chair was occupied by a succession of infamous men, appointed by the Counts of Tusculum, who had made themselves masters of Rome by buying the suffrages of the venal populace. At one time three candidates for the Papacy contended for the prize with carnal weapons in the streets of Rome. So well-matched were the competitors that foreign aid was invoked to restore order. The Emperor Henry III., obeying a summons from Rome, crossed the Alps, and deposed the three claimants,—'the three devils,' as they were called by an unceremonious contemporary,—and nominated for the office three successive Popes who laboured to cleanse the polluted sanctuary.

The third of these nominated Popes, Leo IX., will be for ever memorable, because he was the means of bringing forward on

on the world's high stage the great master spirit of the century, Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, afterwards Gregory VII. Nor was this his only title to distinction. He was fired with the ambition to constitute Rome the arbiter of the spiritual and temporal destinies of Christendom, by making the Pope, in spirit and fact as well as in name and in theory, the Vicar of Christ on earth. The pilgrims on their return from the Eternal City had spread through every nook and corner of Europe the report of the moral degradation of the Papacy. Even those who received with most unwavering submission the official decrees of the head of the Universal Church could hardly believe that the recent occupants of St. Peter's chair had any personal claim to their spiritual allegiance. Leo's ambition was a noble one, and his means were worthy of his cause. To restore the moral dignity and with it the temporal influence of the See of Rome, he would raise before the world the standard of virtue. He would preach to the nations of Europe by the silent eloquence of a holy life. He would set to princes and to people an example which should teach them that there was a higher power than brute force; he would revive the wavering allegiance of France and Spain by promoting a moral and spiritual regeneration of Europe. Through his efforts Rome was rescued from the abasement into which she had sunk during the preceding century. With ardent zeal and untiring vigour, he purged the threshing-floor of the Lord. All ranks of the hierarchy felt the strong pressure of his hand. Without regard to their station or their family connexions, unworthy ecclesiastics were removed from their offices, and in France and Germany bishop after bishop was deposed for simony, murder, or unnatural crimes. By this campaign Leo restored the Papacy to its authority over the minds of men. He came back to Italy, having gained an influence which enabled him to repress the turbulent spirit of the nobility, and could reflect with pleasure that he had confirmed the wavering multitude in their loyalty to the See of Rome.

Another benefit was conferred by Leo on the Church of Rome. We learn from Lucius Lector that Hildebrand, whom he had brought with him from the monastery of Cluny, had derived from him the idea of the mode of reforming Papal elections. The Cluniac monk was, under five successive pontificates, the ruling spirit of the Papacy. Scandalous scenes of open bribery, secret corruption, intrigues, plots, and violence were enacted at the death of every Pope, and the conduct of successful candidates for the tiara was often worthy of the means by which their triumph had been won. Thinking men were

convinced that, if Rome was to continue to appoint the Pope, a reform in the method of election was absolutely necessary. On this subject we have full information in the works of Lucius Lector and Commendatore Berthelet. At the urgent request of Hildebrand, a Council was summoned at Rome, in 1059, to consider the question. The results of its deliberation, as summed up in the Bull of Nicolas II., were changes in the mode of election to the Papal See, which, with some modifications, continue in force to the present time. The rights of the German Empire in the choice of the Pope were a thorny question which bristled with difficulty. Eager to repudiate them, yet timorous of denying them, the majority agreed on a compromise. They took refuge in ambiguities, which reserved something but defined nothing. The decrees vested the election in the higher clergy, the Cardinal-bishops, who were the bishops in the Roman territory, and the Cardinal-priests, who were the rectors of the churches at Rome. The inferior clergy and people had no voice in the election; they could only give their consent to it. The Pope must be chosen from the Roman clergy, unless there should be no one among them qualified for the high dignity. If from any cause the election could not take place at Rome, the electors, however few they might be, might proceed to an election in another city. The grace of God is then implored for all those who faithfully observe the decree of the Council.

Hildebrand, either as pontifical adviser or as Pope, cannot, as Lucius Lector observes, be properly said to have organized the Conclave or the Assembly for the election of the Pope. He had, however, prepared the way for it by the formation of a purely ecclesiastical body. Details remained which time and custom could alone determine. The Bull of Nicolas II. was imperfect, because it did not settle the number of votes required for a canonical election. Another difficulty became prominent at once. It was not probable that the clergy and people would resign without a struggle the privilege of taking an active share in the election of the Pontiff. It was long before the claim was relinquished. In the time of Alexander III., who was elected in 1159 without their consent, they revenged themselves by supporting the Anti-popes, whom the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa had raised up for the purpose of asserting his authority over the priesthood. We are informed that previously Lucius II. in 1144 had been elected by the clergy and people. Otto of Freisingen also tells us in his chronicle that Eugenius III. in 1145 was elected by their common vote, and that Adrian IV. was enthroned by them. It can only be said that

that the line of demarcation between *de jure* and *de facto* was constantly changing, but that the tendency was in the direction of the recognition of an exclusive right of election in the College of Cardinals.

The pontificate of Alexander III. was signalised by the settlement of one important detail in the mode of Papal elections. Long and bitter experience had convinced Alexander of the necessity of a clear understanding of what was, and what was not, a canonical election. The persistent hostility of many Anti-popes, from the time when he fled before them from Rome, and was hastily consecrated in the parish church of Ninfa—that forsaken town, mirrored in the transparent waters of a hushed mere, which stands in the Pontine Marshes—had convinced him of the importance of removing all that uncertainty as to the number of those qualified to vote which had given strength to the cause of several pretenders to the Papacy. In 1179, when he found himself victor in the conflict, which he had carried on with an undying spirit for twenty-two years, he summoned a Council in the Lateran Palace. There he caused a decree to be promulgated to the effect that no election should be valid without a majority of two-thirds of the Sacred College, and that any candidate who, elected by a smaller number of votes, should usurp the pontifical dignity, should be excommunicated. This provision has remained in force to the times in which we live.

In two other respects Alexander's decree marks an advance upon that of Nicolas II. No reference occurs to the consent of the Emperor even in the discreetly ambiguous terms employed by the previous Council, and no mention is made of the participation of the inferior clergy and people in the election. The Sacred College is definitely constituted by the union of all the Cardinals of different orders, bishops, priests, and deacons in the same body. The number of electors constantly varied through the following centuries until it was fixed by Sixtus V., in 1585, at seventy. This number, which has never been exceeded, may be considered as the complement of the Sacred College.

The legislation is still incomplete. No conditions of the forms to be observed in the election are prescribed. The general outline only is determined; the details must be fixed by practical experience. After the death of Clement IV. in 1268, two parties divided the Conclave, one favourable to the invasion of Italy by Charles of Anjou, the other opposed to it. Eighteen Cardinals assembled in Viterbo, and for two years and nine months disputed over the nomination of the Pope. Charles of Anjou took up his abode in Viterbo, hoping to

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coerce the Cardinals into the election of one of his creatures. The citizens of Viterbo tried the effect of physical hardship on the Cardinals. They stripped the episcopal palace of its roof, so that the Cardinals were exposed to the inclemency of the weather. But these sharp measures produced no effect upon them. For more than a year they continued to fight among themselves, until at length they were induced to give to six of their number the power of nominating the Pope whom the others agreed to acknowledge. This is the first instance of election by compromise. On the 1st of September, 1271, the choice fell on Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liège, who took the name of Gregory X.

This excellent Pope had been deeply grieved at the spectacle exhibited at Viterbo. He therefore determined to prevent its recurrence. He summoned a Council at Lyons, one of the objects of which was to give effect to his wishes. In this Council the decree was passed to lock up the Fathers to prevent the action of secular influences. It was ruled also that, on a Pope's decease, ten days should elapse before a Pope could be chosen; that during the election the electors should be lodged in one chamber, so closed as to have no possibility of entrance or exit; that no one should approach them privately, except on the business of the election; that no letters should be sent to them; that the chamber should have but one window, large enough for the admission of food, but not of the human body; that, if in three days they did not come to a decision, on the five following days they should be content with a single dish as well for dinner as supper; that afterwards they should take no other nourishment than bread and water; and that during the election they should receive nothing from the Apostolical Chamber, nor any other revenues of the Roman Church.

This measure only gradually prevailed. The restrictions on the comforts of the Cardinals were so severe that they could not be accepted immediately. We learn from Berthelet and Lucius Lector that Clement V. rescinded a rule made at the Council of Lyons, and allowed the Cardinals to have always wine, fish with sauce, salt pork, cheese and fruit, but not sweetmeats. Once, indeed, circumstances compelled the abrogation of these rules. The well-known Papal schism of forty years, during which rival Popes were wandering about Europe, had nearly nullified the constitutions of Nicolas II., Alexander III., and Gregory X. The Council of Constance, therefore, constituted a special electoral college, composed of the Cardinals and thirty divines, who were able to supply a Pontiff to the Church.

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We should only weary our readers if we were to go minutely through the subsequent changes made in the Conclave. We may say generally that the decrees of the Council of Lyons, including the locking up of the Fathers, have continued in force, with some slight modifications, to the age in which we live. Pius IV. (1559–1566) directed that the cells in the Conclave should be distributed by lot; that the Cardinals should have their food in their own cells; and that those prelates who watch the Conclave should examine the food, in order that no letters might be introduced with their daily portions. The only organic change was made by Gregory XV., by a Bull issued in 1621. He arranged that the election should take place only in the Conclave; that there should be three forms of election,—by scrutiny, by compromise, and by acclamation; that in the election by means of scrutiny, or of scrutiny by access, no one should elect himself, and that the publication of the votes in scrutiny, or in scrutiny by access, should be absolutely necessary. The effect of these rules will be seen presently.

We shall hereafter have occasion to notice the constitution of the Conclave during the nineteenth century. We must here observe that the preceding Bull, and the Bull of Clement XII. in 1732, have regulated the proceedings of Conclaves since they came into operation. The latter adds nothing of importance to them. Clement shows that he was impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the duties of those who would have to elect his successor. He tells them that 'in electing the supreme ruler of the Church they are interpreters of the divine will; that their proceedings are open to the eyes of Him to whom they bind themselves by a solemn oath; that there is no act of which they will find it so difficult to give an account when they stand before God's judgment-seat; that they should keep God constantly before them during the election; that they should not have regard to their own private interests, but to the general interests of the Church; that, regardless of the recommendation of princes and rising superior to every human consideration, they should elect him whom they consider most likely to govern with ability and advantage the Church of Christ committed to his charge.' Then follow certain rules designed to remedy the evils which were the subjects of complaint,—to check the abuse of their power by public functionaries, to restrain the tumults which prevailed among the people, to repress those disorders in the civil administration of the provinces which might arise from an insufficient definition of the duties of those who were appointed to represent the Cardinal legates during their absence on the business of the election, and to prevent the

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waste of money in the pontifical territory. This Bull, published by Berthelet, is a good specimen of the holiness, the unselfishness, the unworldly and noble spirit, which characterised many of the Pontiffs of the eighteenth century, and of their genuine anxiety to promote the highest interests of the Church.

We have followed some of the Popes during their busy life. We must now speak of the mournful event which makes Conclaves necessary. When the last hour of the Pope seems to be at hand, he summons to his bedside the dignitaries of the pontifical family. The Cardinals assemble round his bed. Upon the Cardinal Penitentiary devolves the duty of ministering to him in his last moments along with his confessor. The Sacristan of his chapel gives him extreme unction. As soon as the Pontiff has breathed his last, the Secretary of State sends word of the event to the Cardinal Camerlengo. This official was formerly the most powerful person, next to the Pope, in the States of the Church. He administered the finances of the Papal States, and had jurisdiction over all secular cases in the city of Rome. But now, as the administration has passed into the hands of the Italian Government, the office of the Camerlengo, who was the traditional Governor of the States of the Church during a vacancy, is confined to the exercise of a mere ceremonial, and his only duty is to give directions as to the arrangements to be made during an interregnum in the Papacy.

Robed in violet, as a sign of mourning, the Camerlengo, accompanied by the prelates of the Camera, enters the chamber where the Pope has breathed his last. Kneeling on a violet cushion, he offers up a silent prayer. While the attendant uncovers the face of the dead Pontiff, the Camerlengo approaches him, and with a silver mallet strikes him three times on the forehead, calling on the Pope by name. On receiving no reply, he turns to those who are present, and declares the Pope to be indeed no more. Then the principal attendant takes the fisherman's ring from the dead man's finger and places it in the hand of the Camerlengo, who will break it in the presence of his colleagues at the first meeting of the Sacred College. He then directs the tolling of the great bell of the Capitol to announce to the Romans the death of the Pope.

Nine days must elapse before the meeting of the Conclave. Every one of these days is occupied with ceremonials which it would be tedious to describe in detail. On the third day after the death of the Pope his funeral is solemnised. Meanwhile, in accordance with the directions given by Pius IX. before his death, the body of the Pope is placed in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and watched by four of the noble guards with closed

closed gates. Lucius Lector in a very interesting chapter has well described the gloomy and impressive ceremonial which marks the obsequies of the Pontiff.

During the interregnum, in former times, every kind of disorder revelled in the city. Prisoners, released from prison, attacked and plundered the inhabitants. Lawlessness was regarded as a right, like the revelry of the Carnival season.

'Alas for the miseries of humanity!' cries the historian of the Conclave of Alexander VI., speaking of his predecessor Innocent. 'His body lay exposed to the crowd and the rude cries of the populace. A small coffin of wood enclosed him who had deemed the gilded halls of the Vatican too narrow for him. But Rome the while was up in arms, and bands of lawless malefactors overran the city in every direction, and many murders were committed because the tribunals listened to no complaints. Gangs of robbers, murderers, and bandits, the very scum of the earth, ranged the city freely; and the palaces of the Cardinals were guarded by archers and troopers, or they would have been sacked and wrecked. The streets of the Borgo were blocked and guarded by companies of soldiers and cavalry.'

At last the necessary interval has elapsed. The first day in the Conclave, or rather the afternoon and evening of the day on which the Cardinals proceed to the place appointed for the Conclave, is full of bustle. The ambassadors of the Roman Catholic sovereigns are then paying them their last visits. They are explaining to them the candidates whose appointment their sovereigns will not tolerate and on whom they place their veto, in order that, at the right time in the Conclave, the Cardinals may give effect to their wishes; or if they have not the power to prevent the appointment by veto, are endeavouring by subtle intrigue, by persuasion or menaces, to secure the appointment of one who in a religious and political point of view shall be acceptable to their master. They prolong their visit until three hours after sunset; then the cry *extra omnes* is heard, which obliges all strangers to depart from the neighbourhood of the Conclave. The doors and windows are walled up, with the single exception of one or two panes of glass designed to give light in the interior. Every means of ingress or egress is excluded except through the door at the head of the staircase, which is carefully locked. Thus begins an imprisonment which, according to the Bulls, must last until the assembled Fathers are able to announce that they have given a spiritual Father to Christendom.

We must here endeavour briefly to explain the nature and origin of that veto of exclusion of certain candidates to which reference

reference has just been made. The Emperor of Austria, the King of France, and the King of Spain are the only three powers which in former days had the right to exercise it. Possibly these powers possess this privilege, because their countries are co-extensive with the ancient Empire of Charlemagne, and the veto is, in other words, a relic of the predominant influence which he and his successors exercised on Papal elections. But the conjecture, though plausible, is uncertain; and the origin of the right must remain without explanation till further information has been gathered from the Papal archives, which are now laid open to the public. Whatever the historical explanation of the origin of the privilege may prove to be, it is probably correct to say, with Cardinal Wiseman, 'that these powers can claim this privilege rather from usage than from any formal deed of gift.' The right of exclusion conceded to the sovereign must be carefully distinguished from the power which he possessed through influence to prevent the appointment of anyone who was obnoxious to him. Philip II. of Spain, for instance, not only possessed the veto, but made the members of the Conclave the creatures of his will, so that he appointed six Popes in succession. The benefices and abbeys to which he had the presentation in his extensive dominions doubtless had considerable influence in determining their choice.

It can be proved, however, that, after the reign of Philip, instances of the exercise of the privilege of exclusion by the kings of Spain, when that country occupied a low place in the scale of nations, were of frequent occurrence; that the power of veto possessed by these three nations had ceased to be a subject of discussion; and that in the eighteenth century the right was formally admitted. France, during the same century, certainly under three of her kings, exercised the privilege. The Conclave held in 1700 to elect a successor to Innocent XII. appears to have been the assembly at which the veto of exclusion was formally accepted. Two circumstances prove that the right was exercised at that Conclave. The Emperor had forwarded to his ambassador a formal writ of exclusion which he was to transmit to the Conclave, if the election of an obnoxious candidate seemed to be imminent. He also sent a number of schedules equal to the number of the candidates to whom he objected. But the most convincing proof of the possession of this veto is that the Sacred College affirmed distinctly, that every one of the three Courts could exclude only a single candidate. The Conclavists report that this is a traditional usage, the origin of which they do not pretend to explain. No protest

protest can take effect unless it is made before the final majority in the Conclave has been obtained. In 1823 Leo XII. owed his election to a surprise, the French Cardinals who were instructed to oppose him having been disconcerted by the suddenness of the ballot.

The latest instance of actual exclusion was in 1831, when Cardinal Giustiani was excluded by Spain, at whose Court he had been Nuncio. The Cardinal Dean before the morning ballot produced a letter from the Spanish ambassador formally excluding him. On receipt of it Giustiani expressed his entire ignorance of anything in his conduct which could have caused the King of Spain to take this step; but at the same time he thanked his Majesty for conferring upon him the greatest favour which he could have bestowed by excluding him from the Papal throne. Another veto, prepared but not actually launched, would have produced important results. Pius IX. owes his reign of thirty-two years to the insufficiency of the time allowed for the arrival of foreign Cardinals. Cardinal Gaysruck, the Austrian representative, was on his way from Vienna, travelling as fast as post-horses could carry him, bringing with him Austria's veto against Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. He arrived too late, and found that the man whom he had been sent to exclude had been elected, and proclaimed on the previous day. If the railways connecting Vienna with Rome had been constructed, political events in Italy might have been changed, and we might not have heard of that dogma of Papal Infallibility which must inevitably produce, both in religion and in politics, consequences that will profoundly affect successive generations.

Lucius Lector has given ('Le Conclave,' cc. xiii., xiv.) a very exhaustive description of the exercise of the veto of exclusion by Austria, France, and Spain. This part of his work may be especially commended for learning and research. He has opened for us a new chapter in the history of Europe, derived for the most part from the Papal archives. He further informs us that, on account of foreign and domestic troubles, France and Austria had not interfered in the election of Leo XIII. The Minister of France, however, declared that the French Government has lost none of the privileges which have descended to it by a long historical tradition, and which it has always exercised without any opposition from other Powers of Europe. On the whole, Lucius Lector comes to the conclusion that the Conclave has no power to alter a law which it has not made; that the Pope alone can exercise that power; and that he will not interfere, because the privilege of exclusion has the prescription of centuries in its favour, and because the principle of

of the Holy See is to preserve the concordats which unite the Church and the Catholic Powers of Europe.

We must now return to the imprisoned Conclave. It comprises a large population, shut up in close attendance on the Cardinals. Papal rescripts give a list of the functionaries, from the principal physician down to carpenters and sweepers. The really important persons within those walls next to the Cardinals are their Conclavists or Secretaries. From a very early period, they have been extortionate in their demands. Every Cardinal may have two of them, who must not be engaged in trade, nor act as stewards to princes, nor be related to their patrons as brothers or nephews. The sacking of the cell of the newly-made Pope was originally one of their privileges. They have, however, been deprived of this perquisite, but they are in possession of others which are an ample compensation for its loss. Fifteen thousand scudi, or 3,000*l.*, are allotted to them as a fee after election, to be divided among them. We can easily understand that active secretaries, like these Conclavists, possessed with the spirit of intrigue and conversant with the minds of their patrons, have often decided Papal elections.

Another office exists in connexion with the Conclave which had its origin in a remote antiquity. A member of the Savelli family kept careful watch over the Cardinals imprisoned at Viterbo in 1271. Gregory X. rewarded him for his services by creating in his favour the office of the Marshal of the Conclave, which he intended to make hereditary in his family. At Avignon Innocent VI. in 1352 confirmed this privilege to the Savelli family, in which it remained until the house became extinct in 1712. The office was then conferred by Clement XI. on Augustus Chigi, from whom it has descended to the present head of the family. The Marshal originally possessed jurisdiction over all the lay members of the Pontifical Court, who were tried before his tribunal. That Court has been abolished. His only remaining duty is to keep watch over the imprisoned Cardinals during the Conclave. He takes up his abode in the building when it meets, just outside the barriers of the Conclave, admits to the Conclave a Cardinal who arrives late, and examines carefully the articles passed through the turning wheels for the admission of indispensable objects.

The elaborate ceremonial connected with the election of the Pope is fully described by Lucius Lector and the other writers whose works are enumerated at the head of this article. The Bull of Gregory XV. issued in 1621, to which reference has already been made, is still the governing statute in regard to the ceremonial. Some antiquaries have amused themselves with recording

recording variations in the mode of electing Popes; but this Bull mentions only the three modes of inspiration, compromise, and ballot with scrutiny. The first mode may be dismissed, as an ideal conception, notwithstanding the list of Popes said to have been created by this process. An instance of compromise is afforded by the means which were adopted to terminate the disgraceful proceedings at Viterbo, and resulted in the choice of Gregory X. Election by ballot with scrutiny is the method at the present day. The law made by Alexander III. in 1180, that the number of votes required to make an election shall be two-thirds of those present in the Conclave, has remained unchanged amid the numerous changes of the code, and amid the revolutions of States and Empires.

When the Cardinals have entered the Conclave and taken their places, the senior master of the ceremonies reads the instrument declaring the perfect closing of the Conclave. Then every one except the Cardinals leaves the place of assembly, and one of them fastens the door with a chain, which must not be removed till the end of the scrutiny. The ordinary election by ballot is performed by two processes: one which is called a simple ballot; the other, which may follow immediately or may be fixed for the afternoon, consisting in the process technically called *acceding*, whereby an elector, revoking his morning's ballot, transfers his vote to some other candidate whose name had come out of the ballot-box.

If the required majority of two-thirds has not been obtained, the second scrutiny, which is called the vote of 'accession,' begins. The act is performed in the same manner as in giving the morning votes, with the exception that *accedo ad* is printed for *eligo*. The mode in which the *accessit* operates, and the nature of the motives which influence the electors in proceeding to it, are readily intelligible. If the candidate A for whom X has voted has received four or five votes only, while B has received twenty and C thirty, it will become a delicate question whether X shall transfer his vote to one of these latter, and, if so, to which of them. If, failing his own favourite candidate, who has been shown to have no chance, X is content to take C, his course is clear. X 'accedes' to him. If he is objectionable to X, X may still prefer to 'accede,' if his election is inevitable. If B is one with whom X would be contented, and if X thinks that he has a chance, he accedes to him. If the object of X is to prevent the election of B or C, he accedes to some other Cardinal in the hope that the votes given to him, if not sufficient to elect him, may at least, in Conclave language, give an exclusion to B or C, or prevent either of them from

from having a two-thirds majority. It will be seen that the *accessit* requires for its management some of the most delicate and dexterous play of any portion of the Conclave operations.

The luncheon of the Cardinals comes at the end of the morning scrutiny. The meals are brought with great state to the *rota* or turning opening, at which they are to be passed into the Conclave with much ceremony. To each Cardinal is attached a Dapifer, or bringer of the feast. We read in the old constitutions of the one dish to be allowed to the elector, to be diminished to bread and water, if the election were not terminated in a given number of days. The object was to oblige the Cardinals by a loss of their creature comforts to bring the election to a speedy conclusion. An alteration was made, as we have seen, by Clement VI. in the luxurious Court of Avignon. The apostolic simplicity has given way to a ceremonial which forms one of the most striking spectacles of Rome during the interregnum. The Cardinal's state carriage, with the state liveries, starts from the Cardinal's palace, with much carefully prescribed ceremonial, under the command of Dapifer, who superintends the passing of the luxuries brought by him through the *rota*, or turning wheel, just referred to. The dishes are not, however, placed before the expectant Cardinal, until they have been duly examined by the officials appointed to see that no writing or message of any kind is conveyed with or in the food.

The ballots continue until the legal majority is obtained. When the last act of the scrutiny has terminated, all the voting papers are placed in a stove in a corner of the chapel, having a tube chimney which communicates with the open air. When no election has taken place, a small quantity of damp straw is placed in the stove, which is set on fire by a match, so that the burning occasions a dense smoke seen by the whole of Rome. Thus the citizens, who are eagerly on the watch, are informed that they are still without a Pope. This is the celebrated *Sfumata*, by which so many bets have been decided. If, on the contrary, the election has taken place, without or with the scrutiny by access, the papers are still burnt, but without the straw. If the thin line of smoke which now rises should be seen, immediately the guns from the Castle of St. Angelo announce the election to the citizens. A peal, too, is heard from the bells of every church in Rome. At all events the public joy will be expressed in this manner, as soon as the proclamation of the election is made to the people. Before the official announcement is made, but after the newly-elected Pope has signified his acceptance of the dignity conferred upon

upon him, the Conclave is declared at an end, and the masons open the walls, and release the imprisoned Conclave.

The tedious operations which have come before us are now at an end. The greatest apparent care has been taken that there shall be no communication between the Conclave and the outer world. The reason assigned is that the governments of Europe may not interfere with the choice of a Pope. The Cardinals are walled in and apparently shut out from all intercourse with the world. The prelates who preside at the *rota* are directed to examine all letters passing in and out, to seal and pass them if there should be nothing relating to the election in them, and to refuse to allow them to pass if the contrary should be the case. Conversations at the *rota* to which any Cardinal may be called by those who wish to confer with him, may not be carried on in a low voice, but must be perfectly audible to the bystanders. These regulations, however, in spite of the severe anathemas directed against those who disregard them, were, even in the days when it was hoped that they would really secure the end designed by them, utterly useless for the purpose of preventing communication with the world during an election. Father Theiner, in his History of Clement XIV. (1769–1775), quotes the correspondence which was carried on between the imprisoned Cardinals and their confederates outside. This book furnishes us with full information on the whole process of Conclave proceedings. The author recognises that the Cardinals have been forbidden to confer with anyone as to the choice of the Pope, or to write to those outside the Conclave upon the business of the election. But he does not hesitate to say that, on account of the weakness of human nature, it was impossible to observe these directions. He admits that in their correspondence the Cardinals had violated their obligations. 'How, it will be asked,' he writes, 'could some Cardinals venture on such open violation of the constitution, as to communicate freely to their Court all which had passed in Conclave, as was the case with the French Cardinals and Orsini?' He tries in vain to answer this question satisfactorily. He can only urge that the guilty Cardinals stood in official relations with their Courts.

Lucius Lector states that the members of the Conclave have been allowed by his Church to hold intercourse with their friends and with the world in matters not relating to the business of the Conclave. Journals and reviews may also circulate among them. They need not remain in ignorance of public events. He has, however, furnished us with evidence against his Church, inasmuch as he has clearly shown

shown that the members have violated their solemn engagement, and have held communication with the world on matters connected with the work of the Conclave. He tells us, for instance, that, in the Conclave at which Gregory XVI. was elected, a letter from Cardinal Albani was intercepted, in which he asked the Austrian Ambassador to endeavour to ascertain from the French Ambassador whether the Government of Louis Philippe would withdraw its objection to a particular candidate. He shows us that, though strict directions are given to the keeper of the *rota* to examine with the utmost care every particle of food which passes through his hands, yet it is by this means that information is conveyed to friends relating to the proceedings of the Conclave. Letters have been found rolled up in pies or cakes, or in preserved meats. They have often been placed in the double bottoms of vessels of silver. Sometimes sympathetic ink is used for the purpose of giving information. A quotation has been made the means of conveying it. Thus, a Conclavist at the *rota*, addressing his confederate outside, used the classical quotation, 'Hannibal is before the gates,' to make him understand that the election of Annibale della Genga was imminent. A Conclavist who, like his master, was bound to secrecy, revealed the scrutiny to his confederate. The Conclave was informed that at the window of the cell of Cardinal Albani, a person, probably directed by his Eminence to stand at it, was seen, who by his signs and gestures gave information on what was passing within the Conclave to a confederate outside the building.

Thus the system fails in answering the end which it is designed to serve. Lucius Lector gives positive proof that the atmosphere of these Conclaves is impregnated with stratagem and intrigue. The Conclavists especially are busy in the service of their spiritual lords. 'Worthy servant of his master,' we read in a manuscript of the Conclave at which Gregory XVI. was elected, 'the cunning Secretary of Cardinal Albani endeavours to draw from the other Conclavists the secrets of their masters.' The Conclavists of the party of Albani, to whom he gives the name of 'Brigantini,' were engaged in watching during the night the corridors and staircases, in order to draw from the movements and the visits of their masters their conjectures as to the election. 'Be on your guard,' said an old Cardinal to his Conclavist; 'trust no one; we are surrounded by spies.' Often the skilful Conclavists put in circulation false reports in order to lull to sleep the vigilance of their opponents, or to set them on a false track. On one occasion, the secretary of a Spanish Cardinal told every one of the

the thirty-three Cardinals present at the Conclave that he would be only too happy if a single paper bore his name. Seventeen papers bearing his name had been dropped into the ballot-box when the trick was discovered. The Venetian Cardinal Albani had recourse to the same stratagem in behalf of his uncle, the Cardinal Dean. An indiscretion at the last moment caused the miscarriage of the plot. A very common trick was the naming of sham candidates by the rival sections. This device is so common as to be an established feature in Papal elections. If it be intended to carry the election of a Cardinal known to be obnoxious to one of the three Sovereigns who have the veto, another Cardinal, also known to be disliked by him, is started and pushed to the very verge of the required majority, in order to cause the veto to be pronounced, when no obstacle from that quarter can any longer prevent the election of the concealed candidate, who had all along been the object of choice.

We have thus obtained from Papal archives and from other sources an abundance of information as to the nature and results of the system of Papal elections. If the new documents are carefully examined, they create a conviction that the dissensions, the trickery, and the artifices observable in Papal elections are a very strong argument against the mode in which they are conducted. The history of these Conclaves is, in fact, an impressive commentary on the uselessness of attempting to bind by law men who are determined for the time to acknowledge no earthly superior. Prescription has indeed a certain amount of power, but it breaks down under the temptations to which those are exposed to whom so great a business as the election of a Pope is entrusted. The Church of Rome has constantly endeavoured, as we have seen, to improve her system of election. She is, however, aiming at an impossibility. Her efforts to secure her object have issued in mental reservation, as when her Cardinals invent excuses for disregarding their oath to elect him who, they believe, ought to be elected; in hypocrisy, trickery, and substitution of pompous appearance for reality; in the electoral manœuvres practised by plotting Cardinals, which have obtained for many of these Conclaves an unenviable notoriety in the annals of the world.

The traditional legislation of the Conclave is, as has been seen, extremely complicated. However well adapted it might be to quiet times, it was not, in the opinion of the Roman Catholic authorities, suitable to the revolutionary period which began at the end of the eighteenth century. Instruments were, therefore, prepared absolving the Cardinals from the compulsory observance of the prescribed forms of election. An examination

of the history serves to show that the Pope's perfect competence to authorize this grave departure from the custom of ages is unquestioned, even without the consent of the Cardinals. On this point, Lucius Lector and Mr. Cartwright, a learned, just, and occasionally severe critic of the Conclave system, are in perfect agreement. Adrian V. (1276), who reigned only a few days more than a month, actually annulled the great Bull of his predecessor, Gregory X., because it was obnoxious to the Cardinals on account of its severity. The scandalous consequences of the abrogation at length obliged the hermit Pope, Celestine V., to revive it in the year 1294. The course taken by Gregory XI. in 1370 serves to show still more plainly the competence of the Popes to make alterations. They had been for three quarters of a century in voluntary exile at Avignon. The Pope was not only convinced that the outraged conscience of Christendom demanded an immediate return to Rome, but he also feared that Rome, no longer enduring the loss of the wealth which flowed into her in a golden tide from foreign countries, would cast off her allegiance to him. Yet at the same time he well knew that, though he himself might go to Rome, the Cardinals, who were the creatures of the French king, would, after his death, decree a return to Avignon. Gregory, therefore, determined to make a radical alteration in the machinery of Papal elections. By a Bull dated March 19, 1378, he suspended all the regulations on the subject of Papal elections, and empowered the Cardinals not only to meet for election on his decease, but to nominate a successor by a simple majority. The Pope thus, by his individual authority, provided, as the Council of Constance had done, against a special emergency, and in so acting gained the full approval of Christendom.

Pius VI. (1775–1800) was justified by these precedents in dealing in a similar manner with the difficulties which he was called on to encounter. A man of dignified manners, distinguished for his noble presence, remarkable for his courtesy and affability, fond of pomp, gifted with rare powers of eloquence, and not indisposed to effect those reforms in the Papacy which would have brought it into harmony with the spirit of the age, Pius would in quiet times have invested the office with a charm in the eyes of his contemporaries. But he lived in an age of rapid and violent changes. The French Revolution laid low the monarchy of France, disorganized its government, and shattered the altars of Christianity. Pius VI. was little fitted to stem the torrent of democratic revolt. His adversaries were too powerful for him, and fought with weapons which he could not withstand. He would have been fortunate if France only had

had ceased to be subject to his dominion. But he was doomed to encounter a heavier calamity than the loss of the spiritual and temporal allegiance of a single nation, however great and populous. That general war broke out which uprooted dynasties and changed the face of Europe. Revolutionary France poured her legions over her confines, and conquered Belgium, Holland, and the Rhenish Provinces. Onward the fiery deluge rolled till it overspread the patrimony of St. Peter. By the Treaty of Tolentino, concluded with Napoleon in February 1797, the Pope was compelled to cede the French provinces subject to his See, to pay down an enormous sum of money, to surrender his military stores and the choicest pictures at the Vatican, and to leave the Republic in virtual possession of the rest of the Papal territories.

The full history of the measures which the Pope adopted to meet so serious a crisis is known to few, but it is full of instruction and interest. When the French armies were pressing forward, and no one could say where their progress would be arrested, Pius VI., by a Brief dated February 11, 1797, released the Cardinals, for the next election only, from the obligation to wait nine days before they entered the Conclave. They were at once to proceed to an election, and not delay proceedings till their colleagues had assembled.

This Brief was never published, because the Treaty of Tolentino had temporarily removed the fear of a French occupation of Rome. The hope of Pius that he had purchased peace by his great sacrifices was doomed to disappointment. On the 28th of December, 1797, a tumult occurred in the streets of Rome in which the French General Duphot was killed. It was at once evident that the French Government intended to make the most of this insurrection, and to proceed to extremities against the Pope. Two days afterwards Pius VI. issued a Bull, the preamble to which declares that novel circumstances require new provisions, and that an unchangeable law cannot meet the fluctuating necessities of the times. The Cardinals on the spot are therefore authorized by a mere majority to postpone the election to any time which they deem most suitable, and to hold the Conclave in any place where they would be less exposed to danger than they might be if they were summoned to the Vatican. They might, however, if they chose, proceed to an immediate election, without waiting for the arrival of the tenth day. This deviation from the ancient custom of the Church is expressly limited to a time of great danger. Between this Bull and the draft of the Brief just described, there is one important difference. The Brief is expressly limited to 'this time,'

 whereas

whereas the provisions in the Bull were an organic law, promulgated with the full consent of the Cardinals, which were always to hold good when public dangers threatened their free deliberations. In tranquil times the old law was to be observed.

A few weeks later the Papacy was exposed to imminent danger. On the 13th of February, 1798, the Pope was sitting on his throne in a chapel of the Vatican, surrounded by his Cardinals. On a sudden, the shouts of an angry multitude penetrated to the Conclave, intermingled with the strokes of axes and hammers on the doors. A band of soldiers burst into the hall, tore away from the Pope's finger 'the pontifical ring,' and treated him with great inhumanity. On the day following the Republican leaders directed that a *Te Deum* should be sung in the Vatican for the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy, and that the military battalions should proclaim the establishment of the Republic by the discharge of artillery in the Square of St. Peter, under the windows of the Pope. On the 20th of February, 1798, Pius VI. was carried away a prisoner into Tuscany by the French, and the Cardinals were dispersed. After a short sojourn at Sienna, the Pope was finally placed in the Old Carthusian monastery near Florence. He was separated from the Cardinals, some of whom took refuge in the kingdom of Naples, while others repaired to Venetia, which the Treaty of Campo-Formio had ceded to Austria.

In the history of the Papacy the crisis was most formidable. The health of the Pope, undermined by his troubles and weakened by the advance of old age, indicated that his death could not be far distant. The complete dispersion of the Cardinals, however, disorganized the machinery for the election of his successor. The last Bull was plainly insufficient because it had not provided for that emergency. The Cardinals were not agreed on the place where the Conclave should be held. In the event of the Pope dying without any previous arrangement for the convention of the Conclave, it was feared that the Cardinals who had taken refuge in the Venetian States might—as the Cardinal Dean, the principal officer of the body, was with them—under the influence of royal pressure, meet and proceed to an unlawful election. They might, in fact, say that the Dean's presence made them a legislative representation of the Sacred College. Hence the first object was to induce the Pope to sanction the promulgation of an instrument which would effectually prevent the evil in question. Enfeebled as he was both in body and mind, Pius shrank from the responsibility involved in so momentous a step. At length Cardinal Antonelli, having sought and obtained an interview with the Pope,

Pope, proposed a Bull to him, with the substance of which he expressed his agreement. The Dean with two or three others was to be empowered to name a place for the election of the Pope. The Cardinals were to be authorized to give their votes by proxies held by one of their body. This proceeding was objectionable for two reasons. The first was that it was without precedent, and the second was that it exposed the Cardinals to the penalties inflicted on those who treated of the election of the Pope during his lifetime.

Pius had at first consented to this proposal; but as he reflected on its possible consequences, he shrank from taking so decided a step on his own authority. He therefore now shrank from the issue of the Bull, and consulted the Cardinals, especially those in Venetia. The impression made on their minds proved so decidedly unfavourable to the proposal, that he determined to drop the Bull.

But this neglect to pass a special measure dealing with an unprecedented situation was contrary to the general desire. Accordingly a second draft of a Bull, providing for the circumstances of the case, was brought forward for consideration. Monsignore Michel di Pietro, residing at Rome as delegate of the Pope, drew up a paper which enabled the Pope to secure the safety of the Church. This draft was not at once sent to the Pope, but was first forwarded to the Cardinals in Venetia for their opinion. The latter at once expressed their approval of its terms. The Bull was also sent for approval to the Cardinals in all the countries not invaded by the French armies. Having been approved and signed by the Pope, it was issued at Florence on November 13, 1798. This Bull marks an epoch in Papal legislation. The wonder is that it should have been forgotten by the world. Even Lucius Lector and Berthelet do not give us sufficient information to enable us to form a correct idea of its nature and importance. Both keep in the background the danger of a schism likely to be caused by the dispersion of the Cardinals. Berthelet seems not to know, or at all events neglects to state, the real cause of the unwillingness of Pius to issue the Bull, which was that he did not like to act without his Cardinals.

The crisis was one of the utmost importance in the history of Europe. A refusal to issue the Bull might have resulted, as we have just stated, in a schism which, in the temper of the public mind at that time, might have inflicted a lasting injury on the Papacy. As in the case of the Forty Years' Schism, two or three Popes might have been seen wandering about Europe, elected by the different bodies of Cardinals in the several places where

where they had taken up their abode, and, if not anathematising one another, at all events claiming the allegiance of the faithful. Against the recurrence of such an evil this Bull was framed. The oldest Cardinal in the Sacred College, or the senior among the priests who were with him at the time of the Pope's death, was to notify the fact to all the other Cardinals. In order to prevent the evil of several elections or schisms, the Conclave was to be formed of the largest number of Cardinals who might be together in the territory of one Catholic sovereign. The oldest of this group of Cardinals, after consultation with his colleagues, was to fix upon the most suitable place for the Conclave. The Cardinals composing the majority under these conditions of residence, were declared to constitute a Conclave empowered to settle all questions relating to the manner of the election, and to proceed to that election without any summons, provided ten days had been allowed to elapse, after notification of the Pope's death, that Cardinals at a distance might join their colleagues. In no case was the election to be valid without the majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals.

The issue of this Bull was justified by the event. After the occupation of Florence by the French troops, Pius VI., having been treated with every indignity, was conducted through Lombardy and Piedmont to France, where he died at Valence on August 26, 1799. The preparations for the Conclave were made in conformity with the directions in the Bull. As the reverses of the Revolutionary armies had left part of Italy to its former masters, the Cardinals were able, on the death of Pius VI., to avail themselves of the permission given to them, and to hold the Conclave in Venice, where the greatest number were assembled. In that city, after a long and laborious Conclave, which might have been still longer without the facilities afforded by the Bull of Pius, they elected on March 14, 1800, Barnabas Chiaramonti, who took the name of Pius VII.

The legislation of Pius VI. was not forgotten in subsequent times. We have authority for the statement that Gregory XVI. left behind him a document empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election if they saw any difficulty in the way of the free action of the Conclave. Of these precedents it is now known that Pius IX. availed himself. After the entrance of the troops of the King of Italy within the walls of Rome on September 20, 1870, an insurrectionary movement broke out in the metropolis. Pius IX. at that time contemplated the possibility of a Conclave outside the walls of Rome, and had made preparations for a retreat to one of the Mediterranean islands; but he was dissuaded by Cardinal Antonelli.

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On July 3, 1871, the Italian capital was transferred to Rome by the suffrages of the Romans. Pius IX., apprehensive of danger, guided by the precedents supplied by Pius VI. and Gregory XVI., on August 23, 1871, prepared a Bull adapted to the new crisis. The existence of this Bull and of those which will be given afterwards had been for a long time suspected. The secret had, however, been so well kept that, even after the Conclave of Leo XIII., their existence was unknown. All the Bulls were published for the first time by Commendatore Berthelet at the end of 1891.

The Bull for August 23, 1871, directs that, without waiting for the arrival of the other Cardinals and the Pope's obsequies, on the expiration of the usual nine days, those present in the town where the Pope dies shall decide by a simple majority in what 'corner of the earth' the Conclave shall assemble; that the election may take place when the half of the members of the Sacred College *plus one* shall be found in the Conclave; that no alteration shall be made in the schedule for voting or in the election by ballot and scrutiny; and that the majority of two-thirds shall always be required for a valid election.

The Bull for September 8, 1874, simply gives a few new directions in regard to the functions of the Conclave, and prescribes the simplification of the obsequies of the Pope. But in the Bull of October 10, 1877, the regulations for the next Conclave are specified with greater precision, and all previous regulations are summarised.

The first Article confirms to the Sacred College the right of electing the Pope, to the absolute exclusion of any intervention on the part of the secular Power. The second provides that, with a view to accelerate the election, the Cardinals may dispense with the accessory ceremonials of the Conclave as set forth by previous enactments. They can take what measures they think proper for the safety and organization of the Conclave, for the meals, and the reduction of the number of the Conclavists. The third annuls all previous rules concerning the duties of the civil and municipal magistrate in connexion with the Conclave. The fourth states that, in the event of the death of the Pope taking place at Rome, the Cardinals present in the Curia at the moment of his decease shall decide, by an absolute majority of voices, if the election shall take place out of Rome and out of Italy. As soon as the number of Cardinals present shall be *one-half plus one* of all the members of the Sacred College, they may, if they think fit, proceed immediately to an election.

Article 5 enacts that the funeral ceremony shall be as simple

as

as possible. By Article 6 the Pope, having regard to the position of the Holy See, expresses his wish that the Conclave may be held out of Italy. Article 7 prescribes that if the Cardinals shall decide on holding the Conclave in Italy, and even at Rome, if there shall be any infringement of the respect due to the place of meeting, or of their personal independence, either by private persons or by the agents of the Government, the Conclave must be dissolved, and must assemble out of Italy. Articles 10 and 11 require that no alteration shall be made in the conditions of the election, in the majority required, in the order of the scrutinies, or in the voting-papers.

Another Bull was written by Pius IX., on January 10, 1878, the day after the death of Victor Emmanuel. It gives minute instructions as to the course of proceedings in the event of any attempt on the part of the Italian Government to approach the Vatican in a friendly or hostile manner, and breathes throughout an uncompromising and unbending spirit.

With this Bull the development of the Conclave system is complete. Our object has been to give our readers a clear idea of the laws by which it is governed and of the circumstances by which its growth has been influenced. Experience of past evils and attempts to provide appropriate remedies have moulded the system in its present shape. The manner in which it has worked is often highly dramatic, always deeply interesting, not only to students of ecclesiastical history, but also to all observers of human nature. It cannot be doubted that the further examination of the archives preserved at the Vatican, or stored in the houses of the Italian nobility, will open to us new pages in the history of Europe, and show that the Conclaves have been the secret causes of many of the political movements which have disturbed the peace of the nations that form the great European commonwealth.

Recent enquiry shows that an organism, which at first sight seems framed on the most rigid formalism, contains within itself an elasticity that renders it capable of adaptation to new forms and circumstances. The constitution of the Court of Rome is, therefore, so far from being of a limited nature that, as we have seen especially during this century, it can at once be adjusted to the circumstances which imperatively require a change. No limitation is imposed on the full power of the governing body. If then it be the case that present circumstances exact changes for the removal of difficulties which seem otherwise insurmountable, it is certain that the Pope is at perfect liberty to make any concessions which the circumstances of the case render necessary.

Lucius.

Lucius Lector does not think that Leo XIII. will feel himself required to avail himself of the power thus conceded to the Pope, nor to make any alteration in the organism established by the Bull of Pius IX. His object has been to complete and strengthen the system which he aided Pius IX. to establish. He has not modified the substance of the Bull. The most important of the conditions laid down in that document is contained in the article which excludes all interference of the civil power in the election of the Pope. On this point different views may be and, as we learn from Lucius Lector, are held by the Vatican and the Quirinal. As to what does or does not constitute a legitimate interference in the election of a Pope, the Papal authorities and the kingdom of Italy are at variance. The Government of King Humbert has declared that the Vatican forms an integral part of the States of the Church transferred to Italy, and that it belongs to the Government by the same title as the Lateran Palace and the Capitol. M. Crespi advanced a claim to protect the Conclave, which implies a right to occupy the Vatican and to put its gates under seal. Again, if France or Spain or Austria should attempt to exercise their veto against the election of particular candidates, which, as we have seen, they have always possessed, it seems almost certain that Italy, now a nation and of all nations the most interested, will insist on the possession of the same privilege. Will such claims be pushed to extremes? Will they be firmly resisted? The consequence of such a struggle may be that the Pope will carry his threat into execution, and, with the Sacred College, bid an indignant farewell to Italy. Nor will the remoter results end here. They may lead, more or less directly, to political complications which, as in former times, may disturb the peace of Europe. The next Papal election may open a new and striking chapter in the long, eventful, and romantic history of that remarkable Church, which has never ceased to attract and even fascinate the gaze of the whole civilized world.

ART. IX.—*The Transvaal Trouble; how it arose.* Being an Extract from the Biography of the late Sir Bartle Frere. By John Martineau. London, 1896.

THERE is, or ought to be, a Statute of Limitations for all political controversies. The controversy as to the rights or wrongs of Uitlanders and Boers belongs emphatically to the category of questions which cannot be discussed *ab initio.* To do so would require a discussion at length of the first British occupation of the Cape; of our subsequent withdrawal and our final annexation; of the abolition of slavery, of the great Boer Treck, of the establishment of the British colony in Natal, of the Sand River Convention, of the creation of the Orange Free State, of the endless wars between the white settlers and the native tribes, of the constitution granted to the Cape Colony, of the discovery of the diamond fields, of the various economical and industrial revolutions which have altered the whole conditions of South African life, and of the personal characters of the men who have played leading parts in its development. In the present article we do not propose, even if the limits of space allowed, to make any attempt to discuss the moot question whether the Boers or the British are most to blame for the unfortunate antagonism which has arisen between the two races. All we want to do is to deal with facts as they are, to explain the relative attitudes of the two rival competitors for ascendancy in South Africa, and to point out what, in our judgment, is likely to result from the present embroglio.

In order, however, to render our meaning clear, it is absolutely essential to say something concerning the events which took place between our retrocession of the Transvaal and the abortive insurrection of Johannesburg. The root of our present and future troubles in the Transvaal is to be found in the Treaty of Pretoria, concluded as it was on the morrow of our defeat at Majuba. It is not our wish to enter into any party discussions on this subject. The simple truth is, that Mr. Gladstone's Government failed entirely to realize the point of view from which our surrender would be, and must be, regarded in South Africa. To us, conscious of our strength, of our overwhelming superiority to the Boers in military, financial, and intellectual capacity, it seemed well-nigh incredible that our abandonment of the Transvaal of our own free will and pleasure could be attributed to any other cause than a generous, if a Quixotic, impulse. Mr. Gladstone, then at the height of his popular influence, had no difficulty in persuading his countrymen that the display of magnanimity, evinced by our handing

handing back the Transvaal to the Boers, would confer upon this country a moral authority far exceeding any material loss we might sustain by the cession.

In South Africa, however, the surrender of Majuba was regarded from a very different point of view. The facts of the campaign were patent to men on the spot in a way they could not possibly be patent to Englishmen at home. To speak the plain truth, the ignominious disaster of Majuba had been only the last and greatest of a long series of discreditable reverses. In every engagement of any importance throughout the campaign the British troops, possessing as they did superior numbers, superior armaments, and superior military training, had been defeated by volunteer levies of Boer farmers. Immediately after the crowning disaster of Majuba, when British troops had sustained the most signal repulse they have suffered within the present century, our Government had purchased peace by practically conceding everything to obtain which their victorious enemies had taken up arms. Where in such circumstances, it might reasonably be asked, as indeed it was asked, throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, did magnanimity come in?

To the Transvaal Boers there seemed to be only one possible explanation of our surrender, and that was that we were either unable or unwilling to prosecute the war. The Boer David, it was believed all over the Veldt, had smitten the British Goliath hip and thigh, and had reduced him to such straits that he was afraid to continue the contest. Up to the present day the vast majority of the Transvaal Boers are firmly convinced that, if the English should be mad enough to go to war again, they would get the worst of the battle. The conviction may be, and indeed is, utterly irrational; but it is based on a fanatical belief and on an ignorant conceit, both of which are scarcely intelligible to men belonging to a higher order of intellectual development. We grant that Boer statesmen, such as President Krüger, who know something of the world outside the narrow limits of the South African Republic, do not altogether share the popular delusion, that the Boers are invincible in the event of their coming into collision again with the forces of the British Empire. But at the same time our surrender after our defeat at Majuba has left an indelible conviction on the minds of Boer statesmen that Great Britain will never again go to war in earnest with the Transvaal; England, they hold, may bluster and menace, but England will not fight; and till this belief is shaken no threat of war will deter the Boers from taking any action on which their hearts are

are set, even if this action assails British interests and encounters British opposition.

The unfortunate results of our surrender were not confined to the Boers of the Transvaal. In this country all South African settlers of Dutch race are known under the generic name of Boers; but, as a matter of fact, there is all the difference in the world between the Boers of Cape Colony, of Natal, and, in a less marked degree, of the Orange Free State. The Cape, Natal, and Free State Boers may not like the English, but they realize the strength and power of the dominant British element; they are well aware that if it ever comes to a serious conflict it is they, and not the British, who must go to the wall. Indeed up to the period of Majuba the Dutch in South Africa had made up their minds, however reluctantly, that it was their manifest destiny to pass under the supremacy of Great Britain. But our acquiescence in the defeats inflicted on our armies throughout the Transvaal campaign led the Boers outside the Transvaal to come to much the same conclusion as that entertained by President Krüger and his colleagues. In other words, the British Empire was credited with being practically indifferent to its South African possessions. Granted this assumption, the Dutch had, to say the least, a chance of again becoming the paramount race throughout the country which they had been the first to colonize. It was only after Majuba that the Afrikander Bond became a formidable political organization; and the avowed object of this league was to render the Dutch element supreme in any South African confederacy of the future.

In the case of the British colonists in South Africa, the result of our capitulation on the morrow of a disastrous rout was even more detrimental to the promotion of good-will and amity between Boers and Uitlanders. Nobody who is not personally acquainted with South Africa can realize the intensity of the irritation caused by the surrender of 1881. The English settlers, proud of their race, their country, and their masterful energy, felt themselves degraded and humiliated in the presence of their Boer neighbours. What was even more important, their faith in the readiness of the Mother Country to stand by them in case of need was rudely shaken. Supposing that the Home Government intended to continue the policy which dictated the surrender of the Transvaal, the 'idea of the permanent presence of the Imperial factor,' to use the unfortunate phrase employed by the then Sir Hercules Robinson, on his retirement from his first Cape governorship, 'was simply an absurdity.' In the opinion of the British community in the Cape,

Cape, the logical deduction from the proposition thus laid down was, that in some form or other South Africa was destined to become at no distant date an independent commonwealth. In such a commonwealth either the Boer or the British element must necessarily be supreme. In order, therefore, for supremacy to be retained in the hands of the British it was necessary for them to oppose all further aggrandizement of Boer influence and authority. The net outcome, therefore, of the Majuba capitulation was to revive the declining animosity between the Dutch and the English colonists, and to render them more suspicious of, and hostile to, each other than they had been in former days, when the predominance of Great Britain in South Africa had been regarded alike by Dutch and British as an accomplished fact.

Still it is only fair to acknowledge that the evacuation of the Transvaal and the restoration of its independence would not have produced anything approaching to the same disastrous results but for an event which Mr. Gladstone's Government did not foresee when the Treaty of Pretoria was concluded, and which they could not possibly have foreseen. At that period the Transvaal was a very poor and a very thinly-populated country, almost exclusively occupied, so far as it was occupied at all, by Boer farmers. During the period when it was under British rule there had been no considerable British immigration into the territory. There was little or no trade between the British possessions and the Transvaal. The Boers only cultivated a sufficient quantity of land to supply the food they required for their own use. Their chief desire was to keep their land as little cultivated and as little occupied as possible, so as to provide huge grazing-grounds for their flocks and herds. Even if there had been any great demand for Transvaal products, the markets of the Cape and of Natal were too distant and too inaccessible, owing to the utter absence of railways at this period, to permit of any important trade between the Boer producer and the British consumer. Indeed, the dislike of the British colonists to the abandonment of the Transvaal was mitigated by the belief that, at no distant date, the Transvaal must necessarily revert to British rule, owing to the inability of the country to provide the revenue requisite for maintaining its independence.

Moreover, there was no great apprehension in 1881 of any serious conflict of interests between the Boers and the Uitlanders in the Transvaal. The Treaty of Pretoria had stipulated that the English settlers should enjoy the same civil and legal privileges as the native Boer citizens of the Republic. When our troops were withdrawn, the bulk of our fellow-countrymen who

who had taken up their abode in the Transvaal while under British rule, quitted the country. The result of the war had given the Boers all they required or wished for. They had recovered their political independence; they were free to administer their own affairs in accordance with Boer ideas, customs, and prejudices; they were at liberty, notwithstanding the nominal restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Pretoria, to deal with the Kaffir natives according to their own will and pleasure, and to lead the solitary semi-patriarchal lives on which their hearts were set. Their wants, in the matter of clothes, powder, guns, seed, and spirits, were extremely simple and very limited in amount. The Boers had no objection to the small number of foreigners who came into the Transvaal to start taverns and stores. In the first years which followed the re-establishment of the South African Republic, neither the Government nor the people of the Transvaal displayed any particular hostility to the entry of newcomers from the British possessions. In fact, if the economical conditions of the Transvaal had not undergone a sudden and unforeseen revolution, the probability is that in a few years the relations between Boers and Uitlanders in the Transvaal would have approximated to those existing in the Orange Free State, where the Uitlander population, forming as it does a small minority in numbers, constitutes the trading class in the Republic, and is allowed to live side by side with the Boer farmers, enjoying much the same rights, both legally and politically. In this connexion it is worth recording the fact that within two years of the British evacuation the Volksraad passed of their own free will a law according the rights of burghers to all new settlers of white race after two years' residence. This Act, which was repealed a few years later, had for its avowed object the promotion of foreign immigration into the territories of the Republic.

It was the discovery of gold, the *aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm*, which convulsed the whole fabric of the Transvaal, as has been the case in many other States, nations, and communities. It would be most unjust to blame Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues for not having foreseen the discovery of the Witwatersrandt reefs. It is also fair to assume on their behalf, that if this discovery had been made before Majuba, they would never have dreamed of surrendering the Transvaal, even if the Boer claim to independence had been ten times as potent as it appeared to be. Financially speaking, this surrender was a colossal blunder, but its authors cannot reasonably be held responsible for the financial results of the blunder. The peculiar

peculiar geological formation of the Randt mines was so novel in mining experience that their value was not fully appreciated at the outset. Owing to these and other causes, the true magnitude of the Randt gold-fields was not fully realized either in South Africa or in Europe till some seven or eight years ago.

Long before the above date, however, the Boer Government had become alive to the fact that the discovery of gold had introduced a new and disturbing element into all their political calculations. From every part, not only of South Africa, but of the British Empire, miners, traders, and adventurers flocked into the Transvaal. Johannesburg developed 'by leaps and bounds' from a hamlet into a city. Even the experience of the Western States of America affords no parallel to the sudden growth of the commercial capital of the Transvaal, situated as it was in the midst of the barren Veldt, without any communication by railroad nearer than some 200 to 300 miles, and without any available means of transport by water. All the materials employed in building, all the machinery required for the mines, all the goods and produce needed by the inhabitants, had to be transported by ox-waggon over bare tracks cut across the Veldt. The hardships the early immigrants had to endure were very great. By their own energy, by their own toil, and at their own cost, they called into existence a great mining city in the midst of a desolate land, which at the time it would hardly have been an exaggeration to describe as a wilderness. Alone they did it; and the consciousness of their having achieved this result is one of the main factors in the controversy between the Boers and the Uitlanders.

The vast majority of these Uitlander immigrants were British subjects, whether born in South Africa, in the Colonies, or in the United Kingdom. It is not matter for surprise that the Boers should have regarded this sudden influx of British settlers with suspicion and alarm. The generation of Boers who had fought and defeated British armies were still not only alive but in the prime of life. We can hardly blame the Boers if they imagined that the overthrow of their hardly-won independence was not only the inevitable outcome, but the real object of this sudden inroad of British adventurers. A more quick-minded and energetic race would probably have made an effort to stem the tide of foreign immigration, before it had assumed formidable proportions. As it was, the Boers only realized the necessity for action when the time had passed for its successful enforcement. They waited with the stolid stupidity begotten of ignorance for the stream to flow by, till the rivulet had become a river. Even the more intelligent Boers, such as President

President Krüger, imagined for a long time that the Randt mines would, in mining phrase, 'turn out a frost,' and held, with considerable show of reason, that as soon as the gold-bearing ore gave out the British seekers after gold would disappear as rapidly as they had arrived. Upon this hypothesis it was obviously the interest of the Boers to take no immediate steps to stop the craze for gold-mining. At this period the Transvaal treasury was in deplorable straits. It was obvious even to Boer intelligence, that the licences, taxes, and duties to be levied on the mining industries would supply, for a time at any rate, the requirements of the public service, while the President and the more astute of his fellow-countrymen perceived that this influx of Uitlanders, even if it only proved short-lived, must put money indirectly, if not directly, into their own pockets. Thus, during the early years following the gold discovery, the Boers stayed their hands and did not interfere to any serious extent with the development of the mining industry. The Uitlanders are in the habit of asserting, as one of their many grievances, that they saved the Transvaal Government from bankruptcy, and that it was only after their exertions had rendered the Republic not only solvent but wealthy, that they became the objects of deliberate hostility on the part of the Boers. The assertion is absolutely and indisputably true. But there are certain considerations of a contrary kind which fairly should be taken into account.

The State Treasury was indeed replenished by the unexpected revenues which accrued to it from the imposts placed upon the mining community. The leading men of the Republic reaped the full benefit of the sudden shower of gold which descended upon the Transvaal, and became rich, according to a Boer standard, 'beyond the dreams of avarice.' The spoiling of the Egyptians was regarded as a meritorious operation by the children of Israel, and from a Boer point of view the Uitlanders represented the Egyptians. But whatever profits were made by the State and by its administrators, we should doubt whether the bulk of the Boer population derived any great pecuniary benefit from the gold discoveries. The Transvaal Boers were, and are, far too thrifty, too timid, and too ignorant to invest their money in mining speculations. They were, and are, too unenterprising, too indolent, and too proud to avail themselves of the sudden demand for the products of the soil, occasioned by the Uitlander immigration. It may be said that the Boers, as many thousands of English shareholders know to their cost, were enabled during the boom, when the Transvaal was regarded as a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground,

ground, to sell their so-called farms at prices out of all proportion to their productive value. But in the vast majority of these sales the sum actually received by the Boer landowners was small compared to that at which the lands thus bought were transferred by Uitlander promoters to the British public. Moreover the profits which the Boers made on the sale of lands were counterbalanced by charges which were, not unnaturally, distasteful to the Dutch citizens of the Republic. No Boer cultivates his own land by his own labour. What cultivation there is, is carried on by Kaffir labour under Boer supervision. In the days before the gold discoveries, the actual money price of native labour in the Transvaal was almost nominal. The Boer farmer used to allow a certain number of Kaffir families to squat, rent free, on his land in the neighbourhood of his homestead. For this privilege the Kaffirs were required to work in the fields and to make themselves generally useful at all times to their master. When actually at work, the Kaffirs received a money wage, which varied according to the locality, from a few pence to a shilling a week, paid irregularly. Besides this, they had from time to time presents of mealies, of stock, or of old clothes, as might happen to suit their employer's convenience.

With the discovery of the gold mines, the whole labour market of the Transvaal was revolutionised. The necessity for native labour in the mines was so urgent, the competition was so keen, that the price offered for unskilled native labour at the mines rose to 25*s.*, 30*s.*, and even 40*s.* a week. The wages, too, were paid in hard coin and with unfailing punctuality. The result of this change of affairs was that the Boer farmers found it increasingly difficult to obtain labour at the old rates, and were compelled either to pay fair wages to the Kaffirs out of their own pockets, or even—a thing which they loathed still more—to work themselves upon their own lands. They complained also, and with some reason, that the high prices paid by the Uitlanders rendered the Kaffirs discontented and insolent, and destroyed the old patriarchal relations existing between them and their white masters. Again, the sudden incursion of Uitlanders tended inevitably to interfere with the normal conditions of Boer life. The ambition of every Boer is to own enormous tracts of uncultivated land, surrounding a dwelling from which, according to a local saying, 'the smoke of no other house can be seen or the bark of no strange dog heard.' This passion for solitude is due, not only to the natural character of the Boer, but to the peculiar requirements of his material existence. In the

 absence

absence of any regular system of land-culture, the flocks and herds, in whose possession the Boer delights, and which constitute his wealth, can only be kept in good condition by moving from place to place as the needs of pasture may demand. In short, wholesale grazing on the Veldt is impossible without the command of huge tracts of open land. In like fashion, hunting and shooting, the sole amusements of the Boer, are inconsistent with any attempt to farm the Veldt, in fact as well as in name. It is therefore hardly necessary to point out that the extraordinary influx of Uitlander settlers, and the wholesale purchases of Transvaal farms, interfered with the conditions under which, according to Boer ideas, life in the Transvaal is alone possible. Hence this influx caused a vast amount of alarm amongst the Boer farmers.

The overflow of the Transvaal by foreign immigrants, nineteen-twentieths of whom were men of British race, was indeed in itself unwelcome to the Boers. The material advantages arising from the influx of newcomers were of little account in Boer eyes compared with the annoyances and expenses which this immigration was felt instinctively to involve. The dislike of the Boers to the incoming of any large body of Uitlanders would have been the same if they had been French or Germans. But in the present instance this dislike was intensified by the fact that the Uitlanders in question belonged by birth, language, and nationality to the race by whom the Boers had been supplanted in the Cape Colony and at Natal, by whom their own independence had only recently been assailed, and by whom their territory was surrounded on every side, and their power of extension cramped and confined within narrow limits. The upshot of the late war had been to destroy Boer belief in the military might of Great Britain. But their belief in the astuteness of British traders still remained unimpaired. Long and bitter experience had taught them that the English, in dealing with the Boer, always somehow got the best of the deal. It was therefore not unnatural, that when the Boers saw the English trooping into their country, building homesteads and cities, and buying land right and left, they should have come to the conclusion that Great Britain intended to retrieve by trade the defeat which she had sustained by war. The assumption, as we all know, was utterly erroneous; but then to the Boer mind the *auri fames*, which drives the Anglo-Saxon race wherever gold is to be found, is a thing utterly unintelligible and incomprehensible.

As we have already remarked, the intensity of the feeling created by the policy of the Imperial Government in our South African

African possessions can hardly be appreciated in the United Kingdom. Rightly or wrongly, our fellow-countrymen in South Africa considered that they had been betrayed, abandoned, and brought to shame by the action of the Imperial Government. As the result of this feeling, they had not the wish, even if they had the power, to reconquer the Transvaal for an Empire which had not the courage, in their opinion, to secure the safety of its own people or to uphold the honour of its own flag. At the outset the idea of overthrowing the South African Republic, in favour of Great Britain, was not, we are convinced, entertained by any section of the Uitlanders possessed of either numerical or political importance. We may go further, and declare that any proposal to replace the Transvaal under the direct rule of the British Colonial Office would at this period have been rejected by the mass of the British settlers at Johannesburg. All they really wanted at this time was to be allowed to carry on their mining industry without vexatious interference, and they believed that they were more likely to be left alone by Pretoria than by Downing Street.

Thus, if our view is correct, the antagonism between the Boers and the Uitlanders was originally far more keen on the part of the former than of the latter. If at this period the Boer Government had been in the hands of far-sighted and fair-minded men, the opportunity might have been taken advantage of to establish the Boer Republic on a stable basis. It had become obvious to every intelligent observer at the close of the last decade, that the gold-mining of the Randt was not an ephemeral but a permanent industry; that Johannesburg had not only become the chief city of South Africa, but must, by the conditions of its existence, remain a British city; that the English settlers already exceeded the whole Boer population of the Republic, and that this numerical superiority of the British over the Boer must increase with every succeeding year; and that finally, by virtue of their superior energy and intelligence, political power must ultimately become the possession of the men who conducted the trade, developed the resources, and created the wealth of the Transvaal. Given these conclusions, and it followed as a matter of logic that the only wise policy open to the Government of the Transvaal was to conciliate the newcomers, and, by fair treatment and by ties of personal interest, to enlist their sympathies on behalf of the Republic. The conditions of the time were more favourable to the establishment of an amicable *modus vivendi* between Boers and Uitlanders than they had been since the retrocession of the Transvaal, or than they have ever been subsequently. If

at this time the Government of Pretoria had shown any readiness to favour the mining population and to avoid wounding the national susceptibilities of the British settlers, the antagonism between the Boers and the Uitlanders need not have assumed an acute form for many a long year to come.

It may be argued that, if the political position of the Transvaal between 1885 and 1890 had been such as we have endeavoured to depict, statesmen of the intelligence of Paul Krüger and his colleagues could not have failed to avail themselves of the opportunity. Our answer to this argument is that the intelligence of the Boer statesmen is relative, not positive. According to the French proverb, 'In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king'; but it does not follow that a one-eyed monarch is a man of far sight and acute vision. In like manner it is illogical to assume that, because Paul Krüger is a head and shoulders above his colleagues in political ability, he is therefore a great statesman. The real secret of his extraordinary authority in the Transvaal lies in the fact that he is a Boer of the Boers. His tone of mind, his views of policy, his mode of speech, his habits of life, his tastes, prejudices, and beliefs, are all based upon the Boer type. To paraphrase a well-known American witticism, 'Krüger and Boer are exactly alike, only Krüger is more so.' The dislike entertained by his countrymen for all foreigners, and above all for British foreigners, is shared to the full by the President. Nothing short of absolute compulsion would ever induce him to entertain the idea of converting the Transvaal from a purely Boer State into a commonwealth such as the Cape Colony, in which Englishmen and Dutchmen enjoy complete legal and political equality. The Transvaal, according to Krüger's conviction, is intended to be a sort of city of refuge, where the spirit of Boer nationality is to be kept alive until such time as the downfall of British power allows the Boers to recover their old supremacy throughout South Africa. Surrounded by a gang of hangers-on and flatterers, less patriotic than he is himself, the President is confirmed by their counsels in the conviction that Great Britain can never be induced to go to war again with the Transvaal; and that even if such a contingency should arise, the Transvaal could still rely upon the active support of other Continental Powers, jealous of British supremacy in South Africa. He is led, too, by their representations to believe that if he can only prevent the British settlers from acquiring any permanent footing in the Transvaal, the time will come when the Republic can safely declare her complete independence, and, having declared it, can proceed to extend her

her territories at the cost of the States of British South Africa.

The exclusion, therefore, of the British settlers from all participation in the government of the Transvaal has been from the outset of the controversy the dominant idea of Krüger's policy. To the furtherance of this end he has devoted all the energies of a powerful and acute, though narrow intelligence. We are ourselves convinced that his policy was, in any case, foredoomed to failure; but it might easily have approached much nearer to effectuation, if it had not been for the accident that Mr. Cecil Rhodes made his appearance on the stage of South African public life about the period with which we are concerned, and soon became known as the champion of a policy absolutely fatal to the project on which President Krüger had set his heart. Any discussion as to the motives which actuated the late Premier of the Cape Colony, and as to the character of the measures by which he endeavoured to carry out his end, is foreign to the purpose of this article. All that concerns us is to point out that Mr. Rhodes's programme was incompatible with the execution of President Krüger's idea. Even at the period of which we are treating, the scope of his policy had become apparent to far less acute observers than Paul Krüger. The incorporation of Griqualand West, the annexation of Bechuanaland, and the formation of the Chartered Company, were all measures which tended to preclude any further extension of the Transvaal, and militated against the possibility of the Transvaal ever becoming the leading State in an independent South African Republic. On every occasion the President found himself confronted by Mr. Rhodes. Every attempt on his part to seize on portions of outlying territory was baffled by the vigilance of the 'Napoleon of South Africa.' At last, President Krüger learnt to look upon Mr. Cecil Rhodes as a personal enemy; and the discovery that Mr. Rhodes and his group had secured large holdings in the Randt mines, and that the leading men of Johannesburg were numbered amongst his personal supporters and adherents, tended undoubtedly to strengthen the President's determination to withhold from the Uitlanders all political privileges or rights under the South African Republic.

Had the Boer rulers of the Transvaal been content to accept the influx of a large British population as an accomplished fact, they might possibly have converted the British settlers into contented and loyal citizens. If again, rightly or wrongly, they could not make up their minds to place the British newcomer on a footing of political equality, they might still have almost indefinitely deferred the conflict to which the inequality of

of political status between Boers and Uitlanders was certain ultimately to give rise. At this crisis President Krüger wielded well-nigh unlimited authority over his fellow-countrymen. Yet it was under his guidance and direction that the Boer Government not only rejected every proposal in virtue of which the Uitlanders could take any part in or exercise any influence over the administration of public affairs, but proceeded to interfere in the most vexatious manner with the convenience, prosperity, and profits of the mining population,—a body which to all intents and purposes was identical with the British population. The first error was due to racial prejudice and sectarian animosity; the second error was mainly caused by crass ignorance and personal greed.

We have already dwelt upon the prejudices of race and the instincts of fanaticism which render the Boers averse to any influx of British settlers into the Transvaal. A scarcely less important factor in the political situation is to be found in the ignorance and greed of the Boer rulers. It is our wish, in discussing the Boer-Uitlander controversy, to do justice to both sides. We think it therefore fair to state that the charge of corruption so commonly brought against the Boer Government is not in our opinion altogether justified,—that is, in the sense in which we commonly employ the term 'corruption.' Every country has its own ideas as to how far a public servant may justly add to his official income by perquisites, bonuses, and commissions in return for services rendered in his official capacity. For our present purpose it is enough to say that the higher the civilization, both moral and material, of any country, the stronger is the sentiment that public employment ought not to be made use of for the acquirement of private wealth. Now it is no disparagement to the Transvaal to state that Boer civilization has not reached a very exalted standard. When fortunes were being made right and left in the Randt mines, it seemed doubtless not only natural but right to the President and his colleagues, that they should 'stand in' and share in the shower of wealth. To their fellow-citizens it seemed equally right and proper that the public servants of the State should fill their own pockets at the cost of the *verdommte Engländer*. We have no doubt that, according to their lights, Paul Krüger and his fellow-ministers in the Volksraad have done their best to serve the interests of their country. We have still less doubt that their services have been rewarded not only by a sense of duty fulfilled, but by satisfaction at having enriched themselves out of the profits of the foreigners who were making fortunes in the Transvaal.

Appetite,

Appetite, as the French say, comes in eating. The rapid growth of Johannesburg had created a sudden demand for all sorts of manufactures and produce. To grant monopolies for the supply of all articles in demand appeared to the Boer mind the right thing to do. To select a friend as the holder of such a monopoly was also deemed the proper course. To expect that the friend in question should pay a consideration for obtaining the required concession was only what every Boer would do himself and could see no harm in others doing. Thus, without clearly understanding, as we think, what they were about, the Krüger administration saddled the Transvaal with a variety of monopolies, the whole direct burden of which fell upon the Uitlanders. To cite only a few of the most salient instances, the sole right of manufacturing spirits was conceded to a firm of distillers personally associated with the President; the exclusive sale of dynamite was granted to a German; and the option of constructing all railroads throughout the Transvaal was guaranteed to an obscure Dutch company, in which not only the Transvaal State but its officials had a large pecuniary interest. No profound knowledge of political economy is required to realize that in the end the State must suffer from all monopolies for the manufacture and sale of articles in daily demand by the wealth-producing section of the population. But political economy is to the Boers an unknown science. Taxes levied on the Uitlanders had filled the Transvaal treasury; and no amount of argument could ever induce the ordinary Boer to understand that money paid directly by the Uitlander could come indirectly out of his own pockets.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon the initial conditions of the Boer-Uitlander controversy, because their appreciation is essential to the formation of any fair judgment as to the recent phases and the ultimate outcome of this vexed controversy. Let us recapitulate what these conditions were. The Transvaal had originally been conquered, occupied, and settled by the Boers; the country had been annexed by Great Britain, and had then been restored to the Boers after a campaign in which the latter had conquered all along the line. The Boers had returned to power, flushed with victory and animated by sentiments towards their hereditary enemies which were about equally composed of jealousy, fear, and contempt. The British had virtually been driven out of the country, 'bag and baggage'; and the Boers imagined, not unreasonably, that henceforward they would be allowed to live out their lives in the land of their choice after their own fashion, and in accordance with their own customs, ideas, and prejudices. Suddenly

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and unexpectedly, upon the discovery of the Randt gold-fields, an immense British population flocked into the Transvaal. The new settlers spread themselves over the country, built towns, developed industries, bought land, and soon outnumbered the Boers. The two races did not intermix or intermarry to any extent; the Uitlanders lived in the towns; the Boers remained almost exclusively in the country. Their material interests were necessarily antagonistic to each other. As miners, it was to the interest of the Uitlanders to attract native labour to the mines. As graziers and farmers, it was the interest of the Boers to keep native labour confined to their own fields. As traders, it was the interest of the Uitlanders to render the means of locomotion and transport as cheap as possible. As the owner of teams and waggons, it was the interest of the Boers to render transport and locomotion as dear as possible. As the tax-paying portion of the community, it was the interest of the Uitlanders to reduce taxation; as non-taxpayers, and as the recipients of the funds raised by the taxes, it was the interest of the Boers to increase taxation.

Given these conditions, it was obvious that great judgment, liberal dealing, and genuine consideration on the part of the Boer minority in the Transvaal were required to reconcile the British majority to the position, politically speaking, of an inferior, if not a subject, race. If President Krüger and his advisers had not been utterly ignorant of history, they might possibly have reflected on the fact, that ever since Great Britain became a colonising Empire there has never been an English-speaking settlement, in any portion of the globe, which has remained subject to the rule of a foreign Power. It might also have struck them that the Transvaal was hardly likely to furnish the exception which proves the rule.

Every day that passed witnessed the growth of the Uitlander element, the comparative decline of the Boer. We are speaking now of growth and decay in the material rather than the moral sense of the word. Johannesburg developed into a great city with a marvellous rapidity. Banks, hotels, clubs, stores, and private mansions sprang up as if by magic; and the creators of this capital of the gold-fields grew naturally intoxicated with pride in their own achievements. Notwithstanding its Dutch name, Johannesburg was, to all intents and purposes, an English city. One heard nothing but English in the streets and in the shops. With the exception of the Kaffirs, the resident population consisted almost exclusively of British subjects. Indeed the only Dutchmen to be seen in Johannesburg were the clerks in the Government offices and a few Boer cattle-dealers in

in the markets. A similar transformation, though in a less marked degree, took place in every town of the Transvaal. Even Pretoria itself became Anglicised. Yet this extraordinary development of the British element brought with it no corresponding change in the political status of the new settlers. They were treated as outsiders, entitled to no part or share in the administration of the country, whose fortune they were engaged in making. They were interfered with in a manner which would have excited the irritation of a far more apathetic population than one which in the main was distinctly, and even ostentatiously, British. We do not say that the complaints of the Uitlanders at this period were always reasonable, or their grievances always well founded; but we do say that Englishmen placed in such a position as that occupied by our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal are never likely to remain contented with their lot. It is a true saying that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches; and the inconveniences, injustices, and annoyances to which the citizens of Johannesburg were subjected by the Boer administration and its officials, though they may not appear unbearable if examined individually, yet taken collectively constitute a serious offence. It would be gross exaggeration to compare the oppression sustained by the Uitlanders at the hands of the Boers, to that inflicted on the Poles by the Russians. On the other hand, it is almost as gross a perversion of fact to compare the Uitlanders to foreign aliens who have come into an old-established community, such as England or France, for the purpose of obtaining employment. The Transvaal itself was not a land of old standing, in which generation after generation of Boers had been born and lived and died. It was a new settlement snatched from the Kaffirs by a succession of Boer raids within the memory of men not advanced in age. Only the other day this State had formed an integral portion of the British Empire. The Uitlanders in the Transvaal did not form, as the Germans do in England and Italians do in France, an insignificant minority of the whole population. On the contrary, they constituted an absolute and increasing majority. They were not paupers or beggars, but they were the backbone of the wealth, industry, and intelligence of their adopted country. They were not a subject race accustomed to obey; they were men of a master race used to command.

It is difficult, unless these facts are borne in mind, to do justice to the irritation occasioned among the Uitlanders by the attitude of the Boers. It was the old case of the *gutta cavat lapidem.* A mosquito bite is not in itself a serious infliction; but

but if you are stung all day and every day by mosquito bites, life becomes intolerable. It is intelligible enough that the friction caused by the vexatious interference of the Boers should, given the normal relations between them and the Uitlanders, have kept alive and intensified old racial animosities. The mere fact that in a country, the vast majority of whose inhabitants were British, Dutch should be the official language of the Parliament, the Law Courts, and the public offices, constituted a source of daily and hourly irritation to British colonists.

We often see it stated that the Uitlanders were perfectly indifferent to any lack of consideration with which they were treated by the Boer authorities, and that all they really cared about was to make money as fast as they could out of the mines, with the intention of then quitting the country. The statement in question is at best a half-truth. No doubt, if the Uitlanders had been left alone to develope the mines as they thought best and to fill their pockets without let or hindrance, they might possibly have acquiesced in their exclusion from all political rights. However, there is little good in speculating upon what the attitude of the Uitlanders might have been if the Boers had left them free to carry on the mining industry without interference. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what the Boers did not do. In order to become paying industries, mines require low freights, easy communications with outside markets, plentiful labour, moderate import duties, and cheap machinery. Now for years the introduction of railways into the Transvaal was prohibited in the first instance, and retarded in the second, by the direct action of the Government. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of the miners obtaining a free supply of cheap native labour. The cost of living, as well as the cost of importing machinery and food, was enormously enhanced by almost prohibitive duties and by the monstrous monopolies which had been established throughout the Transvaal. Some few mines in the Randt proved so rich in paying ore that, notwithstanding all these obstacles, they were enabled to declare very high dividends. But scores of mines whose ores were of a lower grade or more difficult of extraction failed to render any adequate return in consequence of the artificial expenditure imposed on their working by the short-sighted policy of President Krüger and his associates in the Ministry and in the Volksraad. We do not attribute the action of Pretoria to any deliberate desire to cripple the mining industry. We believe, as we have said already, that it was mainly if not solely due to political ignorance and personal greed on the part of the Boer rulers. The goose, they were convinced,

convinced, would continue to lay golden eggs, however many of her feathers were plucked out. No fear therefore of permanently impoverishing the Randt militated against the Boers adopting any methods by which they could fill their own pockets at the cost of the Uitlander community.

No matter what their motives may have been, the policy pursued at Pretoria tended to make gold mining on the Randt a far less lucrative occupation than it would have been otherwise. As time went on, the dreams of the rapid acquisition of wealth which had inflamed the hopes of the early miners were dispelled by experience. It soon became obvious that the Randt mines could not be worked at a profit by individual miners, but could only be made to pay by the aid of capital and costly machinery. In other words, the finding of nuggets is not a contingency which enters into the consideration of any old hand at the Witwatersrandt. There are doubtless high wages to be earned at Johannesburg by clerks, foremen, and artisans, but rapid fortunes can only be acquired there by men of means. Thus, when the first glamour of the gold discoveries had passed away, the great bulk of the Uitlanders came to the conclusion that, whether they liked it or not, their lives would have to be spent in the Transvaal. The discovery, on the part of the miners, that their residence in the Transvaal was likely to be permanent and not transitory, coincided roughly in point of time with the period at which the capitalists of the Randt came to the conclusion that the short-sighted policy of Pretoria was calculated to permanently endanger their own pecuniary interests. Gradually a conviction was brought home to the minds of the Uitlanders that they could never carry on their industry with success, or live out their lives with satisfaction and self-respect, unless they obtained a voice in the administration of the Republic. To this conviction is due the origin of the National Union. One of the most prominent members of the Reform movement at Johannesburg has recorded his opinion that 'nobody cared a fig about the franchise.' We have no doubt that, speaking for himself and for the class of financial magnates to which he belongs, this gentleman was in the right. To the gold kings of Johannesburg it is, and must be, a matter of indifference whether they have, or have not, a voice in appointing and influencing the administration of the Transvaal. Their sphere of action lies elsewhere. But to the small folk who follow their lead, and who hope to earn a living for themselves and to make a home for their families in the Transvaal, it is a matter of vital importance to secure the position of free citizens in the country of their adoption.

adoption. Thus, during the whole Reform agitation throughout the Transvaal, there were two currents at work, which, though they flowed in the same direction, were not impelled by the same forces. The leaders of the National Union, who by virtue of their position were selected from the financial celebrities of Johannesburg, desired the possession of political power in order to protect their mining enterprises against unnecessary taxation and vexatious interference. The rank and file demanded political power for the protection of their own security and their own well-being. Both these sections of the Reform party, however, were alike in this respect, that they were animated, though not in equal degree, by the racial antagonism which has hitherto rendered any co-operation between Boers and Uitlanders a matter of impossibility.

At the outset, however, the agitation for Reform was not only avowedly, but genuinely, constitutional. The founders of the National Union had no idea of overthrowing the Republic or of replacing it by any other form of government. All they hoped or expected was to bring such pressure to bear upon the Government of Pretoria as might induce it to grant the British settlers in the Transvaal the same political rights as those possessed by Dutch settlers in the Anglo-Dutch colony of the Cape and in the British colony of Natal, and by British settlers in the Orange Free State. If President Krüger and his colleagues had met this demand half-way, very little in the matter of political concessions, accompanied by vague promises of larger boons in the future, would have sufficed to satisfy the leaders of the constitutional agitation. We might quite admit, that any such concession would have formed the thin end of the wedge. But if, as we contend, it was obvious to any thinking man that the insertion of the wedge was a mere matter of time, ordinary foresight would surely have dictated the expediency of rendering the process of insertion as slow and as slight as was consistent with satisfying the moderate section of the Uitlanders. Instead of this, the President, the Ministers, and the Volksraad met the demands of the Uitlanders with a contemptuous *non possumus.* The petitions of the British settlers were rejected with scorn; and the only reply to their request for political equality was to the effect that, if they wanted their rights, they must come and fight for them. To such a taunt uttered to men of British race, only one rejoinder was possible.

We hold, therefore, that the moral responsibility for the abortive revolution at Johannesburg rests quite as much with the Government of Pretoria as with the National Union. It is,

is, however, only just to admit, that the Boers on their side were hardly in a position to appreciate the true character of the Reform agitation. After the wont of foreigners, they were utterly unable to appreciate the lack of solidarity between British subjects abroad and the British Government at home. In their eyes the members of the Reform Committee were unavowed agents of Great Britain, and were therefore actuated by a desire to restore the Transvaal to the British Empire. Moreover, the agitation at Johannesburg happened to be contemporaneous with the development of the Chartered Company, and was regarded in Pretoria as forming part and parcel of an elaborate scheme initiated by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the known champion of British supremacy in South Africa, and as being supported secretly by the Mother Country with a view to the suppression of Boer independence. We at home who know how vacillating and how purposeless our Colonial policy has been, under each party in turn, can hardly imagine that we are credited abroad with a policy in Foreign and Colonial affairs combining the astuteness of a Machiavelli with the unscrupulous determination of a Bismarck. Such, however, is the case. We can hardly wonder if the Boers holding these views absolutely declined to entertain the idea of a compromise, such as, at that time, would have deprived the Uitlander agitation of its reasonable being.

At this period, therefore, the position stood thus. The redress of the Uitlander grievances by means of constitutional agitation had signally failed. The Boers had not only refused to make any concession, but had told the Uitlanders distinctly that they had nothing to hope for in the future. Things in fact had come to a dead lock; and the only courses left open to the Uitlanders were either to abandon the agitation altogether or to substitute action for agitation. Judging by subsequent events, we incline to think that the Johannesburg Reformers would have decided, for the time at any rate, on a policy of 'masterly inaction,' if the Boers on their side had been content to leave things as they were. The apparent collapse of the Reform agitation seems to have misled the Government of Pretoria, while the extraordinary success of Mr. Rhodes's policy, as Premier of the Cape Colony, and the rapid extension of Rhodesia, had increased their alarm. Be this as it may, the attitude of passive ill-will towards Johannesburg which had hitherto been adopted by the South African Republic was exchanged for one of aggressive hostility.

Difficulties and delays without end were offered, directly and still more indirectly, to the construction of the railways

ways connecting Johannesburg with the British ports of Capetown, Port Elizabeth, and Durban. Everything was done to favour the rival Delagoa Bay line, which was being constructed by the Netherlands Railway Company, and to secure for it a virtual monopoly of the Transvaal traffic. All the efforts of the mining community to obtain a full supply of native labour, by removing the various obstacles artificially placed in the way of the natives accepting engagements to work in the mines, and to secure the efficiency of native labour by diminishing the facilities for obtaining drink, were baffled by the action of the Government, acting in the interests of the Boer farmers in the former case and of the distillery monopoly in the latter. All proposals to reduce the cost of mine work by modifying the dynamite concession were refused a hearing. The system of taxation was further manipulated so as to throw the burden of providing the revenue still more exclusively upon the Uitlanders, while the Boers were exempted from any additional payments. This manipulation of the taxes was in distinct defiance of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Treaty of Pretoria. Nor could it be justified on the *salus reipublicæ suprema lex* principle. The Transvaal Treasury, thanks to the Uitlanders, was already glutted with gold; thanks too to them, the credit of the Republic was such that it could now borrow money abroad on most moderate and reasonable terms. Yet the greed of the Transvaal seemed to be continually on the increase. This greed was not only corporate but individual. In all transactions with the Government the demands of persons in favour with the administration had to be conceded in order to secure the successful issue of the transactions in question. Every day also the difficulties in the way of the Uitlanders obtaining justice at the hands of the Boer tribunals, appeared to grow greater and greater. Such, roughly speaking, was the state of things with which the mining community of the Randt was confronted, when it became clear that the Transvaal Government had definitely made up their minds to reject all proposals tending to give the Uitlanders any share in the administration of public affairs.

From this period dates the inception of the idea which culminated in the Jameson Raid. When all appeals to the President and the Volksraad had proved unavailing, the Uitlanders began to speculate on the possibility of obtaining by action what they had failed to obtain by argument. We do not deny that, in extreme instances, an appeal to arms may be justified; but no accumulation of vexatious restrictions on the development of trade, in our opinion, affords an adequate excuse

excuse for private persons assuming the responsibility of commencing a war which, even if successful, must have involved their native land, as well as their adopted country, in serious difficulties. On the other hand, human nature, and above all British human nature, being what it is, it is not difficult to understand how the more hot-headed Uitlanders should have been led to regard overt action against the administration of the Transvaal as the only possible solution of the Boer-Uitlander problem. At the outset, however, the idea of an insurrection had assumed no definite form or shape, and up to the very last the insurrectionary movement was, we repeat, never intended to bring about the downfall of the Republic, but simply to effect a change in the manner in which the Republic was administered.

We greatly doubt ourselves whether the idea in question would for a long period have proceeded beyond the stage of academic discussion, if it had not been for two causes to which we shall refer presently. The normal conditions of the Uitlander community were manifestly unfavourable to any revolutionary movement. The community was composed in the main of capitalists, engineers, stockbrokers, doctors, and lawyers, clerks, shopmen, and skilled artisans; that is, in the main of men employed in sedentary occupations, of little or no military experience, and unaccustomed to the use of arms. There were no leaders at Johannesburg qualified by virtue of their position to act as officers in an insurgent army; and, what is more important still, there was no class of men calculated to form the rank and file of such an army. In the mining centres of America and Australia, the actual work of mining is carried on by white men of the 'navvy' class,—a class which, even without any military training, has a natural aptitude for fighting. But in Johannesburg the 'navvy' is practically unknown. The *main d'œuvre* is exclusively supplied by the Kaffirs; and we should question whether in the whole of the Transvaal there is a single white man to be found working in the mines as a common labourer, or indeed in any other capacity than that of a foreman or overseer over black workmen. Now these conditions were even more patent to the Uitlanders than they were to the outer world. The leading personages in the Randt, whatever their other demerits may have been, were certainly not men lacking in common sense or business capacity. They were not enthusiasts, fanatics, or even ardent patriots. They were, as a body, shrewd, clear-headed men of the world, averse by training, by occupation, and by personal interest to violent and precipitate action. No doubt there were in Johannesburg

nesburg a certain number of young men who, after the wont of all youthful Britons, are fond of adventure, high-spirited, and ready to engage in any daring enterprise, however foolhardy. But, so far as we can learn, this class did not exercise any dominant influence in the Randt; and we are convinced that the Reform agitation would never have been carried to the length of overt action if action had not been countenanced by the general sense of the community.

Except upon the hypothesis of judicial blindness, the abortive insurrection of Johannesburg can only be accounted for in our judgment by the two causes to which we have referred above. The first of these causes was to be found in the apprehension on the part of the Uitlanders that grave immediate danger to their vital interests was imminent at the period when the Reform Committee gave the signal for action. The second of these causes was the expectation on their part that this action would meet with such support from without as to render success probable, if not certain. It remains to indicate what was the general character of these apprehensions and these expectations.

It was the well-nigh universal belief in Johannesburg towards the close of last year, that the Government of Pretoria was endeavouring to obtain foreign aid, so as to render impossible any attempt on the part of the Uitlanders to assert their rights by action, and to prevent any possible intervention on the part of their fellow-countrymen in South Africa or of the Mother Country. We may hope, even if we do not expect, that the researches of the impending Commission of Enquiry will throw some light on the truth or falsehood of this belief. But, in order to form a fair opinion as to the action of the Uitlanders, the question to be considered is not so much whether their belief was correct, as whether they had reasonable cause for so believing. We cannot but think that this question must be answered in the affirmative. The Government of Pretoria during the year 1895 had done everything, short of repudiating the Treaty of Pretoria, to encourage the impression that the Republic was looking to Germany for support against Great Britain. The German, in contradistinction to the British Uitlanders, were treated on the footing of the most favoured nation. Exceptional facilities were given to German manufacturers in preference to British. Concessions were refused by the State to British speculators and accorded to Germans. Negotiations were reported to be carried on between Pretoria and Berlin by the Secretary of State, Dr. Leyds, the most Anglophobe of Boers; and, according to current report, steps were being taken to organize a foreign legion, commanded by German officers, and composed of

of German emigrants who had just completed their terms of military service. Plans, too, were said to be rife for building fortifications, not only at Pretoria but at Johannesburg. Now, as subsequent events demonstrated, the idea which underlay the scheme of an armed demonstration on the part of the Uitlanders was based on the assumption that the volunteer forces which the Reform Committee hoped to raise would be strong enough to hold their own against the Boers, until such time as assistance could be rendered by the British colonists in the Cape and in Natal. Obviously this idea would become impracticable if once the Government of Pretoria had in its service a trained body of European troops. If, therefore, an armed demonstration was to be made at all, no time was to be lost.

The second cause which, in the opinion of the Uitlanders, militated in favour of immediate action, was the expectation that the proposed demonstration would meet with prompt and effective support from without. Pending the result of the enquiry now about to commence, it would be out of place to express any opinion, one way or another, as to the extent to which the Reform Committee were justified in relying on the aid of the Cape Colony, in whose Government the then Premier was supreme. We hope that Mr. Rhodes, considering the position he occupied at the time, may be able to purge himself from the charge of direct complicity with an armed insurrection against the government of a friendly State. But at all events the leaders of this Uitlander movement had reason to know that Colonel Frank Rhodes, the Premier's brother and representative at the gold-fields, as well as Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of the Chartered Company in Rhodesia, were in full accord with the project of making an armed demonstration, and were prepared in case of need to support it in their own persons. On the strength of these two facts alone, the authors of the insurrection at Johannesburg might well flatter themselves that, in the event of a rising, they would have the support of the Cape Colony under Mr. Rhodes's Premiership.

It is not necessary for our purpose to recite again the well-worn narrative of the sudden rise and the still more sudden collapse of the armed demonstration. Whether the insurrection could or could not have succeeded under any possible circumstances, must be matter of guesswork. Enough, however, is already known to indicate what the plan of the Uitlanders was, and what was the immediate cause of their disastrous failure. A Provisional Government was to be established; and on the arrival of the expected reinforcements, a proclamation was to

be issued, declaring that the insurrection was not directed against the Republic, but against the system under which its affairs were administered or rather mal-administered. An announcement was to be made that on a given day a plebiscite would be held throughout the Transvaal for the election of a President, at which all adult white men would be entitled to vote. As the Uitlanders of the Randt alone exceeded in numbers the whole Boer population of the Transvaal, it was a foregone conclusion that the candidate of the National Union would be returned; and, if we are correctly informed, it was the intention of the Union to nominate some citizen of Boer nationality, who was known to be not unfriendly to the British element. Almost immediately, however, after the establishment of the Provisional Government, a telegram was received instructing the Reform Committee to raise the British flag as soon as the insurrection had commenced. By whom this telegram was sent or supposed to be sent, to whom it was addressed and what its exact tenor was, are all obscure points on which a Commission of Enquiry may possibly throw light. What is certain is, that the telegram fell like a bombshell in the Uitlander camp: the leaders of the National Union were prepared to make a *coup d'état;* they were not prepared to take part in a revolution; they were ready to bring about a change in the composition and character of the administration; they were not disposed to accept the responsibility of overthrowing the South African Republic, and replacing its authority by that either of the Cape Government or of the British Empire. The President of the Provisional Government quitted Johannesburg in hot haste in order to consult with the friends of the *émeute* at Capetown as to the expediency of this change of front. His colleagues were disheartened. Dr. Jameson's expedition was first countermanded, and then left unsupported; and the final result was the utter and signal collapse of the insurrection. We do not say, indeed we have no power to say, what would have happened if the insurgents had adhered to their original arrangements, and had carried out the engagements on the faith of which the forces of the Chartered Company had invaded the Transvaal. But it is an important fact, bearing on the future development of the Boer-Uitlander controversy, that the belief prevalent throughout the Randt is that if Dr. Jameson had succeeded in effecting his entrance into Johannesburg at the head of his troops, the whole position of affairs would have been changed. We have no means of either disputing or confirming the truth of this impression. But its prevalence renders intelligible the conviction

conviction of the Uitlander, that their disastrous defeat was due to ill-luck, not to any cause which, under favourable conditions, must render ultimate success an impossibility.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, it may be well to say something on the attitude of the Uitlanders towards Great Britain. It is constantly asserted that the policy of the insurgents, aiming as it did not at the overthrow of the Republic but at the modification of the State policy, does not entitle them to any claim of having been influenced by patriotic sentiments. The saying of Dr. Jameson on the eve of the invasion of the Transvaal, that the raiders were 'going to Johannesburg to uphold the supremacy of the British flag,' is quoted as proof that the statement was either a wilful misrepresentation, or that the policy of what may not unfairly be called 'the Raid party' was in flagrant opposition to that of the National Union. The apparent contradiction may, however, be explained, without attributing bad faith either to the Uitlanders within the Transvaal or to their supporters outside its borders. We are convinced that throughout the British community in South Africa there is absolutely no party, with the exception of an insignificant minority, which aims at replacing the Transvaal under the direct rule of the Mother Country. The annexation of the Transvaal as an isolated act would retard, instead of facilitating, the formation of a South African Confederacy under the British flag. Now the object of Mr. Rhodes's policy was to bring about a confederation of all the South African communities in which the British element was predominant. The Transvaal, so long as it remained a Boer State, in whose political administration the British majority were allowed neither part nor share, formed an insuperable obstacle to any scheme for the creation of a South African Confederacy, similar in character to the Dominion of Canada. It is therefore easy to understand that our fellow-countrymen in South Africa should, under the influence of patriotic motives, have deprecated the re-annexation of the Transvaal, while at the same time they favoured the idea of an internal revolution, the result of whose success would have been the conversion of the South African Republic from a State opposed to confederation under the British flag into a State friendly to such a confederation. We have made no secret of our opinion that the main cause of the insurrection was a desire on the part of the mining community to remove the exactions, to redress the grievances, and to avert the dangers to which their industry was subjected by the policy of the Boer Government. But amongst what may be called the contributory causes of the insurrection, not the least was an honest

 desire

desire to rescue the British Uitlanders from a position of political, legal, and social inferiority intolerable to men of British blood; to give the British majority the right to influence the policy of the Republic in favour of confederation under British supremacy; and thereby to uphold the honour of the British flag. The moving spirits in the insurrectionary movement may have held, probably did hold, different opinions as to the precise means by which the objects they had in view could best be effected; but as to the objects, there was, if our information is correct, no difference of opinion.

There is no necessity to recapitulate here the narrative of events which followed the defeat of Krügersdorp and the capitulation of Johannesburg. For our purpose it is sufficient to point out that these events have not been of a character to alter the permanent conditions of the Boer-Uitlander controversy. The extraordinary manifesto of the German Emperor in favour of the Boers, and the abortive attempt of his Imperial Majesty to land German troops at Delagoa Bay, have confirmed the conviction of the Uitlanders that the Government of Pretoria had been intriguing with the Continental Powers in order to obtain foreign support in resisting their enfranchisement and in keeping them in a position of political servitude. This belief has been strengthened by the wholesale importation of arms and ammunition from abroad, and by the large recent influx into the Transvaal of German immigrants who have been trained as soldiers in the Fatherland. The irritation of the Uitlanders against the Boers, or, more strictly speaking, against the Boer Government, has been still further intensified by the alleged breach of faith through which, according to their opinion, they were induced to lay down their arms under false pretences. We will not discuss the question whether they are right or wrong in believing that, since they laid down their arms, they have been deliberately deceived, betrayed, and wronged by the Government of the Republic. We are fully aware that there is a good deal to be said in this matter on the Boer side of the question. All we assert is that the prevalence of the above belief on the part of the Uitlanders does not, to say the least, facilitate the restoration of friendly relations between themselves and the Boers.

On the other hand, the course of events during the present year has not unnaturally aggravated Boer animosity, and has led them to view with increased disfavour any concession of political power to the Uitlanders. The Boers, as a body, are now more firmly convinced than ever that the British Government is secretly desirous of re-annexing the Transvaal. At the same time

time their easy victory at Krügersdorp has strengthened the Boer belief in their military superiority to English troops. These opinions may possibly be not altogether shared by the authorities of Pretoria; on the other hand, the President entertains a personal animosity towards Mr. Rhodes, which renders him incapable of entertaining any idea of coming to terms with the Uitlander. We doubt, too, whether the attitude assumed by the Home Government towards the Johannesburg insurgents and the Jameson raiders has had the conciliatory effect it was intended to produce. The position of our Government after the rising and the raid was one of extreme difficulty. A Revolution that fails is a crime as well as a blunder; and the Uitlander insurrection has failed, and failed signally. The Mother Country was bound to repudiate the illegal action of the English settlers in the Transvaal, and the still more illegal action of their British sympathisers outside the Transvaal. We do not see how the Ministry, as represented by Mr. Chamberlain, could have acted otherwise than they did. The only criticism we would venture to make is, that if the Colonial Office had been less profuse in its compliments, and more outspoken in its warnings, it might have commanded greater authority at Pretoria. Our fellow-countrymen in the Randt had placed themselves hopelessly in the wrong when they sought to redress their grievances by force of arms. But though two wrongs do not make a right, they had undoubtedly received grave and repeated provocation. So long as these grievances remain unredressed, there can be no real settlement of the Boer-Uitlander controversy; and we think Mr. Chamberlain would have acted more wisely if he had given President Krüger clearly to understand beforehand, that any intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government in favour of the Republic must be conditional on the removal of the wrongs to which our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal were, and are, subjected. If he had recalled the lines according to which 'the fault of the Dutch' lies in 'giving too little and asking too much,' he might have realized that the best mode to deal with the Government of Pretoria was not to go out of his way to placate the susceptibilities and remove the apprehensions of the Boers before he had obtained their consent to the terms which Great Britain would have been justified in imposing in return for the assistance she was in a position to render. The Boers understand a bargain even if it is a hard one, but they do not understand magnanimity. The interpretation placed at Pretoria on the conciliatory action of the British Government was not that Great Britain was anxious to make

make amends for the wrong-doing of her subjects in South Africa, but that she was nervously afraid of being dragged, under any pretence whatever, into a fresh war with the Transvaal. Our repudiation of any complicity in the Johannesburg insurrection or in the Chartered Company's raid, our refusal to intervene on behalf of the imprisoned insurgents, our trial and punishment of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-officers, were not attributed at Pretoria to any high-minded sense of duty, but to timidity and apathy. Thus the net outcome of our reliance on the supposed magnanimity and good sense of President Krüger has only been to strengthen the impression amongst the Boers that Great Britain, so far as South Africa is concerned, is a factor which may safely be left out of account. The existence of such a conviction, however erroneous, is, we repeat, not calculated to facilitate a reasonable compromise between the Boer minority and the British majority in the Transvaal.

Nor has the conduct of the Transvaal Government, since the suppression of the rising at Johannesburg, been of a kind to pacify the animosities of the Uitlanders or to relieve their apprehensions. During the session of the Volksraad two measures have been passed about which a great outcry has been made as being an earnest of good will, and which, if they are carried out in good faith, will do something undoubtedly to satisfy the demands of the Uitlander community. The sale of intoxicating liquors to natives has been prohibited by law; and a Bill has been carried recognising the claims of Uitlander children to public education at the cost of the State. But in the opinion of the Uitlanders these measures are simply intended to throw dust in the eyes of the British public. The whole control of the system of public education has been entrusted to a Minister who is notorious for the violence of his opposition to the employment of the English language within the territory of the South African Republic; and his first act has been to recommend the virtual suppression of all private schools in the Transvaal—that is, of the only schools at which the Uitlanders can now obtain an English education for their children. Again, the efficiency of the Liquor Sale Prohibition Act depends entirely upon how far the natives will be still at liberty to obtain spirits from other quarters than licensed canteens and taverns. If, as the Uitlanders anticipate, the local magistrates should refuse to convict or punish Boers who may sell liquor privately to the Kaffirs, the prohibition law will become a dead letter. The past experience of the Uitlanders has led them to distrust the impartiality of the local Courts in all suits to which Boers are a party. We do not contend that these suspicions are necessarily

necessarily well founded. It may be wrong to look a gift horse in the mouth; but when the gift is to be considered in the light of a settlement, and when the good faith of the giver is open to doubt, it is not unreasonable for the recipient of the gift to look into the horse's mouth and examine if the teeth are sound. Moreover, the value of these concessions to the mining interests is more than counterbalanced in Uitlander opinion by the proposed prohibition of Sunday labour in the Transvaal mines. The effect of this measure would be to reduce the week's labour from seven days to five, as, pumping being stopped on Sunday, the whole of Monday would have to be employed in pumping out the water in the mines before working could be recommenced. The general principle of this measure may probably commend itself to the British public at home; but the Uitlanders, who are aware of the utter indifference the Boers have always displayed about the spiritual welfare of the Kaffirs, cannot fail to consider the proposed legislation as a deliberate attempt to diminish the profits of the mining industry.

With regard to the political situation, there has, during the present year, been no change for the better in the attitude of the Transvaal Government. Indeed, what change there has been, has been for the worse. The Uitlanders have been given to understand more explicitly than ever that their demand for a voice in the administration of public affairs will be met by a point-blank refusal. The expulsion of Mr. Cecil Rhodes from South Africa has been demanded at Pretoria as being an essential preliminary even to the consideration of any grievances of which the Uitlanders may imagine they have a right to complain. This demand has been based almost avowedly on the ground that the late Premier of the Cape Colony is the champion of British ascendancy in South Africa, and that his policy is therefore hostile to the interests of the South African Republic. Having failed hitherto in bringing about the ostracism of Mr. Rhodes, President Krüger has adopted a number of measures all of which are manifestly designed to thwart the realization of the project with which the personality of Mr. Rhodes is identified, and of which we have already spoken. The Orange Free State has been induced to take into its own hands the railway system constructed over its territory by the Cape Colony under the Rhodes' Ministry. The Orange Free State will have to repay the large advances made by the Cape Colony for the construction of these lines; and the means of repayment are, there is every reason to suppose, to be supplied out of the revenues of the Transvaal, which owe their existence simply and solely to the

the contributions levied from the Uitlanders. It is not difficult to understand the considerations which may induce the Transvaal to become a creditor of the sister Republic for a very large amount upon a not very adequate security. The obvious result of the transaction would be that the administration of the trunk-lines between Capetown and Johannesburg would pass into the hands of the Netherlands Railway Company, and that the lines would be worked henceforward in such a fashion as to favour the Delagoa Bay route to the Transvaal in preference to the Capetown route.

A second and less justifiable measure is the passing of the Alien Expulsion Bill. By this measure the Executive of the Republic, which under present circumstances is only another name for the President, is entitled to order any resident in the Transvaal, not by birth or naturalization a burgher of the State, to quit his territory at any moment. No cause need be assigned for expulsion; no appeal is allowed to the Courts of Justice. Of its own free will and pleasure the Executive is at liberty to banish any Uitlander to whose presence it may object. The result of this outrageous measure is that every Uitlander will henceforth live with a rope round his neck, and will be debarred from taking part in any kind of political action. To incur in any way the displeasure of the Boer authorities would involve the immediate expulsion of any Uitlander under the Alien Act, and in many cases this expulsion would entail his personal ruin, if not that of any enterprise with which he may be associated. Under the peculiar conditions of the Randt, this measure will prove an even more effective gagging Act than the new law regulating the press, under which all free comment on public affairs will have to be made on the personal liability of the writer as well as the editor.

The most significant measure, however, taken by the Transvaal Government since the downfall of the insurrection is to be found in the fact that the war estimates for the coming year are to be raised from some 200,000*l.* to close upon a million. The only possible explanation of this enormous and extravagant military expenditure is that the Republic intends to raise an armed force of such a size as to form an important factor in all South African politics, while the only enemies against whom such a force could conceivably be employed are either the British colonists in South Africa or the British Uitlanders within the Transvaal.

In the face of these facts, it seems to us idle to talk platitudes about the healing influence of time, or to recommend the Uitlanders to wait patiently in the hope that the Boers will learn

learn to see the unwisdom of their own policy. We have dwelt at perhaps undue length on the general conditions which have brought about the conflict between Boers and Uitlanders, not because we wish to justify one party or the other, but because we thought it worth while to show that this conflict was due to permanent, not temporary causes. The conditions remain the same to-day as they were before the Provisional Government was established, or before Dr. Jameson crossed the frontier; the only differences are, that the whole course of events has strengthened the action of the natural forces to which these conditions owe their existence, and that the action of the Uitlanders has for the time practically deprived the British Government of the power to interfere for their control or modification.

Let us restate in conclusion what these conditions are. On the one side we have a small Boer minority, composed exclusively of farmers, living in lone dwellings, scattered over the broad Veldt. On the other hand, we have a large British majority, massed together in the towns, which though Dutch by name are British in fact. The minority is stationary in numbers; the majority is daily increasing by the influx of new Uitlander immigrants. The Boers have in their hands the complete and absolute control of all public affairs. The Uitlanders are excluded from all political rights. The wealth, energy, and intelligence of the community are represented by the towns. The ignorance and fanaticism of the community are to be found on the Boer farms.

Under these conditions there seems to us, putting aside all national prepossessions and prejudices, to be only one possible solution of the Boer-Uitlander controversy. In the end the race which is strongest in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, and in energy, must win the day. The ultimate triumph of the Uitlanders is, in our opinion, a matter of almost mathematical certainty. There can be no rest in the Transvaal till Uitlanders and Boers are given equal rights; until there is rest in the Transvaal, there can be no peace in South Africa. It is the interest therefore, as well as the duty, of the Imperial Government to make the settlement of the Boer-Uitlander difficulty the dominant principle of our South African policy. Towards this end their efforts should be steadily concentrated, for upon its settlement is staked the question whether the Dutch or British elements are to predominate in South Africa. From this conclusion we can see no escape.

ART.

ART. X.—1. *One of the People. Life and Speeches of William McKinley.* By Byron Andrews. Chicago, 1896.
2. *Congressional Record.* 51st Congress. 1889-90.
3. *The Life and Speeches of William J. Bryan.* Edited by J. S. Ogilvie. New York, August 1896.
4. *Political Discussions.* By James G. Blaine. Norwich, Conn., 1867.
5. *Speeches of Benjamin Harrison.* New York, 1892.
6. *Speeches and Writings of Grover Cleveland.* Edited by George F. Parker. New York, 1892.

FOR the first time within living memory the American Union has experienced a period of severe economic stress, and the effect upon the nation is a singular comment on the boasts of democratic enlightenment and republican simplicity. During a quarter of a century the marvellous expansion of the country had continued without a check, and political orators boasted that the wealth of the Union exceeded that of all other nations. This prosperity, it was alleged, was a direct result of their republican constitution. They had their own fiscal system, just as they had a political dispensation that differed from that of older countries. On currency even they had made special discoveries. Their note circulation was an issue of the State, not of banking corporations, whom political sentiment led them to regard with suspicion, and from whom they levied a considerable tax. On one point only they acquiesced in the habits of older nations: they had adopted a gold standard of currency, a policy which was considered advisable in view of the fact that they had an enormous trade with Europe and intended to increase it.

Suddenly, about five years ago, all this tide of prosperity ceased to flow. In a year or two it began to ebb, and has been ebbing ever since. The fall in prices has extended to all descriptions of goods, and in the United States the result of this check to expansion has been a severe monetary convulsion and an outburst of discontent akin to revolution. The Presidential Election every four years is the usual vent for national emotion, and the people now clamour for a President and Congress who shall restore their dream of perpetual prosperity. The two great historic parties compete not only in adulation of the voting multitude and in reckless promises, but in the promulgation of the most fantastic theories upon trade and finance; yet these are just the subjects in which it might be supposed the intelligence of the American people would be above the average. The Republicans say they are ready to bring back affluence

affluence by an increased tariff on all imported goods. The Democrats are equally confident of reviving a Golden Age with the free coinage of silver.

Our American friends habitually answer European criticism on their political methods by telling us that they do one thing at a time. The United States has within one hundred and twenty years increased its area more than seventeenfold and its population twentyfold. This vast material development is the 'one thing' to which the nation has attended; and accompanied, as it has been, by a great improvement in the condition of the people enrolled under the banner of the Republic, it is impossible to deny its importance in the present or to ignore its possible influence on the future of the world. Whilst Russia and Germany have been gaining territory and population by the sword, the United States has been adding to her productive acres and the number of citizens with no incidents more dramatic than raids upon Spanish Republics, or the plunder of the Mormons, or an occasional Indian massacre. The result was a great trading nation, which differed, Matthew Arnold said, from other industrial communities in the fact that it had no populace. Everybody had attained a general standard of well-being except the negro and the drunken Irishman. If there were no monarchs or nobles, there were plenty of very rich men; and considering the high level of general intelligence, the standard of comfort, the industry and spirit of organization among the people, there was much to justify the boast of Mr. Blaine and President Harrison that they were the wealthiest nation on the earth. It would not be correct to say of a Republic *noblesse oblige*, but great success in economic development, the leadership in wealth and prosperity among the younger nations, should naturally provide the world with a bright example of civic knowledge. The mere fact that their success has been obtained without the apparatus of war, by the action of the people, independent of any stimulus from rulers or statesmen, suggests a widely diffused political capacity, and accordingly their popular writers and orators boast their enlightenment as well as their size and multitude.

If with these expectations we turn to what their orators tell us is 'the most sublime spectacle on earth,' the choice of the head of the Republic by twelve millions of freemen, the result is a surprise which, were the issues at stake less serious both for America and for English investors, would be extremely entertaining. Since jaded Athens first roared at the drollery of the Knights in the archonship of Stratocles, the world has never seen so lively a picture of democracy as this year's contest for the Presidency exhibits. The circumstances of the

the Union are grave enough, but so they were in Athens in the eighth year of the Peloponnesian War, and the Athenians managed to forget the disaster of Delium and the triumphs of Brasidas as they listened to the rivalry of Cleon and Agoracritus. The personal flattery of Demos is as gross, the promises for his future happiness nearly as lavish, in 1896 A.D. as in 424 B.C. The Athenians wanted peace and anchovies; the Americans demand a return of the halcyon days of speculation. The example or influence of Europe is as odious in Chicago or St. Louis as was the name of Lacedæmon to the Athenians. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan alike appeal to the common sense of 'plain people' to judge the questions for themselves, and not wait upon the opinions of others. Whatever the voters do, they must show their independence of Europe, and each assures his audience that prosperity will be the consequence of faith in him.

It is not merely abundant food and convenient shelter that an American workman requires. He is not like the wage-earner of European monarchies, but is entitled to a standard of living and opportunities of advancement befitting his political dignity. In old times these advantages, it was supposed, would be secured by his own energetic use of the natural resources of the country; but his modern guides tell him he shall have laws from Congress to provide them. Their sympathy with him is as provident and tender as was that of the sausage-maker who brought Demos a cushion that he might be more at ease when enjoying Athenian oratory in the Pnyx.

Both the candidates are anxious that the elector should not lack confidence in himself. In one of Mr. McKinley's most celebrated speeches, he declares that bills for reduction tariff are inspired by foreigners, and goes on:—

'To this is added the influence of the professors in some of our institutions of learning, who teach the science contained in books, and not that of practical business. I would rather have my political economy founded upon the every-day experience of the puddler or the potter than the learning of the professor, or the farmer and the factory hand than the college faculty. Then there is another class who want protective tariffs overthrown. They are the men of independent wealth, with settled and steady incomes, who want everything cheap but currency; the value of everything clipped but coin—cheap labour, but dear money.' *

His rival, Mr. Bryan, addressing the people of Chicago on Labour Day, said:—

* 'One of the People,' p. 110.

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'The common people are the great compelling force which has lifted civilization from generation to generation—those to whom the nation is indebted for all that it has and all that it can hope to have.'

Mr. McKinley appeals on tariff from the man of education to the puddler and the factory hand. Mr. Bryan argues that currency is not a problem so much more obscure than fiscal policy, and calls to witness the carpenter and the mechanic:—

'The great common people,' he said at Tonwanda, 'do not need any particular class to tell them what they shall do. I will take you to the railroad shops, and I will show you men who know more about the money question than the President of the Road knows about the subject. I will take you to a carpenter who, as he works at the bench, will revolve in his mind these questions, and come nearer finding out what is an honest dollar than the man who represents a syndicate and bows to the dictation of Lombard Street.'

Of the rival policies now presented to the country, the Republican demand for Protection has existed in one form or another since the commencement of the Union. Free coinage of silver, on the other hand, is a cry which owes its origin to the disorder of the currency during the Civil War of 1860.

The question of import duties has long marked the dividing-line between American parties. The Democrats, who held office almost without interruption from 1800 up to 1860, have consistently struggled for more than fifty years past to lower the duties on imports, whilst the Republicans have stimulated the ambition of the capitalist by promising to increase them. Their success in 1860 was due to the break-up of the Democrats on the subject of State rights involved in the defence of slave-owners; but the most positive part of the Republican programme was the restoration of the system of Protection which the Democrats had gradually undermined.

So promptly did they apply themselves to this business that before the war had begun they passed the Morill tariff, increasing the duties on iron and wool. On the secession of the Southern States there was practically no one in Congress strong enough to resist them, and the duties were piled up the more readily as an elaborate system of internal taxation had been adopted, and there was obvious necessity for a high revenue to carry on the war. When the war was brought to a close, the internal taxes were swept away, but on various pretexts the duties on imports were retained and in some cases increased. To offer attractions to various interests by the promise of suppressing competition has been the method of gaining support adopted by the Republicans

licans ever since the second term of General Grant, when the popularity attaching to the victorious party in the Civil War began to wane.

The Republicans trace their political descent from the framers of the Federal Constitution of 1787, and profess to have maintained the principle of nationality in contrast with the claims of the separate States to local independence, but it was only after their achievements in the Civil War that they secured any long tenure of office. They held power without interruption from the accession of Lincoln in March 1861 to the inauguration of Cleveland in 1885. The election of 1888 brought them back to office, and now they seem likely to secure another Presidential term on the coming 3rd of November. They claim to be the party of progress and political culture as distinguished from their Democratic rivals, who championed local opinions and relied on the strict letter of the Constitution. Within their ranks are the great majority of the wealthy trading class, and they enjoy an ascendency in the New England States almost as complete as that of the Democrats in the South.

Any reduction of these duties after the war they successfully resisted. Whilst the European demand for the agricultural products of the West continued vigorous, the debt was rapidly reduced, and Mr. Cleveland in his first term of office (1885–1888) was embarrassed by an enormous revenue, which Congress endeavoured to waste in the most scandalous fashion. He insisted on a sweeping reduction of duties, and 'tariff for revenue only' became once again, as it had been before the war, the rallying-cry of the Democratic party. When the Republicans carried the election of 1888, they endeavoured to guard in the future against such an attack as Mr. Cleveland had made upon them by a more comprehensive scheme of tariff. They passed a Bill which imposed such high duties as to destroy many branches of import trade altogether. The consumer was to have no option in the case of articles which were or might be produced in America. Of such a scheme the organizers of 'trusts,' or combinations of manufacturers, at once took advantage, and before the Bill had become law there was a rise of price on every article of trade. The public became alarmed, and there was an immediate reaction against the Harrison Administration. Before the McKinley Act had been three months in operation came the election to the fifty-second Congress, and the Republicans lost two-thirds of their seats, Mr. McKinley himself being among the victims. There was no possibility of repealing the Act until after the next Presidential election, and duties were levied under it for some three

three and a half years. Its history thus affords a remarkable example of the instability of democratic opinion. Before it is fairly at work its authors are condemned by an enormous popular majority; its repeal is secured three years afterwards, and in November next it seems probable that its author will be sent to Washington with authority to restore as soon as possible the tariff of 1890.

In the winter of 1892 the Democratic success of 1890 was confirmed by the election of Mr. Cleveland for a second term, but according to the American Constitution he could not acquire any control of affairs until the following March. Before anything in the way of legislation could be achieved, a terrible commercial crisis supervened. This was occasioned principally by the state of the currency, but the general unsettlement of trade caused by the McKinley scheme, adopted and condemned the same year, contributed to its severity. Mr. McKinley and his friends, however, boldly maintain that the disaster was due to the dismay of commercial men at the success of Mr. Cleveland in the contest for the Presidency, and he has carried on an agitation in favour of high duties ever since in spite of the partial repeal of his scheme by the Wilson Act of 1894.

The great characteristic of Mr. McKinley's speeches is the absolute disregard of any question about the interest of the consumer. The people are invited, as aspiring citizens, to come in and take their share in the great trade enterprises which a beneficent legislature will set going. If anybody suggests that high tariffs make goods dear, he is told that he is a mean fellow. President Harrison declared that a cheap coat meant a cheap man, and Mr. McKinley says that a love of cheapness is English and un-American. Having aroused the speculative spirit of his audience by sketching the great opportunities of making money out of the public which a high tariff provides, he goes on to assume that the only voice on the other side is that of the wily foreigner pleading for his profits. The consumer is kicked or hustled out of the way, and the issue is stated as one simply between the American producer and the intrusive foreign competitor. In his most famous speech in Congress on the Bill named after him in 1890, he said to the foreign competitor:—

'If you want to bring your merchandise here, your farm produce here, your coal and iron ore, . . . and sell alongside of our producers in our markets, . . . we will make your foreign article carry the burden, draw the load, supply the revenue.'

In the same speech he continued:

'Here

'Here we are one country, one language, one allegiance, one standard of citizenship, one flag, one constitution, one nation, one destiny. It is otherwise with foreign nations, each a separate organism, a distinct and independent political society, organized for its own, to protect its own, and work out its own destiny. We deny to those foreign nations free trade with us upon equal terms with our own producers. The foreign producer has no right or claim to equality with our own. He is not amenable to our laws. There are resting upon him none of the obligations of citizenship. He pays no taxes. He performs no civil duties; he is subject to no demands for military service. He is exempt from State, county, and municipal obligations. He contributes nothing to the support, the progress and glory, of the nation. Why should he enjoy unrestrained equal privileges and profits in our market with our own producers, our labour, and our taxpayers?'

This argument is totally different from that maintained by the champions of Protection in England fifty years ago. They objected to Free-trade on three grounds—that to make the nation dependent on foreigners for food was dangerous to national independence; that to discourage agricultural occupations and drive the majority of the people to seek a living in manufacturing and trading occupations would produce deterioration of national fibre; and, thirdly, that our political system had hitherto been worked by the co-operation of the great landowner, the farmer and the agricultural labourer, all deriving their incomes from the production of food, and that the absorption of the two latter classes in manufacturing industry and trade would result in a mischievous dislocation of political life. Whatever may be thought of this reasoning now, it is obvious that Englishmen rested their defence of Protection on national and political grounds, and the first two of these arguments were common to them with the earlier advocates of high tariff in the Union. It was entirely on national considerations that Calhoun and Gallatin supported duties on imports. The American Protectionist of to-day appeals to the trading instincts of his countrymen, and guarantees a sure market for everything that anyone has to sell, whether it be the produce of the loom or the farm or the mine, whether it be labour or skill.

Ultimately the Protectionist scheme, it is expected, will enable the country to grow rich at the expense of the foreigner, for a great export trade is the aim of the modern Protectionist policy. The production of articles of food has long been a national speciality, and this is to be followed by a supply of manufactured articles to all the markets of the earth. Already, in the case of iron goods, makers are getting a profit on shipments to the Pacific and Northern Europe, although the articles exported are sold to the

the consumers 10 per cent. lower than goods by the same manufacturer fetch in New York or Philadelphia. The monopoly of the market of his country enables him to produce an extra supply which he can sell to the foreigner at a cheaper rate. Whilst the Republicans appeal to American jealousy of the Europeans, they suppress the fact that the native manufacturers are under the tariff system subsidised out of taxes paid by the suffering masses in the West and South.

The general tendency of their teaching has largely contributed to stimulate the agitation started by the owners of silver mines. The Silverites have for the time taken possession of the other great political organization, that of the Democrats, but the Republicans coquetted with them up to the last moment, and it has been shown that Mr. McKinley himself repeatedly encouraged them. It is to a public strongly impressed by Protectionist theory that the owner of American silver has been able to appeal.

Whilst the Republican party includes the great proportion of the capitalist and manufacturing class, their rivals represent the aggregate of local interests. Opponents of central government and preachers of universal equality, they rely on the Declaration of Independence and the teachings of Jefferson as sufficient training for a plain people. They, too, are traders; but their industry is more closely connected with rural life, on the farm and plantation, and they have had a long-standing quarrel with the money dealer in the city. The great achievement of Jackson was the destruction of the Bank of the United States; and, although he has been condemned by his countrymen for his crusade against Biddle, it cannot be seriously denied that in refusing to continue the Bank charter he was carrying out the principles laid down by Jefferson and Madison. He was a soldier and a pioneer abounding in ready expedients rather than a statesman, and he had the usual fate of a self-made man in a democratic system. Instead of rising to a higher level he sank to the homage of ignoble followers; but for all that Jackson remains the greatest figure in American history between the Revolution and the Civil War. His passionate temper involved him in continuous quarrels, and he was thus deprived of that personal assistance which might have enabled a man of his sterling character to develope, in accordance with democratic theory, the financial work of Hamilton, Morris, and Gallatin. In the struggle with the Bank the great personality of Jackson was victorious. He compelled Congress to expunge the resolution in which, not daring to impeach him, they had recorded their animosity. He was able to say, like the Roman warrior,

warrior, that he had made peace, for the Bank of the United States had disappeared, but what was to replace it neither he nor the 'Kitchen Cabinet' could tell. The 'wild-cat' banking of 1835–36 and the crash of 1837 have been almost forgotten in the absorbing interest of the struggle between North and South.

The Democrats had thus old traditions of conflict with the Eastern States as the home of the money power, and, when they returned to active public life after the termination of the Civil War, they were tempted to dispute the payment of United States' bonds in coin and the resumption of the gold standard. Better influences prevailed over these inherited tendencies, and all the chiefs of the party cordially adopted the principle of resumption established by the Act of 1875.

The policy and meaning of that Act were that, as gold returned into circulation, the vast paper issues of the Treasury, which by the authority of the law had been made to do the work of the precious metals, should be gradually withdrawn. There arose, however, a great outcry against calling in the notes issued by the Government, and known as greenbacks. Before the date for resuming cash payments a new Act was passed directing that all greenbacks paid in should be re-issued. The provision of gold for all who desired to have it after 1879 was retained, but the Treasury notes were to be kept in circulation. Nor did the belief in the value of an abundant currency find its most mischievous expression in the supplemental Act requiring the Treasury to re-issue the greenbacks. The discovery of vast deposits of silver in the States on either side of the Rocky Mountains created a new party in the Union almost as distinct as the old slave-owning interest, and, like slavery, limited to a particular section of the country. Before the changes consequent on the return of peace had come into full operation, it was ascertained that the States of the Rocky Mountains boasted supplies of silver hitherto undreamed of, and modern inventions made their extraction easier and cheaper. People rushed to buy shares in the silver mines, and, when they found their new acquisitions much less valuable than they expected, came to believe that the fall in the price of that commodity was due, not to excessive production, but to the combinations of European bankers, all, it was alleged, interested in carrying out the policy of England.

The substitution of a single gold standard for the old double standard of gold and silver in the ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold had been effected without controversy by a departmental Act in 1873. It was a measure of detail regulating the business of the Mint, with a view to the passing of the more important laws

laws for the return to cash payments, and it provided that the standard money of the Union should be the gold dollar, whilst the silver dollar and its sub-denominations should be available for settlement of smaller transactions not exceeding fifty dollars in amount.

The unanimity with which the Mint Act of 1873 was passed has given rise to a number of popular legends. The advocates of inflated currency and the speculators in silver, who have long carried on an active campaign under various names, describe this law as the result of a dark conspiracy, and all the resources of the American oratory of the present generation have been called into play to give an impression of its wickedness. It was 'a stab in the dark.' Its authors proceeded with 'cat-like tread.' The simple fact was that the public paid no attention to the difference between the one metal and the other. The difficulty during the decade between 1870 and 1880 was to reconcile the American people to paying the expenses of the war, and in order to settle this question a return to cash payment was essential. A settlement in coin was the main purpose of the Government, and the only cash at that time thought about was gold. It is quite true that in old times a bi-metallic system had been acclaimed as part of American policy, but the silver dollar had not been in general use since 1834, and the men who had carried the country through the crisis of the war naturally turned their minds to the metallic standard of the great commercial nations of Europe. That was the model on which they sought to reconstruct the currency of their country, and the wisdom of their purpose cannot be disputed. Probably nobody would have raised any question about it, had it not been for the sudden growth of the great mining interest in the Western States and the rapidity with which European nations proceeded to protect their currencies against a flood of the cheaper metal. Almost contemporaneously with the silent change in the United States from what was nominally a double metallic standard to a single gold standard came the adoption of gold as the standard of value in Germany, whilst the production of silver from American mines within three years more than doubled.

A strong reaction against sound financial policy set in between the passing of the Resumption Act in 1875 and its coming into operation in 1879. The clamour in favour of retaining greenbacks was so loud as to endanger the carrying out of the whole scheme; and in order to maintain the right to use gold in 1879, it was agreed, by way of compromise, not only that greenbacks should be kept in circulation, but it was further provided by

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the Bland Act that the Treasury should pay a bounty to the mining interest by undertaking to purchase silver every month to the amount of not less than 2,000,000 dollars' worth, the bullion so purchased to be forthwith coined into dollars. This provision, it was hoped, would check the fall in silver. Its only effect was to stimulate the business of mining. The American production of the metal rose from 39,000,000 dollars in 1877 to 59,000,000 dollars in 1889. The dollars coined under this Act (the Bland Act) remained stored up in the Treasury. If the Government attempted to force them into circulation, they were immediately brought back to the sub-Treasuries and gold was asked for in exchange.

Then, in the administration of President Harrison, when the Protectionists were endeavouring to secure a tariff system to make everyone rich at the expense of the foreigner, the silver owners, who had secured a compact party in the United States Senate, renewed their outcry for the restoration of the right to have silver coined at the Mints in unlimited quantities and made available for payment of all debts. The futility of the arrangement under the Bland Act had been denounced vigorously by Mr. Cleveland during his first Presidency, but the Protectionists wanted the help of the Silver party to pass the McKinley Act. A new law, the Sherman Act, was adopted, imposing on the Treasury the duty of taking 4,000,000 ounces of silver every month in exchange for Treasury notes payable in coin, and these notes were made legal tender for payment of all debts, public and private. These Treasury notes constitute a large addition to a currency which was already dangerously inflated by the retention of greenbacks after the return to cash payments.

The present state of things is the more discouraging for admirers of Republican government, because American public life of to-day boasts a man of distinguished abilities and high character who for twelve years past struggled manfully against the tide of corruption and folly. When Mr. Cleveland was first elected in 1884, the world was inclined to believe that a new era had opened. The true spirit of popular institutions would, we were told, be made manifest. He was called to office over the heads of professional politicians from a well-founded belief in his resolution and integrity. He has since increased his reputation in every respect, if we except perhaps his conduct of foreign policy, and that is a matter to which no attention is paid just now by the American voter. After two terms in the Presidential office he remains without the slightest blemish on his honour or his consistency, but he is now an object of

of invective to his own party, the Democrats, and of derision to his political opponents, the Republicans.

His election to the Governorship of New York was supposed to promise the purification of the old Democratic party in that State. His administration of New York was brilliant; but when he was called to Washington, his place was filled by Mr. D. B. Hill, a perfect type of the professional politician, and since 1884 Mr. Hill, as Governor or Senator, has maintained his hold on the Democratic party of the State. The American voter deserves every credit for having discovered Mr. Cleveland and made him President; but how accidental was this recognition of ability and patriotism is manifest when we find that he has been replaced in New York State by Mr. Hill, and in national politics by Mr. Bryan.

The Convention of the Republicans at St. Louis last June began by denouncing

'the calamitous consequences of full and unrestricted Democratic control of the Government. It has been a record of unparalleled incapacity, dishonour, and disaster. In administrative management it has ruthlessly sacrificed indispensable revenue, entailed an unceasing deficit, eked out ordinary current expenses with borrowed money, piled up the public debt by $262,000,000 in time of peace, forced an adverse balance of trade, kept a perpetual menace hanging over the Redemption Fund, pawned American credit to an alien syndicate, and reversed all the measures and results of successful Republican rule.'

It is notorious that, during the period referred to, Mr. Cleveland had been struggling with irresponsible combinations of Republicans and Democrats, who maimed his tariff policy and, by their efforts to force the nation to buy silver, convulsed the money market, and delayed recovery from the panic of 1893.

That disaster was brought about by two primary causes. There was, first, the inflation of the currency, due to the ignorant belief that plenty of currency means abundant wealth, and to the subsidies given to the silver owners by the Bland and Sherman Acts. The second cause was the enormous disturbance of trade by the far-reaching McKinley scheme and the fluctuations in the public mind.

In order to understand the position of Mr. Bryan and the success which has so far attended the Free Silver movement, it is necessary to mark the continuous evasions of the Republican party on the subject of currency. Whilst their attacks upon foreign nations, their rhapsodies in favour of home products of every kind, their repeated assertions of the all-sufficiency of the Union for its own wants,—whilst all these topics laid a foundation

foundation for arguments in favour of the large use of metal coming from American mines, they have never distinctly admitted that an inflated currency is an evil, and at St. Louis the establishment of higher duties is their principal demand. At the last moment the party managers came to the conclusion that a declaration against the free coinage of silver was essential to their success, and accordingly a paragraph was inserted declaring they were 'opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote.' This is the nearest approach to a policy on currency which the Republicans could make. It was only arrived at after it had become clear that the majority of their opponents were pledged to free coinage. The Republican Convention met on the 15th of June, and the Free Silver fever had already made such ravages in the Democratic ranks that the leaders had determined to abandon any struggle for the gold standard in the approaching convention at Chicago. It was not until Mr. Cleveland published a remarkable appeal in a New York paper on the 17th of June that the more responsible Democrats made up their minds to make some fight at Chicago. The gold 'plank' in the Republican platform was only adopted when it had become manifest that the champions of the existing currency had been deprived of shelter in the Democratic camp, and would be compelled to give support to any party which declared against free coinage.

Mr. McKinley had been carrying on a vigorous campaign on his own behalf for more than a year past, but he had steadily refused to say what his opinions were on the Silver question. His watchwords were McKinley and Protection—Protection and Prosperity. When the platform was agreed upon and he was nominated as the party candidate, he adopted the language of the Convention, and declared for 'sound money' and the maintenance of the national credit; but the main burden of his speeches since has not been the repudiation of free coinage, but the panegyric of high tariffs. In the usual 'campaign' Life, issued in July, recording the achievements of the party nominee and his claims upon the public as a candidate for the Presidency, a brief chapter is given to the question of currency. It is admitted that he supported free coinage of silver in 1878. In 1891, when standing for the governorship of Ohio, he declared against free coinage, but at the same time applauded the Sherman Act of the previous year as a wise and statesmanlike measure. His eulogy upon that disastrous scheme, which contributed so largely to the panic of 1893, is actually reproduced

reproduced now as part of his claim for public confidence when a candidate on the St. Louis platform. In this same year—1891—he made a speech at Toledo, Ohio, which shows the length he was willing to go to catch the votes of those who believe in silver.

'During all of Grover Cleveland's years at the head of the Government he was dishonouring one of our precious metals, one of our own great products, degrading silver and raising the price of gold. He endeavoured, even before his inauguration to office, to stop the coinage of silver dollars, and afterwards, and to the end of his administration, persistently used his power to that end. He was determined to contract the circulating medium and to demonetize one of the coins of commerce, limit the volume of money among the people, make money scarce, and therefore dear. He would have increased the value of money and diminished the value of everything else.'

In the speech to Congress previously quoted we find him sneering at the people who do not like cheap money. He was quite willing to tickle the palates of the Free Silver party, the palpable fact being that the currency was inflated, and that the process was being continued in spite of the protests of statesmen like Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild. His supporters in New York now tell us that he is the man to save the country from cheap currency, but he himself has rather a liking for that commodity in the abstract. He has directly encouraged the popular delusions upon currency, and he and all his school, from Mr. Blaine downwards, have been telling the American people that they are big enough and rich enough and clever enough to exclude all but American produce. They must not be the dupes of the foreigner—they should be independent of such people and use American wool and American copper. Why, says Mr. Bryan, should not they use American silver also, and be still more independent?

The Chicago platform begins by a declaration in favour of the old principle of the Democratic party, the defence of local liberties against centralised government, and then there is a plunge into the question of currency. The demonetization of silver in 1873 has brought about an increase in the value of gold and a

'fall in the price of commodities produced by the people; a heavy increase on the burden of taxation and of all debts, public and private; the enrichment of the money-lending classes at home and abroad, the prostration of industry, and the impoverishment of the people.

'Gold mono-metallism is a British policy, and its adoption has brought

brought other nations into financial servitude to lenders. It is not only un-American but anti-American, and it can be fastened on the United States only by the stifling of that spirit and love of liberty which proclaimed our political independence in 1776, and won it in the war of the Revolution.'

After a declaration in favour of the free and unlimited coinage of both metals, at the ratio of 16 to 1, 'without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation,' this document proceeds, 'We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be full legal tender equally with gold for all debts public and private, and we favour such legislation as will prevent *for the future* the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.' The words in italics were an amendment proposed by a delegate from the Eastern States; and Mr. Bryan asked the proposer, 'Where, in law or in morals, he can find justification for not protecting the debtors when the Act of 1873 (the Mint Act) was passed, if he now insists that we must protect the creditors?'

By a section of the Sherman Act, 1890, which still remains in force, it was declared to be the settled policy of the Union that a parity should be maintained between dollars of all kinds,—gold, silver, and paper; and this has been naturally interpreted by successive Secretaries of the Treasury as meaning that there must always be sufficient gold in the Treasury to redeem in that metal any silver dollars or United States' notes presented in exchange for gold. It is in carrying out this policy that Mr. Cleveland has been obliged to make the four successive issues of bonds for which he is denounced by both parties. The bonds of the United States are made payable in coin; but if the Treasury were to begin paying in silver when gold is asked for, the latter metal would at once go to a premium, hoarding would begin, and the parity proclaimed by the Act of 1890 would cease to exist. The Chicago statesmen, however, decline to consider such questions. 'We are opposed,' they say, 'to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the Government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin.' They condemn the issue of interest-bearing bonds in time of peace, and recommend that all paper currency should be controlled directly by the Treasury and not by National banks.

Until the currency is settled they are opposed to any changes in the Tariff laws, except such as may be necessary to meet the deficit in revenue caused by the adverse decision of the Supreme Court on the Income Tax,—

'that Court having in that decision sustained constitutional objections to

to its enactment which had previously been overruled by the ablest judges who ever sat on that bench. We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burdens of taxation may be equally and impartially laid, to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of the government.'

One of the most remarkable occurrences in President Cleveland's second Administration was the despatch of Federal troops to Chicago, when the labour agitator, Debs, had completely paralysed the railway system, and the Governor of the State refused to protect the companies and the new workmen they had engaged against the violence of the men on strike. The Convention denounces interference by Federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution and 'a crime against free institutions.' Another object of invective is 'government by injunction.' This is declared to be 'a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which Federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the States and the rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners.'

This declaration of principles is clearly much more than a profession of faith in the value of a silver currency. Its framers sketch out the various expedients which may be necessary to carry out their policy. It is a practical scheme of revolution. The people in each locality are to be organized to the cry of substituting silver for gold. The silver dollar, of which the intrinsic value is now about 53 cents, is to be declared by popular fiat equal to the gold dollar worth 100 cents. With this policy no contracts, no judgments of Courts, are to be allowed to interfere; the expenses of the government are to be supplied by taxation of the rich; the great safeguards against popular violence, of which eulogists of things American have told us so much, are to be swept away. The Supreme Court is held up to public opprobrium and threatened with reconstruction. The control exercised by the Federal Courts over the violence or corruption of local authorities has been an important characteristic of the American system, and one of which we have heard much from those who talk of 'government by the people and for the people,' but this is declared to be 'a highly dangerous form of oppression.' Again, it has been said that the large discretion given to the Executive is another proof of the wisdom of the Americans, but Mr. Cleveland's interference to protect property and liberty at Chicago is declared to be 'a crime against free institutions.'

There was no doubt that this amazing document would be approved

approved by the representatives of the great historic party. The question remained whom they would nominate as candidate for the Presidency. Generally the choice of a candidate is the one absorbing question at a national convention. The statement of principles is of great importance in view of the coming struggle at the polls, but the main concern of the party workers who assemble at a nominating convention is who, if the party succeeds in the coming November, is to have the distribution of the spoils of office, which group of political intriguers will be able to run their own chief and secure the largest share of the appointments for themselves. The Chicago Convention was a singular exception to this general rule. The one purpose which animated the professional politicians assembled there was to get rid of Mr. Cleveland. For twelve years he had maintained the theory that national affairs could be carried on without the 'boss,' and the 'bosses' were determined to show the extent of their power. The long depression in trade had filled the hearts of the people with bitterness. The socialist teaching of which Mr. Henry George was a pioneer had been spreading over the States, whilst the combination of silver-owners were eagerly waiting for an opportunity of re-opening the mines which the repeal of the Sherman Act had closed.

Among the speakers in defence of the 'platform' was a young newspaper editor from Nebraska. He had been twice elected to Congress as a Democratic opponent of high tariff, and had attained some notoriety by his vigorous opposition to the repeal of the Sherman Act in 1893. Defeated by the Republicans in Nebraska, he continued his editorial labours, and gained some reputation outside his own State as a lecturer in support of the free coinage of silver. In the earlier part of this year he had startled a Democratic audience in the South by declaring that if the Convention of the party nominated a supporter of the gold standard for the Presidency, he would vote against him. In the debate on the resolutions his reply to the arguments of the gold standard Democrats breathed a spirit of daring and defiance which roused the whole assembly. He derided his opponents, who had not the courage to say that the gold standard was a wise or a just principle, but asked 'the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth' to endure it until their creditors in Europe consented to a change. He concluded, 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.'* Mr. Lecky, in his

* Ogilvie's 'Life of Bryan,' p. 65.

recent

recent comment on Mr. Henry George, points out the contrast between the Encyclopædist trappings of Socialism on this side of the Atlantic and the Biblical decorations so popular in the States.

'The American writer knows his public, and there are few books on economical subjects which are so percolated with religious phraseology and so profusely adorned with Scriptural quotations. We pass at once into a region of piety to which Continental Socialism has not accustomed us.'*

There is probably no Protestant nation in the world with so little personal knowledge of the Bible as the American. The ordinary citizen is too busy to read anything but his newspaper. He depends on his wife for his knowledge of literature, and on his Sunday preacher for his knowledge of religion; but the general outline of the Biblical story is perhaps all the more vividly impressed upon his mind. It is the only history he has heard of except the misdeeds of George III., and accordingly an allusion to sacred narrative, however preposterous, or even blasphemous, is certain of a 'boom.' The golden cross speech produced a great sensation. The men who had conspired against Mr. Cleveland and common sense on Wednesday had carried out their scheme for deposing him from the leadership of the party, but they were uncertain what was to come after. According to the rules of their caucus a majority may adopt a statement of policy, but it requires two-thirds to select the candidate of the party who is to carry out this policy. By the high-handed proceeding of unseating the supporters of the gold standard sent as delegates from Michigan, this majority had been secured. On Friday, the third day, Mr. Bryan did not appear in his place at the Convention. He remained at his hotel; and it was soon understood that the Silver mutineers had found their leader. In the figurative language of his proposer, the Republic needed 'a young giant out of the loins of a giant Republic.'

Since the 10th of July Mr. Bryan has pursued his canvass with an energy which even the extreme heat of August did not quell. It was determined that the usual presentation of the candidate to the people should take place at Madison Square Garden, New York, in the home of the money power with whom he was waging war. His speech was a surprise to the general public. There were no soaring flights like 'the crown of thorns' and 'the cross of gold.' The people who came to be 'enthused' and those who came to

* 'Democracy and Liberty,' by W. E. H. Lecky, vol. ii. p. 294.

jeer

jeer were equally disappointed, but it was an effective introduction to the series of addresses which he proceeded to deliver in different parts of the State.

There was a vigorous but dispassionate statement of the sufferings of the people, but he avoided alike attacks upon the rich and any clear enunciation of policy. As to the charge of repudiating debts, he declared it was altogether without foundation. When the Western farmer or the Southern planter claimed to pay off his debts in silver dollars, he denied that any reduction of the debt was asked for. The recognition of silver as standard money would, he was confident, raise the price of silver throughout the world and secure the silver dollar an equality with the gold dollar. There was no attempt to explain why the subsidies given by the Bland and Sherman Acts failed to stay the decline in silver, and the fact that on the repeal of the latter Act in 1893, numbers of mines in the Rocky Mountains ceased working, was not even noticed. This bold assertion was the more remarkable from the moderation of tone which characterised the speech. It was a startling test of the limits of information and intelligence among the audience he intended to address. He spoke in the great centre of finance, but it was not the merchants or bankers of New York he hoped to convert; what he sought was to kindle the imagination of the mass of working people throughout the State. Although in the numerous speeches he subsequently delivered he avoided the figures of rhetoric popular in the West, texts of Scripture abounded. He made no concealment of the fact that he appealed to the wage-earner against the opinion of the well-to-do classes, and before he concluded his tour he had pretty well disclosed his gospel of brigandage. At Knowlesville he told his admirers that the issue was between 'the idle holders of idle money and the struggling masses'; that the gold standard was only supported by those who profit by a rising dollar.

Effective thrusts are made at the Republicans by quoting the speeches of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Sherman, and even the declaration of the party at St. Louis. They were all in favour of silver, the free use of this metal had been declared over and over again essential to the prosperity of the country, and even now Mr. McKinley only objects to unlimited coinage until, in the words of the St. Louis platform, the consent of European nations can be obtained. For eighteen years America had been waiting, and 70,000,000 of free men could wait no longer on the pleasure of monarchs. 'Why should we say,' he asked at Syracuse, 'that this nation, a great debtor nation, must wait until the creditor nations come and help us?'

'When

'When the Bimetallist is waiting for other nations to help, what chance does he think there is of their doing it? Let him look at home, and see if he knows anybody trying to hurt himself just to help someone else.'

The insolence of the Demagogue was fully displayed in his address at Chicago on Labour Day. He told a story how in Iowa he observed a number of pigs rooting up the ground, and his reflection was, that in good farming, rings would be put in the noses of these hogs, who, fat as they were and valuable as they might ultimately prove, were in the meantime doing more damage than they were worth. A very important function of government was, he declared, to put rings in the noses of hogs.

The formal letters of acceptance by each candidate were published much about the same time, and the directness of Mr. Bryan's appeal to the belief in free coinage gave him a great advantage over his opponent, who sought to dwell on the blessings of thoroughgoing Protection, and slipped away from the subject of currency as nimbly as possible.

Mr. Bryan begins with the usual self-denying ordinance of a Presidential candidate on his first canvass, that if elected he would not under any circumstances accept the office a second time. The familiar homage is paid to the dignity and wisdom of the electorate. A Democratic form of government is conducive to the highest civilization, because it opens to each individual the highest opportunities for development, and stimulates to the highest endeavour. A very lengthy paragraph is devoted to that item of the party programme which was inserted as a reproof to Mr. Cleveland's intervention in Chicago. This has evidently been elaborated with much care. Censure of the interference with Debs will be popular with the trade unionists, whilst an assertion of State rights may evoke some sympathy in the South.

There is a very emphatic condemnation of the practice of interpreting the term 'coin' as gold coin. The necessity of this course is declared to be imaginary rather than real, but no attention is paid to the wording of the Act of 1890.

After a eulogy on labour as the source of wealth, courts of arbitration are promised, which will enable society to protect itself against the growing inconvenience of strikes. The purport of such a scheme is not obscure. These courts cannot be empowered to make the people work, but they can be clothed with authority to enforce their decrees on the capitalist.

A considerable increase of the Inter-State Commerce system is promised, and finally it is declared that a permanent office-holding class is not in harmony with American institutions; 'a limited

'a limited tenure of offices would,' it is said, open the public service to a larger number of persons.

On tariff he declines to give any pledges until currency is settled:

'The people of this nation sitting as a high court must render judgment in the cause which greed is prosecuting against humanity. The decision will either give hope and inspiration to those who toil or shut the doors of mercy on mankind.'

We shall not attempt any calculation of the chances of success as between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, for the volcanic nature of the present movement makes any forecasting of the ultimate result particularly difficult. The Bryanites are a great upheaval, and it is as yet impossible to say to what extent the forces which produced them continue in operation. We know pretty well the circumstances which have given the new party its opportunity, but the completeness of its success up to the present, the grip it has secured of the whole organization of an ancient political party, indicate powers of mischief which will not be exhausted in November.

This strength is the more remarkable, as the 'visible' supply of money is on the Republican side, whilst the leading papers are almost everywhere against Bryan. Publications like 'Coin's Financial School' have for some years been scattered over the country, but their prevalence does not account for this formidable apparition. The burlesque of argument in them would hardly bear repetition in a village beerhouse. The primary explanation lies in the great opportunity which economic circumstances just now afford for preachers of discontent and the false teaching to which the people have been subjected from the press and the politician. The very magnitude of the nation's resources has contributed to the mischief. In every great city the Titan speculator has been at work, and exercises an enormous influence on public affairs. The caucus of either party, perhaps of both, has been in his pay, and the business of these agents has been to encourage the spirit of speculation among the crowd. For more than a generation the popular orator has been descanting on the wealth and resources of the country, and the destiny of the American citizen, in order to distract public attention from the innumerable legislative jobs which he was engaged in carrying through in the interest of his employers the millionaire, the Railway President, or the great Trust Company. The creation of individual fortunes has been a great success; and now when there has come a prolonged cessation of the general advance, and those in the rear

rear feel the pinch of poverty, there is bewilderment and anger, and people begin to grumble that the good times of which they have heard so much, the great social system of which they were so proud, have brought wealth and splendour to a few and done little for the masses.

The opening of the far West to agriculture has not been regarded by the multitude of the settlers as an opportunity to secure permanent employment and homes of their own. They proceeded to Washington State, to Iowa and Dakota, not to become small farmers and bring up their children in rural simplicity, but to get a better start in life than their neighbours at home, and to enable them to build new cities and establish new stock exchanges. In a recent consular report from Chicago we find the following statement quoted on what is described as good authority:—

'In the four great agricultural States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, half the townships were less populous in 1890 than in 1880, while the large cities had greatly increased in size. There was a corresponding diminution of the number of productive enterprises carried on in rural districts. The result is, abandoned farms on the one hand and overcrowded trades in the cities on the other; and also an increase in the cost of food through diminished production, and a lowering of various wages through over-competition.'

The reasons for this state of things are, the writer suggests, the severity of farm work and its solitude in comparison with the attractions of the town, and it is admitted that American haste to get rich has much to do with it. Whilst no one has ever had a good word to say for endurance and honest toil, the business of speculation has been preached by orators and newspapers until each citizen has come to believe that the rapid acquisition of wealth is one of the privileges secured to him by the War of Independence; and when he finds that he is getting poorer instead of richer, he listens to the story that the craft of England is robbing him of his rights.

Another important consideration which tends to explain the general uprising against the wealthy classes is the enormous development of syndicates or 'combines.' This outcome of the native spirit of enterprise and organization has been particularly conspicuous in connexion with important articles of home consumption, such as lamp oil, sugar, and coal; and the tariff system excluding or hampering foreign competition gave these bodies special opportunities. For twenty years past legislation against them has been demanded, whilst the tariff laws have increased their activity. It was to this feeling of animosity that

that the Nebraskan orator addressed himself when speaking at Tammany Hall on September 29 :—

'The Trusts of this country with their representatives are collecting tribute from the people; and when we protest against it, they call us disturbers of the peace and Anarchists. I am opposed to Trusts. As an executive I shall use what power I have to drive every Trust out of existence. If present laws are not sufficient to meet this evil, I, if elected, will recommend such laws as will. If the Constitution of the United States is so construed as to prevent any interference with the operation of the Trust, I shall recommend such amendment in the Constitution as will permit the punishment of these men. My friends, there is a great contest in this country, which must be settled, and that is, whether a few men, banded together, are more powerful than all the people.'

The tyrannical and dishonest way in which the great railway companies have exercised their extensive powers has long been another subject of invective. The Inter-State Commerce Act was specially designed to control them, and President Cleveland, during his first administration, compelled them to surrender large tracts of public land which had been granted to them in order to establish homesteads, and which they had let to large ranching associations. Senator Campbell's speech on the Inter-State Commerce Act is an example of the light in which these great corporations have been presented to the public :—

'These corporations have robbed their stockholders, ruined their builders, discriminated against shippers, fostered monopolies, oppressed producers, stolen Government subsidies, misappropriated public lands, evaded taxes, corrupted the administration of justice, increased their tolls beyond the point of endurance in order to pay extravagant salaries and dividends on watered stock. They have heartlessly disregarded the lives and safety of their passengers, and are notorious for overworking and underpaying their employees. Their rapacity and brutality have become a byeword in the land.'

This language may be neither fair nor sincere, but it explains the sort of interpretation Mr. Bryan's hearers would be ready to put on a parable like that of the hogs in Iowa. If this is the spirit in which the people have come to regard their employers, we cannot be surprised at the applause which Mr. Bryan obtains when he asks, as he did at Hornellsville, 'If financiers can make business out of politics, why cannot the great mass of the people for once make a business out of politics?'

In the same speech he said: 'They tell you that the Government must redeem all its obligations in gold. Who said so? No law

law ever said so. No law is on the Statute-book to-day that ever said so.' This is an example of the mode in which he continues to stimulate the dishonest inclinations of his followers. He has never actually declared it to be his policy to pay all debts in silver, but in every important speech he has made except that at Madison Square he holds out this lure to popular cupidity. He argues over and over again that the nation would be quite justified in paying its debts in silver. There is a formidable contrast between the oratory of Mr. Bryan and Senator Tillman for instance. The brutal violence of the latter only attracts the sympathy of angry prejudice, but Mr. Bryan never loses his temper. He is too pious to get into a passion. His object is to protect his friend the working man from having to pay his debts, and this is a business to be pursued with all calmness and deliberation. He is the assiduous man of business, the self-appointed attorney of the impecunious son of toil.

As the time of polling draws near this aspect of his canvass becomes more manifest, and each week has given fresh proofs of his complete ascendency over the Democratic machine. In not a single State has the old local organization of the party been able to resist him. The local committee or caucus is no guarantee of the actual voting. It consists of professional politicians, elected by their retainers or their wealthy subscribers. In New York the people who attend these party meetings to elect delegates are not 9 per cent. of the party voters in the district; but it is still a proof of the thoroughness with which the campaign has been carried on that, although nearly all the wealthy Democrats and an enormous majority of the members of the party known in public life have repudiated Bryan, in every State the party convention has gone over to the Silverites. His success in securing the New York Convention recently held at Buffalo is perhaps the most signal proof of this subterranean force. Tammany and the County societies had all joined in defence of the gold standard in the early part of the summer. After the Chicago Convention Senator Hill endeavoured to save his position in the party by observing strict neutrality. He and his friends announced that nothing would be settled until the meeting of the State Convention at the end of September, and the elections for this were proceeding on the understanding that the delegates when they met should settle what was to be done. Then Mr. Bryan towards the conclusion of his tour through the State took up the question, and at Ripley gave the world an interesting picture of the lines on which his party has worked since it met at Memphis in 1895.

'The advocates of free coinage have won by carrying their cause not to conventions, but to the people themselves, the source of all political power.'

'We did not wait for the Convention at Chicago. We saw that the strength of bimetallism was in the rank and file of the party, and recognised the democratic idea that power comes up to the machinery from the people themselves, and does not go down from the machinery to the people. We commenced with the sovereigns, and we instructed the delegates from primaries to the precincts, and from the precincts to the county, and from the county to the State, and from the States to the National Convention. . . .

'Let no man go to any convention until you know where he stands upon this question. When you find a man who refuses to tell you what he is going to do, who will not take you into his confidence, tell him that no power on earth can get you to take him into your confidence. The men who assemble at conventions do not go there as individuals; they go as representatives. They do not go to act for themselves; they go to act for you who sent them. And you not only have a right to know what a man is going to do when he gets there, but you have a right to tell him what to do and to bind him with instructions to do it. . . .

'That is the way in which this fight has been carried on. It is the way in which this fight must be carried on if the people are to have their wish expressed in convention.'

Mr. Cleveland told the Democrats in June that a party convention was not a piece of machinery, but 'an opportunity for consultation'; but this was not the Jacobin view, neither is it that of Mr. Bryan, and the Ripley speech had an immediate effect. The delegates were all pledged to support Bryan and free coinage. On the point of unlimited silver no reservation was permitted in the ranks of the party. Not only is New York State the great centre of the wealth and commerce of the Union; it produces also the oldest and most powerful Democratic organizations in the Northern States. Yet, in spite of the resistance of the leaders, the whole of 'the workers' of the party move to Mr. Bryan's orders like a regiment on parade. Such successes within five weeks of the poll may not, and probably will not, bring victory, but they show that we are still far from that collapse of the Silver party expected in the summer, and they indicate a social disorder which must inevitably continue in activity long after the election.

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